

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## GIOTTO.

(BORN 1276, DIED 1336.)



CIMABUE'S claim to be the restorer of art I have said to be unjustifiable if that term is to be taken in the full sense. I admit it only so far as he was the master and judicious trainer of Giotto in those sound technical traditions which enabled the pupil to attain to that supreme felicity and facility which make the master in art. The precocity of the child Giotto which attracted the attention of Cimabue as recounted in the tradition of the first interview is, if true, nothing uncommon in children, and is rarely the indication of serious talent. As a legend it remains because the popular mind loves legends and marvels; but the more probable history is told by a commentator of Dante, that the boy was sent to a wool-worker to learn that trade, but on the way used to stop at Cimabue's workshop. One day the father went to the wool-worker to inquire how the boy was getting on, and learned that he played truant from the service he was sent to and had not been seen for many days. So, taking counsel from Cimabue, the father changed his son's vocation. This story is better and more conformed to the qualities of art than that of his precocious use of the slate and pencil before he had seen anything of art. Vasari was fond of fables and what was most marvelous; he accepted whatever stories

were current in his time and made them part of his record.

How the boy prospered with Cimabue, Vasari does not tell us, save briefly that he "not only equaled his master, but became so good an imitator of nature that he broke up that grotesque Greek manner and revived the modern and good art of painting, introducing the drawing well of living persons, which for more than two hundred years had not been exercised." This expression is curious as showing that even in the time of Vasari it was understood that painting had only been sleeping, and that in the eleventh century it had had a healthy development, and that Giotto had revived it (*resuscito*). But Giotto was more than a restorer. He did indeed break up completely the close prescription from which Cimabue even never escaped; and while he still held fast to the purely decorative side of Byzantine art, as we may see in the decorative work between and around the separate pictures in the Arena Chapel in Padua, he introduced into the art a dramatic element hitherto unknown, save by some doubtful tradition of perished Greek pictures, where its presence must have been exceptional, as in the case recorded in the history of classical art of the sacrifice of Iphigenia when the father, unwilling to see the consummation of the sacrifice, wraps his head in his cloak.<sup>1</sup> But this case, celebrated in all classical tradition, bears no comparison to the full, ever-present, and intense imaginative power of Giotto. The veiling of the head by the Greek painter was probably due quite as much to the inability of the artist to master the expression

<sup>1</sup> This is preserved in a picture from Pompeii now in the Naples Museum, which, however it may be degraded from the Greek original, still justifies the opinion I express.

of the face as to dramatic feeling. He was used simply to the embodiment of types which, like those of the early Christian art, were as prescriptive as were the masks of tragedy and comedy on the stage. The preservation of the type was antagonistic to the quality of dramatic expression, which, until Giotto, was, so far as we know, entirely obscured.

It is absurd to say, as Ruskin does, that Giotto had nothing to learn in art of the men who came after him: the extravagant eulogium falls pointless when we consider that it was only two hundred years later that color, the highest attainment in art, as harmony is in music, began to be reduced to its definite expression. Giotto rejoiced in vivid color and made it a more important element of decorative effect than it had ever been before; but as it was known to the great Venetians, even to Bellini, Giotto had no conception of it, and it probably needed the modified processes of oil painting to enable the painter to work it out—the processes employed by Giotto and all his predecessors and contemporaries, of *tempera* or *fresco*, not lending themselves to the highest development of color effect,<sup>1</sup> and perhaps not leading to its study.

If Ruskin had said that what Giotto lacked of the qualities of his successors was of no value to him (Ruskin), he may have told all the truth; but we have long known that Ruskin's ideals of art are very far removed from those which the best modern artists maintain, and that to some of the rarest qualities of Venetian and even of later art he is absolutely insensible. Giotto's color is not essentially different from that of his time. Pale and simple tints dominate throughout, and it is clear that the picture was intended to aid as far as possible in keeping the churches light and to be clearly seen and understood in the building, dimly illuminated at the best, where it was painted. The relation to the art of Cimabue and his contemporaries is evident enough. But in dramatic power I am inclined to think that he has never been equaled, and in that utterly modern phase of art which may be called the story-telling he has no rival since. In the details of his art, in the method of using nature, he varies so little from the men who worked with him that we have Vasari praising as one of his highest achievements a picture painted by Don Lorenzo of Camaldoli; and we have read Ruskin's unmeasured eulogies over a picture in Santa Croce in Florence as Giotto's which is now shown not to be his. This only shows that

in cases where his rare imaginative gift is not developed, his technical powers are not so superior to those of other painters of his day that his work can always be distinguished from theirs.

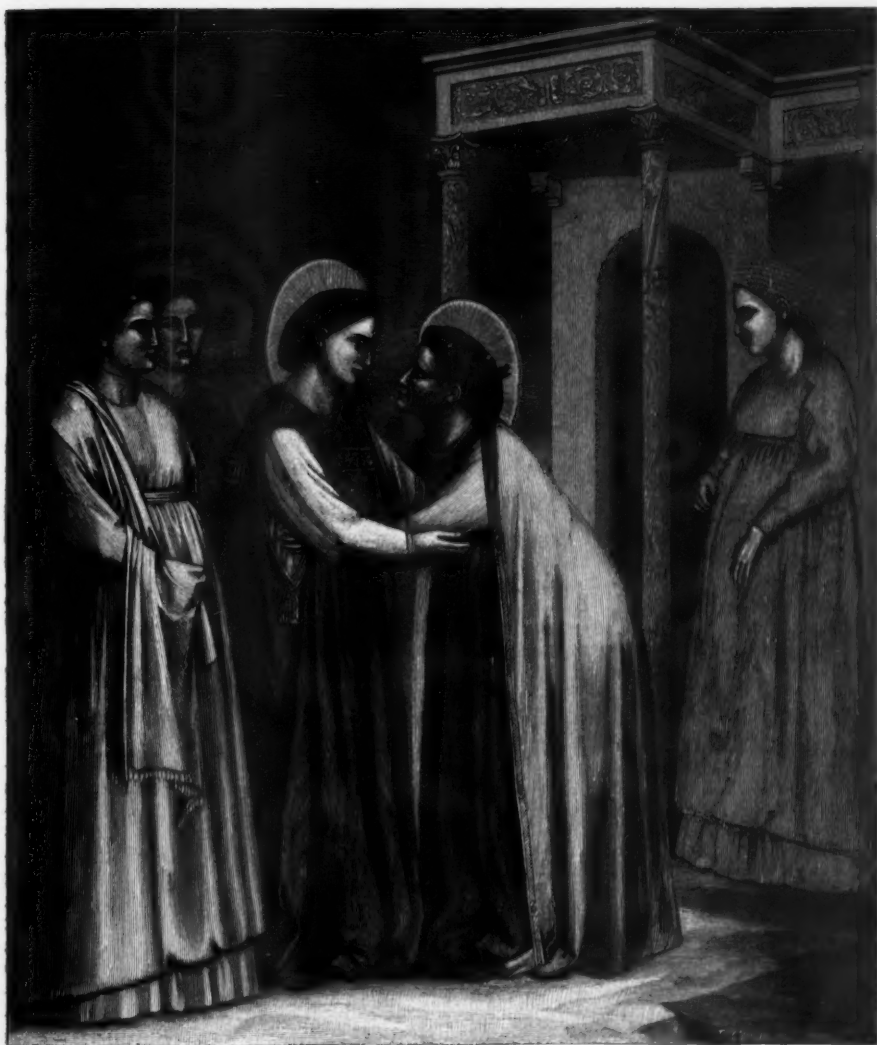
Perhaps the works of Giotto which best show the contributions he made to art are the subjects of the Arena Chapel, and among them one of the most remarkable is the head of Christ, who turns to look reproachfully at the Roman who drives him along with a whip, which head Mr. Cole has chosen for reproduction; another is the "Visitation," in which the momentary expression of the faces, the intense congratulation of Elisabeth, and the serene content of the Virgin, combined with the action, so intensely dramatic without the least overcharge, are given all the power and refinement which the capacities of art at that day permitted. If we compare the faint smile which kindles in the face of the Virgin with that of Leonardo's "Gioconda," the technical refinement of the latter will show wherein art had made advances, for the head which occupied Leonardo for years, overworked, retouched, and corrected, can by no means be set in the same category as the rapidly painted fresco of Giotto, which perhaps occupied him, without any aid from the model, as many minutes as Leonardo gave months to his picture; but when this was finished it remained mechanical and photographic as compared with the inspired and unhesitating brush of Giotto. Again, the figure belongs to a design entirely heroic, with no affectation of simpering graces such as we find too often in Raphael's madonnas—graces borrowed from the women about him, and whom he made his saints.

That Giotto never painted from nature, in the sense in which we now accept the expression "painting from nature," is clear, not only from the enormous numbers of works he executed, but from the study of the works themselves, in which we find continually evidence of the pure invention of the accessories, the slight and conventional treatment of draperies, the formal and prescriptive treatment of the hands and feet, the so general adherence to profile, and the absolutely conventional quality of his light and shade. The hands and feet, especially in their prescriptive rendering, and even the treatment of the heads, so far from anything like the recognition of realism, show unmistakably that the modern treatment of facts was not even conceived by him.

The story of Giotto's O is another of those legends in which Vasari found matter for marvel, but in which, when properly interpreted, is a genuine revelation of the nature of the training and accomplishments of the artist of that day. Being asked for a drawing to be sent to the Pope as a proof of his powers, he

<sup>1</sup> Artists understand this readily. For others I will say that the methods used by Giotto and his contemporaries do not permit the gradual development of color effect. Glazing was impossible; color remained as it was laid.





THE VISITATION OF MARY TO ELISABETH.

(Fresco No. 15 of the Series in the Chapel of the Arena, Padua.)

took a sheet of paper (or parchment), and with a brush dipped in red color, and holding his arm firmly to his side and moving his wrist only, drew a circle of such perfect design that it has ever since stood as the type of free-hand drawing. But this *per se* is not such a remarkable thing to do that even among smaller men than Giotto's contemporaries it should have given one a reputation. The legend seems to be well established, and has a certain recognizable relation to the art of that day which it is well to point out. The painter was then best known as a craftsman and esteemed for his skill in

doing certain set designs; so that Giotto's O, which implied no knowledge of nature or loftiness of conception, told the Pope simply that the draughtsman had a skillful hand. And it was precisely his skillful hand—his penmanlike steadiness of hand—on which Giotto prided himself; because it was on that control of his muscles, the precision and facility united in his touch, that he and those to whom he addressed himself based his standing as a craftsman. This was indeed, in the kind of work to which he was called, in fresco and tempera, of highest importance; but that the

possession of this certainty of hand, even in the highest perfection, should satisfy the Pope of Giotto's capacities as an artist we can only conceive on one of two hypotheses—that the Pope was so well educated in art that he knew the whole value of this gift, which is not probable; or that he looked at religious painting as the Byzantines did, as something to be done by set pattern, and all that was necessary was that the artist should be a master of his pencil. The latter was probably the case. A pope or a bishop, a convent or a chapter, ordered a picture as one might a chasuble or a piece of church furniture. The pupils began by drawing the Madonna according to a certain pattern, and they drew them pretty much in the same way, only more quickly and with more mastery, to the end. The imagination and the personality of Giotto probably weighed less with his public and time than did his *Q*.

Yet in Giotto's series of pictures from the life of St. Francis, Vasari notes with great emphasis, as showing his idea of the artist's excellence,—an idea doubtless held by a portion, but certainly not the ecclesiastical portion or the majority, of his public,—that a figure of a thirsty man, "in whom one sees the lively longing for water, drinks bending earthwards towards the fountain with very great and wonderful effect, so much so that it seems to be a living person who drinks." And of a picture of Job he says, somewhat fancifully, I suspect:

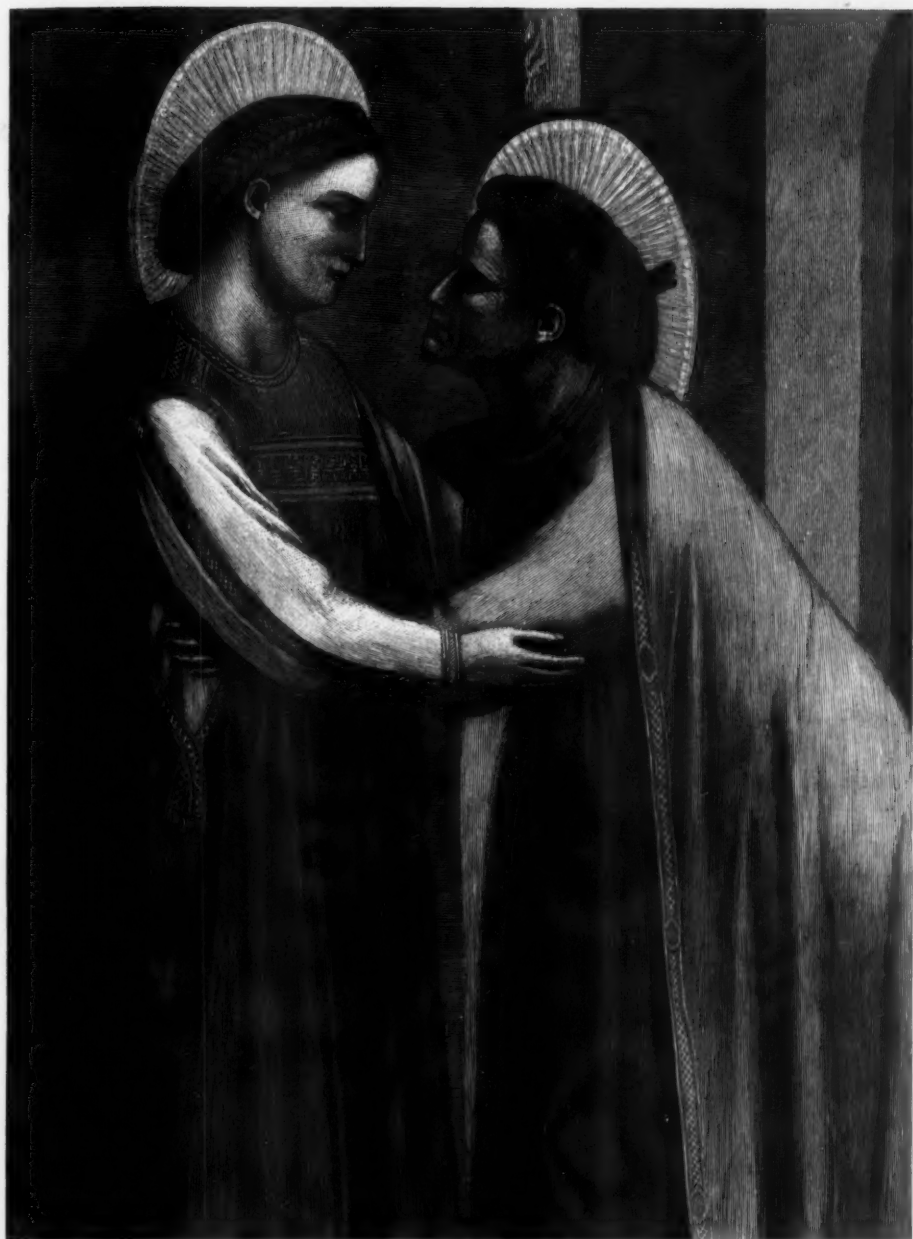
Equally of stupendous grace is the figure of a servant, who with a fan stands near Job, who is doubled up and as if abandoned by everybody, and well done [the servant] in all parts and marvelous in his action, driving away the flies from his leprous and stinking master with one hand, while with the other, *dirty*, he holds his nose, not to perceive the smell.

But the refinement of expression which Giotto gives his figures may be sufficiently well judged by Mr. Cole's faithful reproductions, in which the exact degree is rendered, and in which we see that the standard of what we now consider as refinement of drawing or execution was far less remarkable than the extraordinary vigor and freshness of invention. In the "Ascension of St. John the Evangelist," from Santa Croce, note the young disciple who looks down into the grave and with his fellow wonders at the void, not at the saint rising above, who seems invisible to the whole group at the left, so that they only know by the emptiness of the grave that the saint has risen. Yet no pupil of any modern master would be proud of the draperies of the figures on the

extreme left. Throughout the whole picture of the death of St. Francis (also at Santa Croce) Mr. Cole's rendering of the drawing of the heads and draperies is of the same absolute fidelity,<sup>1</sup> and it is in the single dramatic action of some of the figures about the head of the bed that we find the greatness of the artist; and then in the exquisite tenderness of the saint borne in the spirit away into the blue sky by the angels.

It is at Padua rather than at Santa Croce that one must learn Giotto, not merely because there the work is in better general preservation, but because the Arena Chapel contains such a series of masterly designs of such sustained invention and balanced power, in which all that is most characteristic of the painter in his prime is so well given, that there is nothing in the world of art to equal it. In this collective achievement of so much that was new in the art world—imagination, pictorial invention, knowledge of human nature, dramatic power, and knowledge of the resources of his art unapproached before his time—one may realize the relation of Giotto to the art of his day, the most individual, the most imaginative, and, with at most two or three exceptions, the most intellectual, of all artists whose work we possess. But to understand this inexhaustible quarry of pure art we must dismiss the ideas of modern standards and remember that the art of Giotto was, *toto caelo*, at variance with that of the present school based on fidelity to surface, and that the realistic perfection even of the nobler Venetian schools was as much out of the reach of the human intellect in the days of Giotto as the evolutionary philosophy was in the days of Aristotle. Painting was until long after his day the book of the Church, the only means of making the people realize the doctrines whose importance was then supreme. To represent sacred things in conformity with the canons of the Church it was necessary to have some measure of ecclesiastical education; whence the obligation of learning Latin, which we are told was one of the first steps in Giotto's education, as it must have been in that of any painter whose business it was to illustrate the sacred text, the Bible existing only in Greek or Latin. In this condition of choice of subject and in the resulting manner of treatment is to be found the chief influence that shaped the art of the epoch. Neither nature nor science had any claims on the human intellect when compared with the dogmas of the Church; and the personality of the artist and his subjective qualities were in themselves of no weight whatever. To recount the story of Christ, the glories of heaven, and the horrors of hell was the business of the painter; and a greater measure of

<sup>1</sup> I return, perhaps needlessly, to this assurance, because the heaviness and almost wooden look of some of these heads might be ascribed falsely to the engraver. They belong to the original.



MARY AND ELISABETH.  
(From the "Visitation," in the Chapel of the Arena, Padua.)

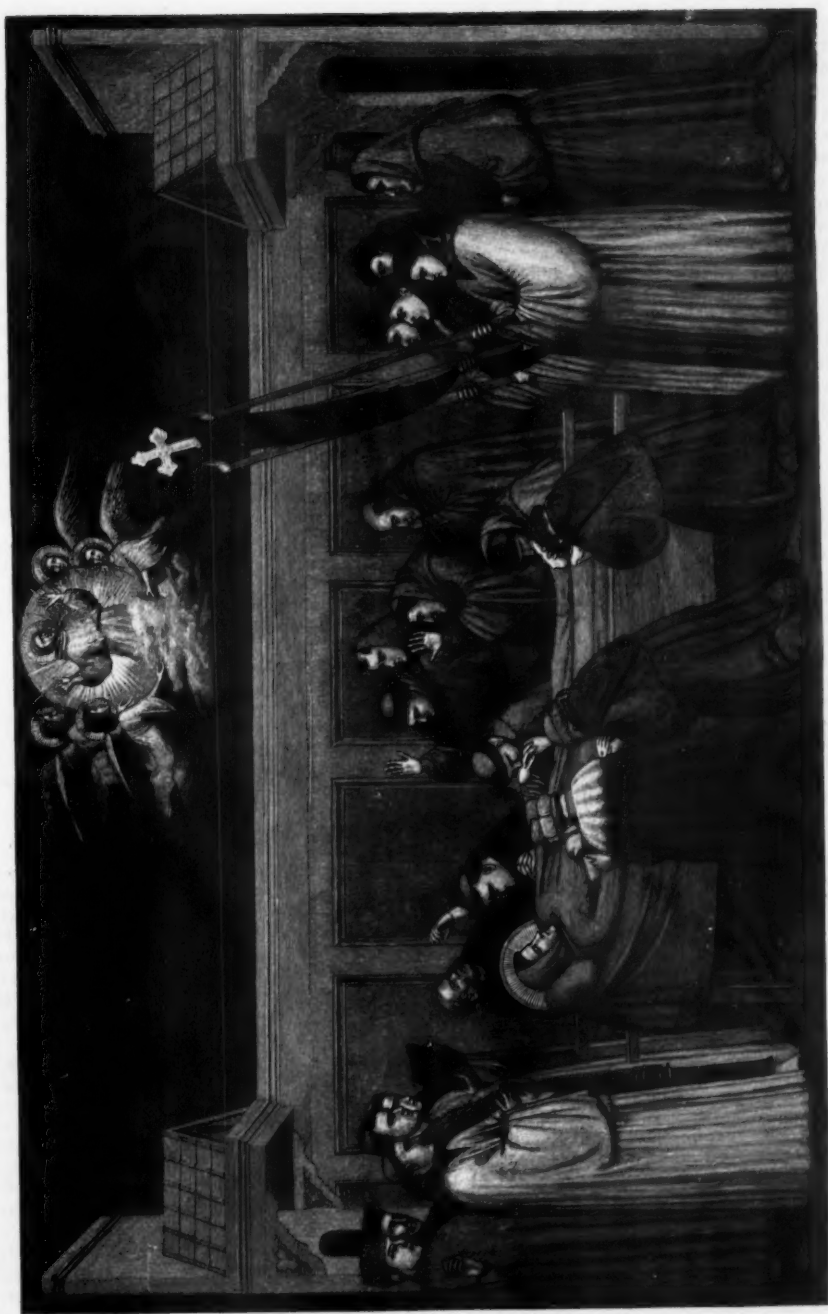
truth to the ordinary aspects of the physical world carried no weight, any more than did the greater attainment of those qualities which now we recognize as the most vital to art; *i. e.*, harmony of line and tint, and composition of masses and colors.

These qualities were in Giotto the spontaneous accompaniments of all his conceptions, and mark his artistic supremacy more clearly than they now would, in a time when their value has been recognized as the highest aim of the painter. We have these qualities in many other painters, and in some of them to a degree which denotes a refinement of research which Giotto never shows; but in them they are the result of comparative study and the accumulation of example and tradition. In him art springs to life unheralded and unexampled. In some respects his position may be compared to that of Shakspeare, rising isolated in his excellence above all around him—like him also in vivid dramatic instinct and in fervid imagination. His technique is that of the school—a school, however, in which he was so large and powerful an element that, while his work is confounded with that of his pupils and his contemporaries, most of the credit of it must come back to him. "In those days," says Morelli, "originality was differently understood." The aim of the artist was to paint in the best manner; not to make a manner of his own by which, in some petty peculiarity of treatment, the painter should be found. That Giotto fecundated all the art of his day, not only technically but intellectually, appears from the constant attribution to him of pictures by his followers. For instance, in the long and minute description of the pictures of the life of the Beata Michelina given by Vasari, in which the dramatic qualities of Giotto are particularly insisted on as making this series "one of the most beautiful and excellent things which Giotto ever did," and of certain figures in them as "worthy of infinite praise for being, especially in the manner of the draperies, of a naturalness of folding which makes us understand that Giotto was born to give light to painting." But these pictures were not by Giotto, who died in 1336; whereas the Beata died in 1356, and was therefore probably beatified only about 1400. As, like most of Giotto's pictures, they have been covered with white-wash by the reverent care of ecclesiastical authorities, or "to lighten the church," we cannot say by whom they were painted, though their reputation bears testimony to the vigor of the school of which Giotto was the founder and chief. This was the function and property of all the true schools of art, that they imparted even to their minor members such a perception of the qualities of style, and awakened by

their contagion of intellectual sympathy such ideal activity, that it becomes often impossible to distinguish the work of the master from that of the pupil. This is the case in the school of Titian no less than in that of Giotto.

The genius of Giotto is as nobly shown by his Campanile at Florence as by his pictures; but in all his work, and especially in the pure decoration, as in the Arena Chapel, we find the exquisite feeling for decorative art which makes the Campanile so precious. Nothing in art is beneath his devotion, nothing too great for his grasp. But the anonymous commentator of Dante who records the history of Giotto's beginning has a statement for which there is no other confirmation, and for which we must all hope in the love of poetic justice that there is no good foundation. The commentary says: "He designed and directed the marble campanile of Santa Riparata [the Duomo, afterwards called Santa Maria del Fiore]—a notable campanile and of great cost. He there committed two errors—one that it had not proper foundations [*ceppo di pie*], the other that it was too narrow: he took this so much to heart that he sickened from it and died." This commentary, written probably within a half-century of Giotto's death, may be considered the earliest authority we have as to any facts of his life. Certain it is that the design of Giotto was not completed, for the Campanile lacks the pyramid which was designed as its termination; and this may be taken as possible confirmation that the foundation and dimensions of the base were not considered sufficient for the structure he intended to have reared on them, and that the modifications of the plans so made necessary may have produced the effect that the commentator records. Vasari says nothing of it, but Vasari was remote from Giotto's epoch and often ill informed. If the condemnation of Giotto's plans was the result of a deliberation of the authorities, they may have studiously suppressed the facts through fear of exciting popular indignation; but if due to Giotto's recognition of the mistake supposed to be made,—for time has hardly justified the assumption of the insufficiency of the foundations,—his illness, if due to that cause, would have been of the nature to exalt the popular imagination and would be certain to survive as legend. If we recall the pride in his work and the jealousy of criticism recorded of Cimabue we may the more easily credit the report of the commentator, concluding that Giotto was obliged to abandon the original plan by the official condemnation of his capacity as an architect. But as Giotto died two years and a half after the beginning of the work, there could have been but a small part





DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS.  
(Fresco in the Bardi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.)

of it above ground when the fatal disease began, which was after his return from Milan in 1336; and any condemnation of the foundations could have had no justification in signs of failure of the substructure, which is sound to this day. If the statement of the commentator is correct, Giotto died of unmerited humiliation—the incompetence of his judges. He was succeeded as architect by Andrea Pisano, who was dismissed, his work being disapproved for reasons now unknown. The part which Giotto saw built is the basement, and Andrea's part is the story in which are statues. The inconsistency noted in the decoration of this part with that of the basement and the upper part as far as the cornice, which is common to both church and campanile, probably shows the reason why Andrea was dismissed, as the work above the cornice again

resumes the character of that below, and therefore accords with the design of Giotto.

Of the works ascribed to Giotto now in existence, in all probability a large proportion are only of his school; but the authentic record of his accomplished work shows a facility and rapidity of execution unrivaled in the history of art. He is to be studied in Assisi as well as in Florence and Padua. The frescos in the Incoronata of Naples are certainly not his, and the famous portrait of Dante in the Bargello can no longer be held as the tribute of the friendship which existed between the painter and the poet. To my mind there is no question but this is the copy of a portrait by Giotto which has perished, and that it is due to one of his pupils. Of the personal history of the great artist we know almost as little as of Cimabue and Memmi.

*W. J. Stillman.*

#### NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

**P**ADUA, August 3, 1886.—I am here in the Arena Chapel, and am at last confronted by Giotto. How brilliant, light, and rich the coloring is! It quite fulfills all that I had read or thought of Giotto. I am conveniently located and the light is good, but it is hard to keep to work with so many fine things above one's head. I can scarcely escape the feeling that the heavens are open above me, and yet I must keep my head bent downward to the earth. Surely no one ever had a more inspiring workshop.

#### CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

THE "Christ before Caiaphas" is in the Arena Chapel of Padua. The history of the Madonna and of Christ is here rendered in a series of thirty-eight frescos. Photographs of these are on sale in the chapel, and each one is numbered. The "Christ before Caiaphas" is No. 31. It represents that portion of the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew from the sixty-fifth to the sixty-eighth verse: "Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; . . . behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? . . . And others smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, Who is he that smote thee?"

Christ stands bound before Caiaphas, who, seated, is tearing his garment open from his breast, throwing himself somewhat back in rage, while his colleague seated by his side, with outstretched hand and body bent slightly forward in solemn and impressive attitude, pronounces the words, "Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?" Christ has just been smitten by the leader of the angry crowd behind, who has his arm raised for another blow: his hand is open, showing that he smote with the palm. What could be finer than the action of Christ, full of gentleness, as with calm and unshaken dignity he turns to look upon his smiter? The attention centers in this supremely fine face, one of Giotto's masterpieces of subtle expression. He shows the perfect mastery of

Christ over his emotions at a moment of surprise. There is a benign sweetness in the countenance. But to appreciate this fully one must see the original, in which not only is there the added charm of color,—for there is a delicate blush suffusing the face,—but the contrast of the surrounding faces, brutal with hate and anger, serves to throw into greater relief the peculiar strength and sweetness of this face of Christ. The glory around the head is gilded, and in rather high relief from the picture. The hair is of a soft brown color; the beard of the same color, but a little lighter; the overrobe of a light fresh blue; and the underrobe of a soft dull red.

#### THE VISITATION OF MARY TO ELISABETH.

THE fresco by Giotto of "The Visitation of Mary to Elisabeth" is No. 15 of the series at the Arena Chapel, Padua, and is one of the most beautiful of the thirty-eight that adorn its walls. The deep feeling exhibited in the remarkable face of the old Elisabeth takes one captive instantly. It seems to me finely descriptive of the text: "And Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, . . . and said, Blessed art thou among women," etc. (Luke i. 41, 42.)

The composition is no less remarkable for strength and simplicity. The text says that Mary "entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth" (verse 40). Giotto, on the contrary, makes Elisabeth come out of her house to receive Mary upon the threshold. Here is a poetic license and a happy device, one in which he has been followed by all artists among the Italians who have treated this subject successfully; and I doubt not that it allows of greater simplicity of treatment and greater directness in telling the story. In the present instance we see at a glance, with Elisabeth by her threshold, that Mary is the visitant. Then, by placing the scene in the open air, there is the advantage of greater breadth and largeness in the distribution. Here we have the portico, the open doorway, and the figure of the maid-servant on one side of



FOLEY & FLORENCE, JR., L.S.

ASCENSION OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.  
(Fresco in the Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.)

Elisabeth, balanced by the group of Mary and her two servants on the other side, with a clear space above—always a valuable consideration with the artist. But for this clear space above, the ornamentation on the portico, for instance, would have been insignificant and of no apparent consequence; but now it stands forth and gives a pleasing variety. Also, against this clear space the faces have value and importance, while the space is of value in itself as a rest for the eye.

In point of color this fresco is one of the finest of the series. There is a suggestion of the later Venetian coloring in the rich soft maroon tone of the drapery of Mary. Her white sleeve comes out finely against it, and is the highest point of light in the picture. The overrobe of Elisabeth is of a fine tone of yellow, her dress being a rich soft shade of brown. Finely contrasted is the fresh complexion of Mary with that of Elisabeth, which is brown and weather-worn. The drapery of the maid-servant behind Elisabeth is of a fine soft gray tone. Of the drapery of the two maids on the other side, that of the foremost is of a grayish-yellow tone, inclining to the latter shade; that of the farther, of a bluish gray. The sky is of a bright ultramarine blue, strong in color. Giving its proper value in black and white conveys no idea of the freshness and liveliness of the tint. All the skies of the series are of this prevailing hue. I remember Mr. Stillman's remarking in connection with these things, some time after I had engraved this example, that the color blue, though strong and positive, yet carries the idea of light with it; so that its proper value in black and white contradicts the idea of light which it conveys. I think I should have done better, on the whole, had I engraved the sky lighter; though to give the proper value of the faces against the sky was a consideration not to be lost sight of. I have always found, however, the color blue a difficult tint to reproduce properly in black and white.

#### DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS.

THE fresco by Giotto of the "Death of St. Francis" is the lower one on the eastern wall of the Bardi Chapel in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence. It is 8 feet

10 inches high, 14 feet 5 inches long. The saint reclines upon a bier in an open part of the cloister, surrounded by the brethren of the Order in their grayish-brown robes and bending over him in various attitudes of affectionate grief. Three at the head and three at the feet in white robes stand reading the mass. A cardinal in his red robe bordered with ermine kneels with his back to the spectator, probing with his fingers the wound in the saint's side—one of the marks of the Stigmata. Others of the brethren kiss and dwell over his hands and feet, similarly marked; one of them at the head has caught sight of the soul of St. Francis as it is borne to heaven by angels. The sky is deep blue. The background of the cloister and the architecture on each side is of a pinkish hue. The cloth thrown over the bier on which St. Francis is lying is yellowish in tone. This fresco, and indeed the entire chapel, was restored in 1853. The feeling of grief in this beautiful work is stirring and passionate, while as a composition it is preëminent in the perfection of its arrangement.

#### ASCENSION OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

THE "Ascension of St. John the Evangelist" is in the Peruzzi Chapel—the second chapel west of the Bardi—of the Church of Santa Croce, and, like the "Death of St. Francis," is oblong in shape, being 8 feet 6 inches high by 14 feet 8 inches long. It is the lower fresco of the western wall of the chapel. The "St. John" is said to be less retouched than the "St. Francis," and certainly is finer in tone and color. The prevailing colors of the garments of the spectators are soft yellowish-gray tones of white, blue, and red; those of the Evangelist's, purple and blue. The glories around the heads are of gold. The background or interior of the architecture is a warm gray tone, while that of the more forward and outer portions is pinkish. Christ and the saints break through suddenly from a fiery cloud in the deep blue sky; golden rays stream from the Saviour's countenance, flooding the Evangelist. The picture is dramatic in the highest sense and wonderfully impressive.

T. Cole.

## HORSES OF THE PLAINS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



**T** men of all ages the horse of northern Africa has been the standard of worth and beauty and speed. It was bred for the purpose of war and reared under the most favorable climatic conditions, and its descendants have infused their blood into all the strains which in our day are regarded as valuable. The Moors stocked Spain with this horse, and the so-called Spanish horse is more Moorish than otherwise. It is fair to presume that the lightly armored cavaliers of the sixteenth century, or during the Spanish conquests in Amer-

ica, rode this animal, which had been so long domesticated in Spain, in preference to the inferior northern horse. To this day the pony of western America shows many points of the Barbary horse to the exclusion of all other breeding. His head has the same facial line; and that is a prime point in deciding ancestry in horses. Observe, for instance, the great dissimilarity in profile displayed by old plates of the Godolphin Arabian and the Darley Arabian, two famous sires, kings of their races, the one a Barb and the other an Arabian.

In contemplating the development of the horse, or rather his gradual adjustment to his





THE FIRST OF THE RACE.

environment, no period more commends itself than that of the time from the Spanish invasion of Mexico to the present day. The lapse of nearly four centuries and the great variety of dissimilar conditions have so changed the American "bronco" from his Spanish ancestor that he now enjoys a distinctive individuality. This individuality is also subdivided; and as all types come from a common ancestry, the reasons for this varied development are sought with interest, though I fear not always with accuracy. Cortes left Cuba on his famous expedition with "sixteen horses," which were procured from the plantations of that island at great expense.

As a matter of course these horses did not contribute to the stocking of the conquered country, for they all laid down their lives to

make another page of military history in the annals of the Barbary horse. Subsequent importations must have replenished the race. Possibly the dangers and expense attendant on importation did not bring a very high grade of horses from Spain, though I am quite sure that no sane don would have preferred a coarse-jointed great Flemish weight-carrier for use on the hot sands of Mexico to a light and supple Barb, which would recognize in the sand and heat of his new-world home an exact counterpart of his African hills. As the Spaniards worked north in their explorations, they lost horses by the adverse fortunes of war and by their straying and being captured by Indians. At a very early date the wild horse was encountered on the plains of Mexico, but a long time elapsed before the



AN OLD-TIME MOUNTAIN MAN WITH HIS PONIES.

horse was found in the north. La Salle found the Comanches with Spanish goods and also horses in their possession, but on his journey to Canada it was with great difficulty that he procured horses from the Indians farther north. In 1686, or contemporaneously with La Salle's experience in the south, Father Hennepin lived with the Sioux and marched and hunted the buffalo on foot. At a much later day a traveler heard the Comanches boast that they "remembered when the Arapahoes to the north used dogs as beasts of burden." That horses were lost by the Spaniards and ran in a wild state over the high, dry plains of Mexico and Texas at an early day is certain; and as the conditions of life were favorable, they must have increased rapidly. How many years elapsed before the northern Indians procured these animals, with which they are so thoroughly identified, is not easily ascertainable. Cheyenne Indians who were well versed in that tribal legend which is rehearsed by the lodge fire in the long winter nights have told me gravely that they always have had horses. I suspect

that this assertion has its foundation in the vanity of their cavalier souls, for the Cheyenne legend runs very smoothly, and has paleface corroboration back to a period when we know that they could not have had horses.

Only on the plains has the horse reached his most typical American development. The range afforded good grass and they bred indiscriminately, both in the wild state and in the hands of the Indians, who never used any discretion in the matter of coupling the best specimens, as did the Indians of the mountains, because of the constant danger of their being lost or stolen, thus making it unprofitable. Wild stallions continually herded off the droves of the Indians of the southern plains, thus thwarting any endeavor to improve the stock by breeding. It is often a question whether the "pinto,"<sup>1</sup> or painted pony of Texas, is the result of a pinto ancestry, or of a general coupling of horses of all colors. The latter, I think, is the case, for the Barb

was a one-color horse, and the modern horse-breeder in his science finds no difficulty in producing that color which he deems the best. The Comanches, Wichitas, and Kiowas hold that stallion in high esteem which is most bedecked and flared by blotches of white hair on the normal color of his hide. The so-called Spanish horse of northern Mexico is less apt to show this tendency towards a parti-colored coat, and his size, bone, and general development stamp him as the best among his kind, all of which qualities are the result of some consideration on the part of man with a view to improve the stock. The Mexicans on their Indian-infested frontier kept their horses close herded; for they lived where they had located their ranches, desired good horses, and took pains to produce them. The sires were well selected, and the growing animals were not subjected to the fearful setbacks attendant on passing a winter on the cold plains, which is one of the reasons why all wild horses are stunted in size. Therefore we

<sup>1</sup> Parti-colored "calico," as sometimes called.

must look to the Spanish horse of northern Mexico for the nearest type to the progenitors of the American bronco. The good representatives of this division are about fourteen and a half hands in stature; of large bone, with a slight tendency to roughness; generally bay in color; flat-ribbed, and of great muscular development; and, like all the rest, have the Barbary head, with the slightly oval face and fine muzzle.

Nearly identical with this beast is the mustang of the Pacific coast—a misnomer, by the bye, which for a generation has been universally applied by fanciful people to any horse bearing a brand. This particular race of horses, reared under slightly less advantageous circumstances than the Spanish horse of old Mexico, was famous in early days; but they are now so mixed with American stock as to lose the identity which in the days of the Argonauts was their pride.

The most inexperienced horseman will not have to walk around the animal twice in order to tell a Texas pony; that is, one which is full bred, with no admixture. He has fine deer-like legs, a very long body, with a pronounced roach just forward of the coupling, and possibly a "glass eye" and a pinto hide. Any old cowboy will point him out as the only creature suitable for his purposes. Hard to break, because he has any amount of latent devil in his disposition, he does not break his legs or fall over backwards in the "pitching" process as does the "cayuse" of the North-west. I think he is small and shriveled up like a Mexican because of his dry, hot habitat, over which he has to walk many miles to get his dinner. But, in compensation, he can cover leagues of his native plains, bearing a seemingly disproportionately large man, with an ease both to himself and to his rider which is little short

of miraculous. I tried on one occasion to regenerate a fine specimen of the southern plains sort, and to make a pretty little cob of the wild, scared bundle of nerves and bones which I had picked out of a herd. I roached his mane and docked his tail, and put him in a warm stall with half a foot of straw underneath. I meted out a ration of corn and hay which was enough for a twelve-hundred work-horse in the neighboring stall. I had him combed and brushed and wiped by a good-natured man, who regarded the proceeding with as much awe as did the pony. After the animal found out that the corn was meant to be eaten, he always ate it; but after many days he was led out, and, to my utter despair, he stood there the same shy, perverse brute which he always had been. His paunch was distended to frightful proportions, but his cat hams, ewe neck, and thin little shoulders were as dry and hard as ever. Mentally he never seemed to make any discrimination between his newly found masters and the big timber wolves that used to surround him and keep him standing all night in a bunch of fellows. On the whole it was laughable, for in his perversity he resisted the regenerating process much as



A TEXAN PONY.



BRONCOS AND TIMBER WOLVES.



any other wild beast might. For all that, these animals are "all sorts of a horse" in their own particular field of usefulness, though they lack the power of the Spanish horse. Once in Arizona I rode one of the latter animals, belonging to Chief Ascension Rios of the Papagoes, at a very rapid gallop for twenty-four miles, during the middle of the day, through the des-

ert sand. The thermometer stood as high as you please in the shade, and the hot sun on the white sand made the heat something frightful; and personally I am not noted for any of the physical characteristics which distinguish a fairy. At the end of the journey I was confirmed in the suspicion that he was a most magnificent piece of horse-flesh for a ride like that, and I never expect to see another horse which can make the trip and take it so lightly to heart. He stood there like a rock, and was as good as at starting, having sweat only a normal amount. The best test of a horse is, not what he can do, but how easily he can do it. Some

of the best specimens of the horse and rider which I have ever had occasion to admire were Mexican *vaqueros*, and I have often thought the horses were more worthy than the men. The golden age of the bronco was ended some twenty years ago when the great tidal wave of Saxonism reached his grassy plains. He was rounded up and brought under the



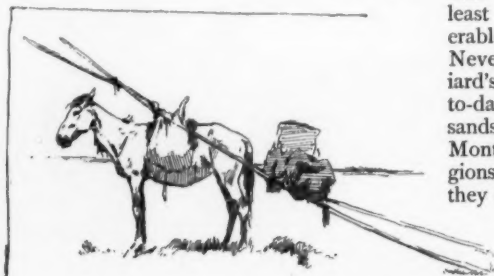
SPANISH HORSE OF NORTHERN MEXICO.

yoke by the thousand, and his glories departed. Here and there a small band fled before man, but their freedom was hopeless. The act of subjugation was more implied than real, and to this day, as the cowboy goes out and drives up a herd of broncos to the corral, there is little difference between the wild horse of old and his enslaved progeny. Of course the wild stallion is always eliminated, and he alone was responsible for the awe which a wild horse inspired. As I have before remarked, the home of the Simon-pure wild horse is on the southern plains, and when he appears elsewhere he has been transported there by man and found

ert sand. The thermometer stood as high as you please in the shade, and the hot sun on the white sand made the heat something frightful; and personally I am not noted for any of the physical characteristics which distinguish a fairy. At the end of the journey I was confirmed in the suspicion that he was a most magnificent piece of horse-flesh for a ride like that, and I never expect to see another horse which can make the trip and take it so lightly to heart. He stood there like a rock, and was as good as at starting, having sweat only a normal amount. The best test of a horse is, not what he can do, but how easily he can do it. Some

his freedom later on. I have found food for reflection in tracing the causes of the varied development of these broncos under different conditions. A great many of the speculations in which I indulge may be faulty, as they deal with a subject not widely investigated by any more learned savants than one is apt to find about the fires of the cow-camps in the far West. One must not forget, also, that the difficulty increases as years pass, because the horses are driven about from one section to another, and thus crossed with the stock of the country until in a very few years they became a ho-

glorify his reign in America there will be none more worthy than his horse. This proposition I have heard combated, however, by a person who had just been "bucked" violently from the back of a descendant of the Barbs. He insisted that the Spaniards had left little to glorify their reign in America, least of all their miserable scrubby ponies. Nevertheless, the Spaniard's horses may be found to-day in countless thousands, from the city of the Montezumas to the regions of perpetual snow; they are grafted into our



THE INDIAN PONY.



equine wealth and make an important impression on the horse of the country.

There is a horse in the Indian Territory, Arkansas, and Missouri, called the Cherokee pony, which is a peculiar animal. Of low stature, he is generally piebald, with a great profusion of mane and tail. He is close set, with head and

mogeneous type. The solutions to these problems must always be personal views, and in no sense final. One thing is certain: of all the monuments which the Spaniard has left to

legs not at all of the bronco type, and I know that his derivation is from the East, though some insist on classing him with our Western ponies; but he is a handsome little beast,

easily adapts himself to surroundings, and is in much favor in the Eastern markets as a saddle pony for boys and for ladies' carts.

The most favorable place to study the pony is in an Indian camp, as the Indians rarely defeat the ends of nature in the matter of natural selection; and further, the ponies are allowed to eat the very greenest grass they can find in the summer time, and to chew on a cottonwood saw-log during the winter, with perfect indifference on the part of their owners. The pony is thus a reflex of nature, and, coupled with his surroundings, is of quite as much interest as the stretch of prairie grass, the white lodges, and the blanketed forms. The

pist should he look along the humpy ribs and withered quarters. But alack! when the young grass does shoot, the pony scours the trash which composes his winter diet, sheds his matted hair, and shines forth another horse. In a month "Richard 's himself again," ready to fly over the grassy sward with his savage master or to drag the *travaux* and pack the buxom squaw. Yet do not think that at this time the Indian pony is the bounding steed of romance; do not be deluded into expecting the arched neck, the graceful lines, and the magnificent limbs of the English hunter, for, alas! they are not here. They have existed only on paper. He may be all that the wildest en-



PONIES PAWING IN THE SNOW.

savage red man in his great contest with nature has learned, not to combat nature, but to observe her moods and to prepare a simple means of escape. He puts up no fodder for the winter, but relies on the bark of the cottonwood. Often he is driven to dire extremity to bring his stock through the winter. I have been told that in the Canadian North-west the Blackfeet have bought grain for their ponies during a bad spell of weather, which act implies marvelous self-denial, as the cost of a bushel of oats would bring financial ruin on any of the tribe. Before the early grass starts in the spring the emaciated appearance of one of these little ponies in the far North-west will sorely try the feelings of an equine philanthro-

thusiast may claim in point of hardihood and power, as indeed he is, but he is not beautiful. His head and neck join like the two parts of a hammer, his legs are as fine as a deer's, though not with the flat knee-cap and broad cannon-bone of the English ideal. His barrel is a veritable tun, made so by the bushels of grass which he consumes in order to satisfy nature. His quarters are apt to run suddenly back from the hips, and the rear view is decidedly mulish about the hocks. The mane and the tail are apt to be light, and I find that the currycomb of the groom has a good deal to do in deciding on which side of the horse's neck the mane shall fall; for on an Indian pony it is apt to drop on the right and the left, or stand up in the



HORSE OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

middle in perfect indecision. The Indian never devotes any stable-work to his mount, although at times the pony is bedecked in savage splendor. Once I saw the equipment of a Blackfoot war pony, composed of a mask and bonnet gorgeous with red flannel, brass-headed tacks, silver plates, and feathers, which was art in its way.

As we go very far into the Canadian Northwest we find that the interminable cold of the winters has had its effect, and the pony is small and scraggy, with a disposition to run to hair that would be the envy of a goat. These little fellows seem to be sadly out of their reckoning, as the great northern wastes were surely not made for horses; however, the reverse of the proposition is true, for the horses thrive after a fashion and demonstrate the toughness of the race. Unless he be tied up to a post, no one ever knew an Indian pony to die of the cold. With his front feet he will paw away the snow to an astonishing depth in order to get at the dry herbage, and by hook or by crook he will manage to come through the winter despite the wildest prophecies on the part of the uninitiated that he cannot live ten days in such a storm. The Indian

pony often finds to his sorrow that he is useful for other purposes than as a beast of burden, for his wild masters of the Rocky Mountains think him excellent eating. To the Shoshonees the particular use of a horse was for the steaks and the stews that were in him; but the Indian of the plains had the buffalo, and could afford, except in extreme cases, to let his means of transportation live. The Apaches were never "horse Indians," and always readily abandoned their stock to follow the mountains on foot. In early times their stock-stealing raids into Mexico were simply foraging expeditions, as they ate horses, mules, cattle, and sheep alike. In the grassy valleys of the northern Rocky Mountains, walled in as they are by the mountain ranges, horse-breeding was productive of good, and was followed. Thus the "cayuse," a fine strain of pony stock, took its name from a tribe, though it became disseminated over all that country. As it was nearly impossible for the Indians to steal each other's horses on every occasion, the people were encouraged to perpetuate the good qualities of their favorite mounts.

The cayuse is generally roan in color, with always a tendency this way, no matter how



slight. He is strongly built, heavily muscled, and the only bronco which possesses square quarters. In height he is about fourteen hands; and while not possessed of the activity of the Texas horse, he has much more power. This native stock was a splendid foundation for the horse-breeders of Montana and the North-west to work on, and the Montana horse of commerce rates very high. This condition is not, however, all to the credit of the cayuse, but

as a thoroughbred, with his structural points corrected, and fit for many purposes. He has about the general balance of the French ponies of Canada or perhaps a Morgan, which for practical purposes were the best horses ever developed in America. At this stage of the development of the bronco he is no longer the little narrow-shouldered, cat-hammed brute of his native plains, but as round and square and arched as "anybody's horse," as a Texan



A "CAYUSE."

to a strain of horses early imported into Montana from the West and known as the Oregon horse, which breed had its foundation in the mustang.

In summing up for the bronco I will say that he is destined to become a distinguished element in the future horse of the continent, if for no other reason except that of his numbers. All over the West he is bred into the stock of the country, and of course always from the side of the dam. The first one or two crosses from this stock are not very encouraging, as the blood is strong, having been bred in and in for so many generations. But presently we find an animal of the average size, as fine almost

would express it. In this shape I see him ridden in Central Park, and fail to see but that he carries himself as gallantly as though his name were in the "Stud-Book." I often see a pair of these horses dragging a delivery wagon about on the pavements, and note the ease with which they travel over many miles of stone-set road in a day. I have also a particular fad which I would like to demonstrate, but will simply say that this horse is the *ne plus ultra* for light cavalry purposes. In the Department of Arizona they have used many Californian horses, and while some officers claim that they are not as desirable as pure American stock, I venture to think that they



A BRONCO IN CENTRAL PARK.

would be if they were used by light cavalry and not by dragoons.

In intelligence the bronco has no equal, unless it is the mule, though this comparison is inapt, as that hybrid has an extra endowment of brains, as though in compensation for the beauty which he lacks. I think that the wild state may have sharpened the senses of the bronco, while in domestication he is remarkably docile. It would be quite unfair to his fellows to institute anything like a comparison without putting in evidence the peculiar method of defense to which he resorts when he struggles with man for the mastery. Every one knows that he "bucks," and familiarity with that characteristic never breeds contempt. Only those who have ridden a bronco the first time it was saddled, or have lived through a railroad accident, can form any conception of the solemnity of such experiences. Few Eastern people appreciate the sky-rocket bounds, and grunts, and stiff-legged striking, because the "bucking" process is entered into with great spirit by the pony but once, and that is when he is first under the saddle-tree. If that "scrape" is "ridden out" by his master the bronco's spirit is broken; and while he may afterwards plunge about, he has intelligence enough not to "kick against the pricks."

His greatest good quality is the ease with which he stands any amount of hard riding over

the trail; and this is not because of any particular power which he has over the thoroughbred, for instance, but because of his "hard stomach." He eats no grain in the growing stages of his life, and his stomach has not been forced artificially to supply a system taxed beyond the power of the stomach to fill. The same general difference is noted between an Indian and a white man. You may gallop the pony until your thoroughbred would "heave and thump" and "go wrong" in a dozen vital places, and the bronco will cool off and come through little the worse for the experience.

Some years ago I drove up to a stage station in the San Pedro Valley in Arizona, and the Mexican stock tender had had a hard time in rounding up his stage stock. His herd pony had been run until, as he stood there under the shade of a brush corral, covered with foam and dust, with his belly drawn up almost to his spine and gasping occasionally as though it was his last, I felt sure I should see him die before I left the station. I was afterwards told by the stage boss in a bluff, matter-of-course way, in answer to my inquiry, that he had "pulled through all right: you can't kill them critters"; and now I am perfectly positive that you cannot.

As a saddle animal simply, the bronco has no superior. The "lope" is a term which should never be applied to that motion in any other

breed of horses. I have watched a herd of cow-ponies being driven over the prairie where the undulations of the backs in the moving throng were as regular and easy as the rise and fall of the watery waves. The fox-trot, which is the habitual gait of all plainsmen, cowboys, and Indians, is easily cultivated in him, and his light, supple frame accommodates itself naturally to the motion.

This particular American horse lays claim to another quality, which in my estimation is not least, and that is his wonderful picturesqueness. He graces the Western landscape, not because he reminds us of the equine ideal, but because he comes of the soil, and has borne the

heat and burden and the vicissitudes of all that pale of romance which will cling about the Western frontier. As we see him hitched to the plow or the wagon he seems a living protest against utilitarianism; but, unlike his red master, he will not go. He has borne the Moor, the Spanish conqueror, the red Indian, the mountain-man, and the vaquero through all the glories of their careers; but they will soon be gone, with all their heritage of gallant deeds. The pony must meekly enter the new régime. He must wear the collar of the new civilization and earn his oats by the sweat of his flank. There are no more worlds for him to conquer; now he must till the ground.

*Frederic Remington.*



### THE WINTER' LAKES.

OUT in a world of death far to the northward lying,  
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;  
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,  
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.

Never a bud of spring, never a laugh of summer,  
Never a dream of love, never a song of bird;  
But only the silence and white, the shores that grow chiller and dumber,  
Wherever the ice-winds sob, and the griefs of winter are heard.

Crags that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming,  
Under the sunset's flush and the pallid, faint glimmer of dawn;  
Shadowy, ghost-like shores, where midnight surfs are booming  
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like specters, whited regions of winter,  
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;  
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter,  
Lost to summer and life, go to return no more.

Moons that glimmer above, waters that lie white under,  
Miles on miles of lake far out under the night;  
Foaming crests of waves, surfs that shoreward thunder,  
Shadowy shapes that flee, haunting the spaces white.

Lonely hidden bays, moonlit, ice-rimmed, winding,  
Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shadowy shores;  
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding  
Death and hate on the rocks, as sandward and landward it roars.

*William Wilfred Campbell.*



DOLLARD AND HIS COMMAND TAKING THE OATH.

## THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD.<sup>1</sup>

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

XII.

### DOLLARD'S CONFESSION.



F Dollard was surprised at finding Claire standing by the fire dressed for her journey, he gave himself no time for uttering it, but directed Jacques to bring down madame's boxes and to wake Louise.

"One casket will be enough, Jacques," countermanded madame; "the one which has been opened. If there is such haste, the others can be sent hereafter. As for my poor Louise, I will not have her waked; this is but her second night's sleep on land. Some one can be found in Montreal to attend me, and I shall see her again soon."

Jacques shuffled down from his master's apartment, carrying the luggage on his shoulder and his candle in one hand. Dollard waited for him, to say aside:

"In three weeks come to Montreal and ask for your lady at the governor's house. Subject yourself to her orders thenceforward."

"Yes, m'sieur," grunted Jacques.

Again his candle on the twisted staircase caused great shadows to stalk through the cellar gloom—Claire's shadow stretching forward a magnified head at its dense future; Dollard's shadow towering so high as to be bent at right angles and flattened on the joists above. Once more were the bars put up, this time shutting two inmates out of the seignior's house.

Dollard hurried his wife into the boat. One Indian held the boat to the beach, another stored the luggage, and immediately they dropped into their places and took the oars, and the boat was off.

It was a silent night and very little breeze flowed along the surface of the water. The moon seemed lost walking so far down the west sky. She struck a path of gold crosswise of Lake St. Louis, and it grew with the progress of the boat, still traveling down-river and twinkling like a moving pavement of burnished disks.

Going with the current, the Hurons had little need to labor, and the gush of their oars came at longer intervals than during the upstream voyage.

Dollard had wrapped Claire well. He held the furs around her with one arm. By that ghostly daylight which the moon makes she could follow every line and contour of his face. He examined every visible point on the river's surface, and turned an acute ear for shore sounds. Before he began to speak, the disturbance of his spirit reached her, and quite drove all mention of Mademoiselle de Granville from her lips.

Having satisfied himself that no other craft haunted the river, Dollard turned his eyes upon Claire's, and spoke to her ear so that his voice was lost two feet away.

"Claire, the Iroquois are the curse of this province. Let me tell you what they have done. They are a confederation of five Indian nations: their settlements are south of the great Lake Ontario, but they spread themselves all along the St. Lawrence, murder settlers, make forays into Montreal and Quebec; they have almost exterminated the Christian Hurons, and when they offer us truces they do it only to throw us off our guard. The history of this colony is a history of a hand-to-hand struggle against the Iroquois."

"If they are so strong," whispered Claire, "how have the settlements lived at all?"

"Partly because their mode of warfare is peculiar, and consists in overrunning, harassing, and burning certain points and then retiring to the woods again, and partly because they needed the French. We are useful to them in furnishing certain supplies for which they trade. But they also trade with the Dutch colony on the Hudson River. Only lately have they made up their minds to sweep over this province and destroy it."

"How do you know this?"

"I know that at this time two bands of these savages, each hundreds strong, are moving to meet each other somewhere on the Ottawa River. We have heard rumors, and some prisoners have been brought in and made to confess, and the mere fact that no skulking parties haunt us shows that they are massing."

Dollard drew a deep breath.

"I shall not dread this danger, being with you," said Claire.

"This is what I must tell you. Claire, there was a man in Montreal who thought the sacking of New France could be prevented if a few

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determined men would go out and meet these savages on the way, as aggressors, instead of fighting simply on the defensive, as we have done so long. This man found sixteen other young men of his own mind, and they all took a sacred oath to devote themselves to this purpose."

"Sixteen!" breathed the shuddering girl. "Only sixteen against a thousand Indians?"

"Sixteen are enough if they be fit for the enterprise. One point of rock will break any number of waves. These sixteen men and their leader then obtained the governor's consent to their enterprise, and they will kneel in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu and receive absolution at daybreak this morning."

"Their leader is Adam Dollard!" Claire's whispered cry broke out.

"Their leader is Adam Dollard," he echoed. She uttered no other sound, but rose up in the boat.

Dollard caught her in his arms and set her upon his knees. They held each other in an embrace like the rigid lock of death, the smiling, pale night seeming full of crashing and grinding noises, and of chaos like mountains falling.

Length after length the boat shot on, dumb heart-beat after dumb heart-beat, mile after mile. It began to shiver uneasily. Alert to what was before them, and indifferent to their freight of stone in the boat's end, the Hurons slipped to their knees, each unshipped his oars and took one of the dripping pair for a paddle, fixed his roused eyes on the twisting current, and prepared for the rapids of Lachine. Like an arrow just when the bowstring twangs came the boat at a rock, to be paddled as cleanly aside as if that hissing mass had been a shadow. Right, left, ahead the rapids boiled up; slight shocks ran through the thin-skinned craft as it dodged, shied, leaped, half whirled and half reversed, tumultuously tumbled or shot as if going down a flume. While it lasted the danger seemed endless. But those skilled paddlers played through it with grins of delight folding creases in their leather faces, nor did they settle down dogged and dull Indians again until the boat shot freely out of the rapids upon tame moonlighted ripples once more.

After the Lachine, Dollard lifted his head and said to Claire:

"We start on our expedition as soon as mass is done this morning. It goes without saying that I was pledged to this when I went to Quebec. I cannot go back from it now."

"There is no thought of your going back from it now," Claire spoke to him. "But, Dollard, is there hope of any man's returning alive from this expedition?"

"We are sworn to give no quarter and to take none."

The Indians, pointing their boat towards Montreal, were now pulling with long easy strokes. A little rocky island rose between voyagers and settling moon.

"O Claire! I loved you so! that is all my excuse. I meant not to bring such anguish upon you."

"Dollard, I forbid you to regret your marriage. I myself have no regrets."

"I knew not what I was doing." His words dropped with effort. She could feel his throat strongly sobbing.

"Don't fret, my Dollard." Claire smoothed down those laboring veins with her satin palm. "We are, indeed, young to die. I thought we should live years together. But this marriage gave us nearly a week of paradise. And that is more happiness, I am experienced enough to believe, than many wedded couples have in a lifetime."

"Claire, the family of the Governor Maisonneuve will receive you and treat you with all courtesy; first for your own sake, and in a small degree for mine. I have set down in my will that you are to have all my rude belongings, and Jacques is sworn your trusty servant."

"Dollard, hear what I have to say," she exclaimed, pressing his temples between her hands. "You meant to leave me behind you at St. Bernard. You forget that the blood of man-warriors, the blood of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, runs in my veins. Doubt not that I shall go with you on this expedition. Do you think I have no courage because I am afraid of mice and lightning?"

"I knew not that you were afraid of mice and lightning, my Claire."

"Am I to be the wife of Dollard and have sixteen young men thrust between him and myself, all accounted worthy of martyrdom above me?"

"Daughter of a Montmorency!" burst out Dollard with passion; "better than any man on earth! I do you homage—I prostrate myself—I adore you! Yet must I profane your ears with this: no woman can go with the expedition without bringing discredit on it."

"Not even your wife?"

"Not even my wife. After absolution in the chapel this morning we are set apart, consecrated to the purpose before us."

Claire dropped her face and said:

"I comprehend." He held her upon his breast the brief remainder of their journey, prostrated as she had not been by the shock of his confession.

Mount Royal stood dome-like on Montreal island, a huge shadow glooming out of the north-west upon the little village. After shifting

about from a river point of view, those structures composing the town finally settled in their order: the fort, the rough stone seminary of St. Sulpice, the Hôtel Dieu, the wooden houses standing in a single long row, and eastward the great fortified mill surrounded by a wall. The village itself had neither wall nor palisade.

Surrounding dark fields absorbed light and gave back no glint of dew or springing green blade, for the seed-sowing was not yet finished. Black bears squatting or standing about the fields at length revealed themselves as charred stumps and half trees.

"You have not told me the route your expedition goes," whispered Claire.

"We go in that direction — up the Ottawa River." Dollard swept out his arm indicating the west.

"There is one thing. Do not place me in the governor's charge. How can I be a guest, when I would lie night and day before some shrine? Are there no convents in Montreal? A convent is my allotted shelter."

"There are only the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu," he murmured back. "They, also, would receive you into kind protection; but, my Claire, they are poor. Montreal is not Quebec. Our nuns lived at first in one room. Now they have the hospital; but it is a wooden building, exposed by its situation."

"Let me go to the nuns," she insisted. "And there is one other thing. Do not tell them who I am. Say nothing about me, that I may have no inquiries to answer concerning our marriage and his reverence the bishop."

"Our nuns of St. Joseph and the Sulpitians of Montreal bear not too much love for the bishop," said Dollard. "But every wish you have is my wish. I will say nothing to the nuns, and you may tell them only what you will."

A strong pallor toning up to yellow had been growing from the east to the detriment of the moon. Now a pencil line of pink lay across the horizon, and the general dewiness of objects became apparent. The mountain turned from shadow into perpendicular earth and half-budded trees. Some people were stirring in Montreal, and a dog ran towards the river barking as the boat touched the wharf.

## XIII.

## THE CHAPEL OF THE HÔTEL DIEU.

JOUANEUX, the retainer of the hospital nuns, though used to rising early to feed their pigs and chickens, this time cast his wary glance into the garden while it was yet night. The garden held now no tall growths of mustard, in which the Iroquois had been known to lurk until daylight for victims, but Jouaneux

felt it necessary that he should scan the inclosure himself before any nun chanced to step into it.

The sisterhood's dependent animals were quartered under the same roof with themselves, according to Canadian custom. Jouaneux scattered provender before the cocks were fairly roused to their matin duty of crowing; and the sleepy swine, lifting the tips of their circular noses, grunted inquiringly at him without scrambling up through the dusk.

Scandal might have attached itself even to these nuns of the Hôtel Dieu for maintaining so youthful a servitor as Jouaneux, had not the entire settlement of Montreal known his cause for gratitude towards them and the honest bond which held him devoted to their goodness.

He was not the stumpy type of French peasant, but stood tall and lithe, was rosy-faced, and had bright hair like a Saxon's. A constant smile parted Jouaneux's lips and tilted up his nose. He looked always on the point of telling good news. Catastrophe and pain had not erased the up-curves of this expression. So he stood smiling at the pigs while Indian-fighters were gathering from all quarters of Montreal towards the hospital chapel.

"Jouaneux!" spoke a woman's well-modulated voice from an inner door.

"Yes, honored Superior," he responded with alacrity, turning to Sister Judith de Brésoles, head of the sisterhood of St. Joseph, to whom he accorded always this exaggerated term of respect. She carried a taper in her hand, its slender white flame casting up the beauty of her stern spiritualized features.

Bound at all times to the duty of the moment, whether that duty was to boil herbs for dinner, to ring the tocsin at an Indian alarm, or to receive the wounded and the dying, Sister Brésoles conferred briefly with her servitor.

"Jouaneux, is the chapel in complete readiness?"

"Yes, honored Superior; everything is ready."

"The Commandant Dollard has arrived, and he brought his young relative with him to place her in our care."

"His sister who lives on his seignior?"

"Certainly. Could it be any other? His sister, Mademoiselle Dollard, therefore —"

"Pardon, honored Superior," — the tip of his nose shifted with expressive twitches, and he had the air of imparting something joyful, — "Mademoiselle de Granville. She is but half-sister to Monsieur Dollard."

"The minutest relationships of remote families are not hid from you, Jouaneux," commented Sister Brésoles. "But I have to mention to you that the parlor fire must be lighted now

and every morning for Mademoiselle de Granville, if she choose to sit there."

"It shall be done, honored Superior."

"And that is all I had to tell you, I believe," concluded Sister Judith, turning immediately to the next duty on her list.

Early as it was, the population of Montreal was pressing into the palisade gate of the Hôtel Dieu. Matrons led their children, who mopped sleep from their eyes with little dark fists and stood on tiptoe to look between moving figures for the Indian-fighters. Some women had pale and tear-sodden cheeks, but most faces showed that rapturous enthusiasm which heroic undertaking rouses in the human breast. Unlike many meetings of a religious character, this one attracted men in majority: the seignior, the gentilhomme, the soldier from the fort, the working-smith or armorer.

When Sister Brésoles received Claire she had given her directly into the hands of a white, gentle, little nun, the frame-work of whose countenance was bare and expressive. She took the girl's hand between her sympathetic and work-worn tiny palms.

They stood in the refectory, the dawn-light just jotting their outlines to each other.

"I am Sister Macé, dear mademoiselle," said the little nun. "Do you wish me to sit by you in the chapel?"

"I cannot sit in the chapel, Sister."

"Then let me take you to our parlor. My Sister Brésoles will have a fire lighted there. On these mornings the air from the river comes in chill."

"No, Sister," said Claire, her eyes closed. "Thank you. Be not too kind to me. I wish to retain command of myself."

Sister Macé let a tear slip down each cheek hollow and took one hand away from Claire's to tweak her dot-like nose and catch the tears on a corner of her veil. The Sisters of St. Joseph were poorly clad, but the very fragrance of cleanness stirred in Sister Macé's robe. She glanced about for something which might comfort Claire by way of the stomach; for stomach comfort had gained importance to these gently bred nuns after their Canadian winters on frozen bread.

"Sister," said Claire, "is there any hiding-place about the walls of the chapel where I can thrust myself so that no weakness of mine may be seen, and behold the ceremonies?"

"There is the rood-loft," replied Sister Macé. "And if you go directly to it before the chapel is opened for the service, nobody would dream you were there."

"Let us go directly," said Claire.

Directly they went. Sister Macé paused but to close with care the chapel door behind them. The chapel was dark and they groped across

it and up the stairway, Sister Macé talking low and breathlessly on the ascent.

"Ah, mademoiselle, what a blessed and safe retreat is the rood-loft! How many times have my Sister Maillet and I flown to that sacred corner and prostrated ourselves before the Holy Sacrament while the yells of the Iroquois rung in our very ears! We expected every instant to be seized and to feel the scalps torn from our heads. I have not the fortitude to bear these things as hath my Sister Brésoles,—this way, mademoiselle; give me your hand,—but I can appreciate noble courage; and, mademoiselle, I look with awe upon these young men about to take their vows."

The sacrament and its appendages had been removed from Sister Macé's retreat to the altar below. There was a low balustrade at the front of this narrow gallery which would conceal people humble enough to flatten themselves beside it, and here the woman bereft and the woman her sympathizer did lie on the floor and look down from the rood-loft. Before many moments an acolyte came in with his taper and lighted all the candles on the altar. Out of dusk the rough little room, with its few sacred daubs and its waxen images, sprung into mellow beauty.

Claire watched all that passed, sometimes dropping her face to the floor, and sometimes trembling from head to foot, but letting no sound betray her. She saw the settlement of Montreal crowd into the inclosure as soon as the chapel door was opened, and a Sulpician priest stand forth by the altar. She saw the seventeen men file into space reserved for them before the altar and kneel there four abreast, Dollard at their head kneeling alone.

The chapel was very silent, French vivacity, which shapes itself into animated fervor on religious occasions, being repressed by this spectacle.

Claire knew the sub-governor Maisonneuve by his surroundings and attendants before Sister Macé breathed him into her ear.

"And that man who now comes forward," the nun added as secretly—"that is Charles Le Moyne, as brave a man as any in the province, and rich and worthy, moreover. His seigniory is opposite Montreal on the south-east shore."

Charles Le Moyne, addressing himself to the kneeling men, spoke out for his colleagues and brethren of the settlement who could not leave their farms until the spring crops were all planted. He urged the seventeen to wait until he and his friends could join the expedition. He would promise they should not be delayed long.

Claire watched Dollard lift his smiling face

and shake his head with decision, against which urging was powerless.

She witnessed the oath which they took neither to give quarter to nor accept quarter from the Iroquois. She witnessed their consecration and the ceremonial of mass. The kneeling men were young, few of them being older than Dollard.<sup>1</sup> They represented the colony, from soldier and gentilhomme down to the lower ranks of handicraftsmen. Whatever their ancestry had been, a baptism of glory descended upon all those faces alike. Their backs were towards the crowded chapel, but the women in the rood-loft could see this unconscious light, and as Claire looked at Dollard she shuddered from head to foot, feeling that her whole silent body was one selfish scream, "He is forgetting me!"

Lighted altar, lifted host, bowed people, and even the knightly splendor of Dollard's face, all passed from Claire's knowledge.

"It is now over, dear mademoiselle," whispered Sister Macé, sighing. "Do you see?—the men are standing up to march out four abreast, headed by the commandant. Ah, how the people will crowd them and shake their hands! Are you not looking, my child? O St. Joseph! patron of little ones, she is in a dead faint. Mademoiselle!" Sister Macé began to rub Claire's temples and hands and to pant with anxiety, so that the rood-loft must have been betrayed had not the chapel been emptying itself of a crowd running eagerly after other objects.

"Let me be," spoke Claire, hoarsely. "I am only dying to the world."

Sister Macé wept again. She patted Claire's wrist with her small fingers. The girl's bloodless face and tight-shut eyes were made more pallid by early daylight, for the candles were being put out upon the altar. Sister Macé in her solicitude forgot all about the people pouring through the palisade gate and following their heroes to the river-landing.

"Oh, how strong is the love of brother

and sister!" half soliloquized this gentle nun. "These ties so sweeten life; but when the call of Heaven comes, how hard they rend asunder!"

The trampling below hastened itself, ebbed away, entirely ceasing upon the flags of the Hôtel Dieu and becoming a clatter along the wharf.

"Is the chapel vacant now, Sister?" her charge breathed at her ear.

"The last person has left it, dear mademoiselle."

"Presently I will go down to lie on that spot where he knelt before the altar."

"Shall I assist you down, dear mademoiselle?" said Sister Macé with the solicitude of a sparrow trying to lift a wounded robin.

"No, Sister. But of your charity do this for me in my weakness. Go down and stand by the place. I have not known if any foot pressed it, and I will not have it profaned."

Sister Macé, therefore, who respected all requests, and who herself had lain stretched on that cold stone pavement doing her religious penances, descended the stairs and stood near the altar; while her charge followed, holding by railing or sinking upon step, until she reached the square of stone where Dollard had knelt.

As a mother pounces upon her child in idolatrous abandon, so Claire fell upon that chill spot and encircled it with her arms, sobbing:

"Doubt not that I shall find you again, my Dollard, my Dollard! Once before I prayed mightily to Heaven for a blessing, and I got my blessing."

While she lay there, cheer after cheer rose from the river-landing, wild enthusiasm bursting out again as soon as the last round had died away. The canoes had put out on their expedition. Those who watched them with the longest watching would finally turn aside to other things. But the woman on the chapel floor lay stretched there for twenty-four hours.

<sup>1</sup> The following list may be found in the parish register of Villemarie, June 3, 1660:

1. Adam Dollard (Sieur des Ormeaux), commandant, âgé de 25 ans.
2. Jacques Brassier, âgé de 25 ans.
3. Jean Tavernier, dit la Hochetière, armurier, âgé de 28 ans.
4. Nicolas Tellemont, serrurier, âgé de 25 ans.
5. Laurent Hebert, dit la Rivière, 27 ans.
6. Alonís de Lestres, chausfournier, 31 ans.
7. Nicolas Josselin, 25 ans.
8. Robert Jurée, 24 ans.
9. Jacques Boisseau, dit Cognac, 23 ans.
10. Louis Martin, 21 ans.
11. Christophe Augier, dit Desjardins, 26 ans.
12. Étienne Robin, dit Desforges, 27 ans.
13. Jean Valets, 27 ans.
14. René Doussin (Sieur de Sainte-Cécile), soldat de garnison, 30 ans.

15. Jean Lecomte, 20 ans.

16. Simon Grenet, 25 ans.

17. François Crusson, dit Pilote, 24 ans.

Also cited in "Histoire de la Colonie Française," II., 414, 416:

"À ces dix-sept héros chrétiens, on doit joindre le brave Annahotaha, chef des Hurons, comme aussi Metiwemeg, capitaine Algonquin, avec les trois autres braves de sa nation, qui tous demeurèrent fidèles et mourirent au champ d'honneur; enfin les trois Français qui périrent au début de l'expédition, Nicolas du Val, serviteur au fort, Mathurin Soulard, charpentier du fort, et Blaise Juillet, dit Argnon, habitant."

Of the ambush in which these last-mentioned three men were slain, and the subsequent volunteering of others in their places, this romance does not treat.



## XIV.

## MASSAWIPPA.

ALL that pleasant afternoon, while a spring sun warmed seeds in the ground and trees visibly unfurled green pennons, Montrealists stood in groups looking solemnly up-river where the expedition canoes had disappeared, or flinging their hands in excited talk. "They talked too much," says one of their chroniclers. For the expedition was to be kept secret, particularly from all passing Indians.

There was no wind to cut away tremulous heat simmering at the base of the mountain. Grass could be smelled, with the delicious odor of the earth in which it was quickening. On such a day the soul of man accomplishes its yearly metempsychosis, and finds itself in a body beating with new life.

Jouaneaux carried his happy countenance from group to group along the single street of Montreal, standing with respectful attention when his superiors talked, or chiming in with authority when his equals held parley instead of pushing their business.

Before night a small fleet of Indian canoes came up the river and landed on the wharf of Montreal forty warriors and a very young girl. The chief, leading the girl by the hand, stalked proudly westward along the street, his feathers dancing, his muscular legs and moccasined feet having the flying step of Mercury. His braves trod in line behind him.

"All Hurons," remarked Jouaneaux to his crony, a lime-burner.

"And should be seeding their island of Orleans at this season," said the lime-burner, "if Quebec set them any example but to quarrel and take to the woods."

"That chief can be nobody but Annahotaha," said Jouaneaux. "Now where dost thou say he stole that brown beauty of a little Sister?"

"He stole her," responded the lime-burner, "from a full-blooded French girl below Three Rivers, that some Quebec Jesuit mixed up with him in marriage. My cousin lives in the same cote, and little liking hath she for this half-breed who scorns her mother's people and calls herself a princess."

"Good hater art thou of Quebec Jesuits," said Jouaneaux, spreading his approving smile beyond dots of white teeth around large margins of pink gums. "But Quebec Jesuits have done worse work than mixing the blood of this princess. What a little Sister of St. Joseph she would make!" he exclaimed, stretching his neck after the girl and disclosing the healthy depths of his mouth.

"You never look at a woman but to take her measure for the Sisterhood of St. Joseph," laughed the lime-burner.

"And to what better life could she be measured?" demanded the nuns' retainer, instantly aggressive, "or what better Sisterhood?"

"There be no better women," yielded the lime-burner.

ALL night Sister Brésoles and Sister Macé in turns kneeled beside the prostrate woman in the chapel. She was not disturbed by offers of food or consolation, for they respected her posture and her vigil. The young novices, of whom there were a few, had duties set for them elsewhere. All night a taper burned upon the altar and a nun knelt by it, her shadow wavering long and brown; and the woman's body, with its arms stretched out on the stones, stirred only at intervals when the hands grasped and wrung each other in renewed prayer.

Before matins Sister Brésoles left her support of this afflicted spirit to devote herself to the revival of the body, by concocting a broth for which she is yet celebrated in Church annals on account of the Divine assistance she received in its preparation. The very odor should rouse Claire from her long fast and cause her to eat and rise, bearing her burdens.

During Sister Brésoles's absence another figure came in and bowed before the altar.

Conscious of physical disturbance, Claire turned her vacant look towards it, as she had done each time the nuns changed vigils.

This was no serene Sister of St. Joseph, but a dark young girl also flattening herself on the pavement, and writhing about in rages of pain.

"My child, what ails *you*?" whispered Claire, compassion making alive the depths of her eyes.

But the girl, without heeding her, ground a few prayers between convulsive teeth, and then beat her head upon the stones.

By degrees the silence and self-restraint of a woman not greatly her elder, lying in trouble as abject as her own, had its quieting effect on her. Tears, scantily distilled in her, ran the length of her eyelid rims and fell in occasional drops on the floor.

Their cheeks resting on a level, the two unhappy creatures looked at each other across a stone flag.

"Has your father or your brother gone with Dollard?" whispered Claire.

"Madame, my father goes to fight the Iroquois."

"I thought it."

"Madame, I have just been making a vow."

"So have I."

"I will follow my father wherever he is going, come life or come death, and nobody shall prevent me."

Claire rose upon her knees.



Sister Brésoles opened the chapel door, carrying in a bowl of soup as she would have carried it to a soldier whose wounds refused to allow his being lifted.

The patient was in evident thanksgiving. Daylight had just begun to glimmer in. Claire's face shone with the passionate white triumph which religious ascetics of that day looked forward to as the crowning result of their vigils. Flushed with reactionary hope, she rose to her feet as if the pavement had left no stiffness in her muscles, and met the nun.

"St. Joseph and all the Holy Family give you peace, mademoiselle."

"Peace hath been granted me, Sister. My prayer is answered."

"Great is the power of the Holy Family. But after your long vigil you will need this strengthening broth which I have made for you."

"Sister, you are kind. Let me take it to your refectory. I know the place. And may this young girl attend me?"

"I will carry it myself, mademoiselle," said Sister Judith, "to our rude parlor, if you will follow me up the stairs. The refectory is somewhat chilly, and in the parlor we have a fire kindled. And you may bathe your face and hands before eating your soup."

Up a stairway Claire groped behind the nun, and came into a barn-like huge room, scant of comforts except an open fire, which Jouaneaux had but finished preparing entirely for her. The cells of the nuns were built along one side of this room, and from the cells they now emerged going devoutly to matins.

"Touching the half-breed girl of whom you spoke," said Sister Brésoles, lingering to put a basin of water and coarse clean towel within reach of her guest, "she shall come to you as soon as she hath finished her morning devotions. Her father is chief of the Hurons, and hath placed her here as a novice. We have many girls come," added Sister Brésoles with a light sigh, "but few remain to bear the hardships of life in a frontier convent."

"Girls are ungrateful creatures," said Claire, "bent on their own purposes, and greedy of what to them seems happiness. I am myself so. And if I do or say what must offend you, forgive me, Sister."

She unfastened her necklace and held it up—a slender rope braided of three strings of seed pearls and fastened by a ruby.

"This is a red sapphire, Sister, and has been more than a hundred years in the house of—"

She suppressed "Laval-Montmorency," and pressed her necklace upon the nun's refusing palm.

"Why do you offer me this, mademoiselle?"

"Because from this day gems and I part company forever. That is the only hereditary

ornament I brought with me into New France. Enrich some shrine with it if you have no need to turn it into money for your convent."

"Our convent is very poor, mademoiselle," replied Sister Brésoles, divided between acceptance and refusal. "But we want no rich gifts from those who make their retirement with us. Also, the commandant, your brother, left with us more value than our poor hospitality can return to you."

"Yet be intreated, Sister," urged Claire. "I want it to be well placed, but no more about my throat."

Sister Brésoles, with gentle thanks, therefore,—*"It shall still do honor to your house in works of charity, mademoiselle,"*—accepted the gift and went directly to matins.

When Claire had washed her face and hands and tightened the loose puffs of her hair, she took her bowl of soup and sat before the fire, eating it with the hearty appetite of a woman risen from despair to resolution.

The odor of a convent, how natural it was to her!—that smell of stale incense intertwined with the scentless breath of excessive cleanliness. Through the poor joints of the house she could hear matin chanting arise from the chapel. Daylight grew stronger and ruddier, and a light fog from the river showed opal changes.

On moccasined feet, and so deft of hand that Claire heard her neither open nor close the door, the half-breed girl came to the hearth. A brown and a white favor in woman beauty were then set in strong contrast. Both girls were slenderly shaped, virginal and immature lines still predominating. Claire was transparently clear of skin, her hair was silken white like dandelion down, and the brown color of her eyes, not deeply tinged with pigment, showed like shadow on water; while the half-breed burned in rich pomegranate dyes, set in black and fawn tints. They looked an instant at each other in different mood from their first gaze across the flagstone.

"Your father is an Indian chief, the Sister tells me," said Claire.

"My father is Étienne Annahotaha, chief of the Hurons."

"And what is your name?"

"Massawippa."

"Massawippa, the Virgin sent you into the chapel to answer my prayer."

The half-breed, standing in young dignity, threw a dark-eyed side-glance at this perfect lily of French civilization. She was not yet prepared to be used as an answer to the prayers of any Frenchwoman.

"Did you know that an expedition started yesterday to the Ottawa River?" inquired Claire.

Massawippa shook her head.

"But your father, also—he is going to fight the Iroquois?"

"I know not where they are, but I shall find out," said Massawippa.

"I know," said Claire. "The Iroquois are coming down the Ottawa."

"From their winter trapping," the girl assented with a nod.

"Your father, therefore, will follow Dollard's expedition."

"My father has but forty-three men," Massawippa said gloomily.

"Child," said Claire, "Dollard has only sixteen!"

"And, madame, the Iroquois are like leaves for number. But I did not mean our Hurons are forty-three strong. Mituvemeg,<sup>1</sup> the Algonquin, meets my father here."

"Do you know this country? Have you lived much in the woods?"

"Yes, madame."

"Have you ever been up the Ottawa River?"

"Yes, madame. The very last summer my father took me up the Ottawa beyond Two Mountains Lake."

"Two Mountains Lake?"

"Yes, madame; a widening of the river, just as Lake St. Louis is a widening of the St. Lawrence."

"Could we go up this river in a boat, you and I?"

Massawippa looked steadily at Claire, searching her for cowardice or treachery. The Laval-Montmorency smiled back.

"Twenty-four hours, Massawippa, I lay on the chapel pavement, praying the Virgin to send me guide or open some way for me to follow the French expedition up that Ottawa River. You threw yourself beside me and answered my prayer by your own vow. We are bound to the same destination."

The half-breed girl looked with actual solicitude at the tender white beauty of her fellow-plotter.

"Madame, it will be very hard for you. You and I could not, in a boat, pass the rapids of Ste. Anne at the head of this island; they test the skill of our best Huron paddlers."

"Can we then go by land?"

"We shall have to cross one arm of the Ottawa to the mainland. Montreal is on an island, madame. Two or three leagues of

travel would bring us to that shore near the mouth of the Ottawa."

Sister Macé, unobtrusive as dawn, opened the door and stole softly in from matins, breaking up the conference. She called Massawippa to learn how pallets must be aired and cells made tidy. The half-breed girl saw all this care with contempt, having for years cast out of mind her bed of leaves and blankets as soon as she arose from it.

Claire went with unpromising novice and easy teacher to breakfast in the refectory, and afterwards by herself to confession—a confession with its mental reservation as to her plans; but the rite was one which her religion imposed upon her under the circumstances. She had been even less candid towards the nuns in allowing them to receive and address her as Dollard's sister. The prostration of grief and reaction of intense resolve benumbed her, indeed, to externals. But in that day of pious deception, when the churchmen themselves were full of evasive methods, a daughter of conventual training may have been less sensitive to false appearances than women of Claire's high nature bred in a later age. She saw no more of Massawippa until nightfall, but lay in the cell assigned to her, resting with shut eyes, and allowing no thought to wander to the men padding towards that lonely river.

All day the season grew; shower chased sun and sun dried shower, and in the afternoon Jouaneaux told Sister Brésoles that he had weeded the garden of a growth which would surprise her.

At dusk, however, he brought the usual small log up to the parlor, and with it news which exceeded his tale of weeding.

Sister Brésoles was folding her tired hands in meditation there, and Massawippa, sullen and lofty from her first day's probation, curled on the floor in a corner full of shadows.

"Honored Superior," said Jouaneaux after placing his log, "who say'st thou did boldly walk up to the governor to-day?"

"Perhaps yourself, Jouaneaux. You were ever bold enough."

"I was there, honored Superior, about a little matter of garden seeds, and I stood by and hearkened, as it behooved the garrison of a convent to do; for there comes me in this chief of the Hurons, Annahotaha, swelling like—"

Jouaneaux suppressed "cockrel about to crow." His wandering glance caught Massawippa sitting in her blanket. The Sisters of St. Joseph were at that time too poor to furnish any distinguishing garments to their novices; and so insecure were these recruits from the world that any uniform would have been thrown away upon them. With the facility of Frenchmen, Jouaneaux substituted,

<sup>1</sup> "They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal. . . . Thither, accordingly, they repaired, the Algonquin with three followers, the Huron with thirty-nine."—*Francis Parkman*.

—“like a mighty warrior, as he is known to be. And he asks the governor, does Annahotaha, for a letter to Dollard; and before he leaves the presence he gets his letter.”

Sister Brésoles raised a finger, being mindful of two pairs of listening ears, and two souls just sinking to the peace of resignation.

“Honored Superior,” exclaimed Jouaneaux, in haste to set bulwarks around his statement, “you may ask Father Dollier de Casson if this be not so, for he had just landed from the river parishes, and was with the governor. V’là,” said Jouaneaux, spreading an explanatory hand, “if Annahotaha and his braves join Dollard without any parchment of authority, what share will Dollard allow them in the enterprise? Being a shrewd chief and a man of affairs, Annahotaha knew he must bear commission.”

“Come down to the refectory and take thy supper and discharge thy news there,” Sister Brésoles exclaimed, starting up and swiftly leaving the room.

Jouaneaux obeyed her, keeping his punctilious foot far behind the soft rush of her garments.

He dared not wink at the nun, even under cover of dusk and to add zest to his further recital; but he winked at the wall separating him from Massawippa and said slyly on the stairs:

“Afterwards, however, honored Superior, I heard the governor tell Father de Casson that he wrote it down to Dollard to accept or refuse Annahotaha, as he saw fit.”

As soon as the door was closed Claire came running out of her cell and met Massawippa at the hearth, silently clapping her hands in swift rapture as a humming-bird beats its wings.

“Now thou see’st how the Virgin answers prayer, Massawippa!”

The half-breed, sedately eager, said:

“We must cross the arm of the Ottawa and follow their course up that river. Madame, I have troubled my mind much about a boat. For if we got over the Ottawa arm and followed the right-hand shore, have you thought how possible it is that they may fix their camp on the opposite side?”

“Can we not take a boat with us from Montreal?”

“And carry it two or three leagues across the country? For I cannot paddle up the Ste. Anne<sup>1</sup> current. But if we could get one here it would draw suspicion on us and we might be followed. I see but one way. We must depend upon that walking woman above Carillon; and if she be dead, and they camp on the other side, we must raft across the Ottawa.

But if we must first make a raft to cross at the mouth, how much time will be lost!”

“Massawippa, we have vowed to follow this expedition, and with such good hap as Heaven sends us we shall follow it. May we not start to-morrow?”

“Madame, before we start there are things to prepare. We must eat on the way.”

“What food shall we carry?”

“Bread and smoked eels would keep us alive. I can perhaps buy these with my wampum girdle,” suggested Massawippa, who held the noble young dame beside her to be as dowerless as a Huron princess, and thought it no shame so to be.

“Why need you do that?” inquired Claire.

“I have two or three gold louis left of the few I brought from France.”

“Gold, madame! Gold is so scarce in this land we might attract too much attention by paying for our supplies with it.”

“I have nothing else, so we must hazard it. And what must we take beside food and raiment?”

“Madame, we cannot carry any garments.”

“But, Massawippa, I cannot go to Dollard all travel-stained and ragged!”

“If we find him, madame, he will not think of your dress. Is he wedded to you?”

Claire’s head sunk down in replying.

“He is wedded to glory. Men care more for glory than they care for us, Massawippa.”

“Madame,” said the younger, her mouth settling to wistfulness, “the more they care for glory the more we love them. My father is great. If he was a common Indian little could I honor him, whatever penance the priest laid upon me.”

“Yes, Dollard is my husband. He is my Dollard,” said Claire.

“The nuns call you mademoiselle.”

“I have not told them.”

“They might see!” asserted Massawippa, slightly. “Do women lie in deadly anguish before the altar for brothers?” she demanded, speaking as decidedly from her inexperience as any young person of a later century, “or for detestable young men who wish to be accepted as lovers?”

“Assuredly not,” said Claire, smiling.

“But fathers, they are a different matter. And in your case, madame, husbands. We shall need other things besides bread and eels. For example, two knives.”

“To cut our bread with?” inquired Claire.

“No; to cut our enemies with!” Massawippa

<sup>1</sup> Ste. Anne de Bellevue, an old village at the junction of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, “always a rendezvous of the voyageurs and coureurs de bois up the Ottawa.”

“The waters of the Ottawa are about three inches  
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higher than the waters of Lake St. Louis (in the St. Lawrence), and are therefore precipitated through the two channels running around Ile Perot with considerable force, forming a succession of short rapids.”—*From Report of Public Works, 1866.*

replied, with preoccupied eye which noted little the shudder of the European.

"O Massawippa! they may be engaged with the Iroquois even now. Dollard has been gone two days."

"Have no fear of that, madame. There will be no fighting until Annahotaha reaches the expedition," assumed the chief's daughter with a high air most laughable to her superior. And after keen meditation she added: "We might start to-morrow daybreak if we but had our supplies ready."

"Massawippa," exclaimed Claire, "how do you barter with merchants? Can we not send for them and buy our provisions at once?"

"Madame, send for the merchants? You make me laugh! Very cautiously will I have to slip from this place to that; and perhaps I cannot then buy all we need, especially with gold louis. They may, however, think *coureurs de bois* have come to town. And now at dusk is a better time than in broad daylight."

Claire went in haste to her casket, which stood in the nuns' parlor, and selected from it things which she might not have the chance of removing later. These she put in her cell, and came back to Massawippa with her hand freighted.

"How much, madame?" the half-breed inquired as pieces were turned with a clink upon her own palm.

"All. Three louis."

"Take one back, then. Two will be too many, though one might not be enough. Madame, that Frenchman who feeds the nuns' pigs and tends this fire, he will let me out; and what I buy I will hide outside the *Hôtel Dieu*."

## XV.

## THE WOOING OF JOUANEUX.

In consequence of Massawippa's plan the Frenchman who fed the nuns' pigs guarded in dolor his palisade gate at about 10 o'clock of the evening.

The hospital had these bristling high pickets set all about its premises as a defense against sudden attacks, and its faithful retainer felt that he was courting its destruction in keeping its bolts undone so late. There was, besides, the anticipative terror of a nun's stepping forth to demand of his hands the new novice. Cold dew of suspense stood on his face; and he could only hope that Sister Maillet, who usually had charge of the last novice, believed her to be folded safely in her cell by Sister Brésoles, and that Sister Brésoles believed her to be thus folded by Sister Maillet. When at last the cat footsteps of Massawippa passed through the palisade gate she requited his sufferings with scarce a nod of thanks, though she hesitated

with some show of interest to see him fasten both gate and convent door. Indignation possessed him while he shot the bolts, and freed itself through jerks of the head.

But instead of going to her cell, Massawippa entered the chapel; and Jouaneux, feeling himself still responsible for her, followed and closed the door behind him.

A solitary light burned on the altar. The girl knelt a long time in her devotions.

Jouaneux knelt also, near the door, and after a pater and an ave it may be supposed he begged St. Joseph to intercede for a poor sinner who felt beset and impelled to meddle with novices.

Having finished her prayers, Massawippa began to ascend the stairway to the rood-loft.

"Where are you going?" whispered Jouaneux, following her in wrath.

She turned around and held to the rail of the stair, while he stood at the foot, she guarding her voice also in reply.

"I am going up here to sleep, lest I wake the Sisters. The floor is no harder than their pallets, and the night is not cold."

"And in the morning my honored Superior calls me to account for you."

"No one has missed me. I shall be up early."

"How do you know you are not missed? Some one may this moment open that chapel door."

"Go away and quit hissing at me then," suggested Massawippa, contracting her brows.

Jouaneux, drawn by a power irresistible, fell into the error of vain natures, and set himself to lecture the creator of his infatuation.

"I want to talk to you. I want to give you some good advice. Sit down on that step," he demanded.

Massawippa settled down, and rested her chin on her dark soft knuckles. Sparks of amusement burned in the depths of her eyes. Accustomed to having men of inferior rank around her, she was satisfied that he kept his distance and sat three steps below her, literally beneath her feet. Her beaver gown cased her in rich creases.

Seeing her thus plastic, Jouaneux's severity ran off his cheeks in a smile. He forgot her abuse of the privilege he had stolen for her. His genial nose tilted up, and as overture to his good advice, showing all his gums, he whispered:

"What a pretty little Sister of St. Joseph you will make!"

Massawippa stirred, and with her dull red blanket arranged a rest for her head against the balustrade.

"What do you think of me?" he inquired.

After reticent pause of a length to embarrass a modest questioner, Massawippa admitted:



"You are not so black and oily as La Mouche."

"Who is La Mouche?"

"He is my father's adopted nephew."

"Does he want to wed you?"

"He dare not name such a thing to me!"

"That is excellent," commended Jouaneux. "You have the true spirit of a novice. You must never think of marriage with any man." He gloated upon her, his entire chest sighing.

The scandal of the situation, should any nun open the chapel door, was a danger which made this interview the most delightful sin of his life. But the two Sisters most given to vigils had watched all the previous night, and he counted upon nature's revenge to leave him unmolested.

The taper burned upon the altar, and there were the sacred images keeping guard, chastening both speakers always to a reverent murmur of the voice which rose no louder, and which to a devout ear at the door might have suggested, in that period of miracles, some gentle colloquy between the waxen St. Joseph and his waxen spouse. Massawippa, childishly innocent, and Jouaneux, nearly as innocent himself, would scarcely be such objects of veneration, though their converse might prove equally harmless.

"Is this the good advice you wished to give me?" inquired Massawippa.

"It is the beginning of it," replied Jouaneux.

"I do not intend to wed. There is no man fit to wed me," said the half-breed girl in high sincerity, leveling her gaze above his bright poll.

"Look you here, now!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I am good enough for you, if I would marry you. For while your fathers were ranging the woods, mine were decent tillers of the soil, keeping their skins white and minding the priest. Where could you get a finer husband than I would make you? But I shall never marry. The Queen of France would be no temptation to me. There you sit, enough to turn the head of our blessed St. Joseph, for you turned my head the moment I looked upon you; but I don't want you."

"I will bid you good-night," said Massawippa, drawing her blanket.

"At the proper time, little Sister; when I speak my mind freer of its load. I must live a bachelor, it is true; but if I were a free man I would have you to-morrow, though you scratched me with your wild hands."

"I am not for your bolts and bars," returned Massawippa, scornfully.

"If we were settled in the house I made upon my land," said Jouaneux, tempting himself with the impossible while he leaned back

smiling, "little need you complain of bolts and bars. My case is this: I had a grant of land on the western shore of this island of Montreal."

"Not where the Ottawa comes in?" questioned Massawippa, impaling him with interest.

"That was the exact spot." Jouaneux widened his mouth pinkly as he became retrospective. "And never wouldst thou guess what turned me from that freeholding to a holy life. I may say that I lead a holy life, for are not vows laid upon me as strait as on the Sulpitian fathers? And straiter; I am under writings to the nuns to serve them to the day of my death, and they be under writings to me to maintain my sickness and old age. It is likely my skeleton barn still stands where I set it up to hold my produce. Down I fall from the ridge of it headlong to the ground, and here in the Hôtel Dieu I lay for many a month like a rag, the Sisters tending me. It was then I said to myself, 'Jouaneux, these be angels of pity and patience, yet they soil their hands feeding pigs and bearing up such as thou.' Though I am equal to most of my betters, little Sister, I always held it well to be humble-minded. The result is, I give up my land, I bind myself to serve the saints in this Hôtel Dieu, and therefore I cannot marry."

Jouaneux collapsed upon himself with a groaning sigh.

"Then your house and your barn were left to ruin?" questioned Massawippa, passing without sympathy his nuptial restrictions.

"My house!" said Jouaneux, looking up with reviving spirit. "Little Sister, you would walk over the roof of my house and not perceive it."

"In midwinter?"

"No, now, when young grass springs. I could endure to risk my store of crops where the Iroquois might set torch to them, but this pretty fellow, this outer man of me, I took no risks with him. I chooses me a stump, a nice hollow stump."

"And squeezed into it like a bear?"

"Jouaneux is a fox, little Sister. Call your clumsy La Mouche the bear. No: I burrows me out a house beneath the stump; a good house, a sizable hole. Over there is my fireplace, and the stump furnishes me a chimney. Any Iroquois seeing my stump smoking would merely say to himself, 'It is afire.' Let a canoe spring out on the river or a cry ring in the forest—down went Jouaneux into his house, and, as you may say, pulled the earth over his head. I also kept my canoe dragged with-in there, for there was no telling what might happen to it elsewhere."

Massawippa regarded him with animation.

"You had also a boat?"



"Indeed, yes!" the nuns' man affirmed, kindled higher by such interest. "A good birch craft it was, and large enough for two people." Another groaning sigh paid tribute to this lost instrument of happiness.

"But your house may be all crumbled in now."

"Not that house, little Sister. Look you! it had ceiling and walls of timbers well fastened together and covered with cement. Was not that a snug house? It will endure like rock, and some day I must go and see it once more."

"Perhaps you could not find it now."

Jouaneaux laughed.

"My house! I could walk straight to it, little Sister, and lay my hand on the chimney. That chimney stump, it standeth near the river, the central one in a row of five. Many other rows of five there be in the field, but none, to my eye, exactly like this."

Massawippa rose suddenly and dived like a swallow up the stairway. So much keener was her ear than Jouaneaux's that she was out of sight before he realized the probability of an interruption.

A hand was on the chapel latch, and he turned himself on the step as Sister Judith Brésoles entered, her night taper in her hand. When she discovered him, instead of screaming, she stood and fixed a stern gaze on him, her mouth compressed and her brows holding an upright wrinkle betwixt them. Her servitor stood up in his most pious and depressed attitude.

"Jouaneaux, what are you doing here?"

"Honored Superior, I have been sitting half an hour or so meditating before the sacred images."

"Where is the novice Massawippa?"

"That is what troubles my conscience, honored Superior." Beneath his childlike distress Jouaneaux was silently blessing St. Joseph that it was not Sister Macé with her tendency to resort to the rood-loft. "Here is the case I stand in: the little Sister you call Massawippa, she came begging me for a breath of air by the river before I fastened the bolts to-night."

"You turned that child upon the street!" exclaimed Sister Brésoles. "I cannot find her in any cell or anywhere about the Hôtel Dieu. You have exceeded your authority, Jouaneaux. It is a frightful thing you have done!"

"Honored Superior, she will be back in the morning. Those half-Indians are not like French girls; they have the bird in them. This one will hop over all evil hap."

"I would ring the tocsin," said Sister Brésoles, "if alarming the town would recall her. Without doubt, though," she sighed, "the girl has returned to her father."

"Honored Superior, if she comes not back to matins as clean and fresh as a brier-rose, turn me out of the Hôtel Dieu."

"Get you to bed, Jouaneaux, and, let me tell you, you must meddle no more with novices. These young creatures are ever a weight on one's heart."

"Especially this one," lamented Jouaneaux, as, leaving the chapel behind Sister Brésoles, he rolled his eyes in one last gaze at the rood-loft.

## XVI.

### FIRST USE OF A KNIFE.

THE capeline, or small black velvet cap, which Claire had worn on her journeys about New France sheltered her head from the highest and softest of April morning skies. Though so early and humid that mists were still curling and changing form around the mountain and in all the distances, it promised to be a fine day.

Massawippa led the way across the clearing, leaning a little to one side as a sail-boat does when it flies on the wind, her moccasined feet just touching the little billows of plowed ground; and Claire followed eagerly, though she carried her draperies clutched in her hands. The rising sun would shine on their backs, but before the sun rose they were where he must grope for them among great trees.

One short pause had been made at the outset while Massawippa brought, from some recess known to herself among rocks or stumps in the direction of the mountain, a hempen sack filled with her supplies. She carried this, and a package of what Claire had made up as necessities from her box in the Hôtel Dieu, as if two such loads were wings placed under the arms of a half-Huron maid to help her feet skim plowed ground.

When they had left the clearing and were well behind a massed shelter of forest trunks, Claire was moist and pink with haste and exertion, and here Massawippa paused.

They were, after all, but young girls starting on an excursion with the morning sky for a companion, and they laughed together as they sat down upon a low rock.

"When I closed the door of the parlor," said Claire with very pink lips, "I thought I heard some one stirring in the cells. But we have not been followed, and I trust not seen."

"They were rousing for matins," said the half-Huron. "No, they think I ran away last night; and you, madame, they do not expect to matins. We are taking one risk which I dread, but it must be taken."

"You mean leaving the palisade and entrance doors unfastened? My heart smote me

for those good nuns. Is the risk very great? We have seen no danger abroad."

"Not that. No, madame. Their man, that stupid, who ranks himself with Sulpitian fathers, he is always astir early among his bolts and his pigs. It is his suspicion I dread. For he knows I slept in the chapel last night, and he told me of his house, and in that house we must sleep to-night. Perhaps he dare not tell the Sisters, and in that case he dare not follow to search his house for us. We have also his stupidity to count on. Young men are not wise."

Present discomfort, which puts coming risks farther into the future in most minds, made Claire thrust out her pointed satin feet and look at them dubiously.

"What would Dollard think of these, Massawippa? I have one other pair of heeled shoes in that packet, but they will scarcely hold out for such journeying."

"Madame, that is why I stopped here," said Massawippa, opening her sack. "It was necessary for us to kneel in the chapel and ask the Holy Family's aid before we set out; but we have no time to spend here. Let me get you ready."

"Am I not ready?" inquired Claire, giving her companion a rosy laugh.

"No, madame; your feet must be moccasined and your dress cut off."

The younger girl took from the sack a pair of new moccasins and knelt on one knee before Claire—not as a menial would kneel, but as a commanding junior who has undertaken maternal duty. She flung aside the civilized foot-beautifiers of Louis' reign and substituted Indian shoes, lacing them securely with fine thongs.

"These are the best I had, madame, and I carried them out of the Hôtel Dieu under my blanket and hid them with our provisions last night."

"What a sensible, kind child you are, Massawippa! But while you were doing this for me I took no thought of any special comfort for you."

"They will bear the journey."

Massawippa rose and took from her store two sheathed knives with cross hilts—not of the finest workmanship, but of good temper: their pointed blades glittered as she displayed them. She showed her pupil how to place one, sheathed, at a ready angle within her bodice, and then took up the other like a naked sword.

"Now stand on the rock, madame, and let me cut your dress short."

"Oh, no!" pleaded Claire for her draperies. "You do not understand, Massawippa. This is simply the dress which women of my rank wear in France, and because I am going into the woods must I be shorn to my knees like a man?"

Retreating a step she stretched before her the skirt of dark glacé satin with its Grecian border of embroidery at the foot, and in doing so let fall from her arm the overskirt, which trailed its similar border upon the ground behind her.

"Madame," argued Massawippa, suspending the knife, "we have a road of danger before us. That shining stuff hanging behind you will catch on bushes, and weary you, and will soon be ragged though you nurse it on your arm all the way."

"Cut that off, therefore," said Claire, turning. "I am not so childish as to love the pall we hang over our gowns and elbows. But the skirt is not too long if it be lifted by a girdle below the waist. Cut me out a rope of satin, Massawippa."

The hiss of a thick and rich fabric yielding to the knife could be heard behind her back. Massawippa presently lifted the plenteous fleece thus shorn, and pared away the border while the elder girl held it. Together they tied the border about Claire's middle for a support, and over this pulled the top of her skirt in a pouting ruff.

It was now sunrise. Having thus finished equipping themselves they took up each a load, Claire bearing her packet on the arm her surplus drapery had burdened, and when Massawippa had thrust both cast-off shoes and satin under a side of the rock they hurried on.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.



### STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA. III.

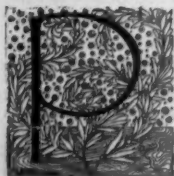
FRANÇOISE IN LOUISIANA.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### DOWN BAYOU PLAQUEMINE — THE FIGHT WITH WILD NATURE.



PLAQUEMINE was composed of a church, two stores, as many drinking-shops, and about fifty cabins, one of which was the court-house. Here lived a multitude of Catalans, Acadians, negroes, and Indians. When Suzanne and Maggie, accompanied by my father and John Gordon, went ashore, I declined to follow, preferring to stay aboard with Joseph and Alix. It was at Plaquemine that we bade adieu to the old Mississippi. Here our flatboat made a détour and entered Bayou Plaquemine.<sup>1</sup>

Hardly had we started when our men saw and were frightened by the force of the current. The enormous flatboat, that Suzanne had likened to a giant tortoise, darted now like an arrow, dragged by the current. The people of Plaquemine had forewarned our men and recommended the greatest prudence. "Do everything possible to hold back your boat, for if you strike any of those tree-trunks of which the bayou is full it would easily sink you." Think how reassuring all this was, and the more when they informed us that this was the first time a flatboat had ventured into bayou!

Mario, swearing in all the known languages, sought to reassure us, and, aided by his two associates, changed the manoeuvring, and with watchful eye found ways to avoid the great uprooted trees in which the lakes and bayous of Attakapas abound. But how clouded was Carpentier's brow! And my father? Ah! he repented enough. Then he realized that gold is not always the vanquisher of every obstacle. At last, thanks to Heaven, our flatboat came off victor over the snags, and after some hours we arrived at the Indian village of which you have heard me tell.

If I was afraid at sight of a dozen savages among the Spaniards of Plaquemine, what was

to become of me now? The bank was entirely covered with men, their faces painted, their heads full of feathers, moccasins on their feet, and bows on shoulder — Indians indeed, with women simply wrapped in blankets, and children without the shadow of a garment. And all these Indians running, calling to one another, making signs to us, and addressing us in incomprehensible language. Suzanne, standing up on the bow of the flatboat, replied to their signs and called with all the force of her lungs every Indian word that — God knows where — she had learned:

"Chacounam finnan! O Choctaw! Conno Poposso!" And the Indians clapped their hands, laughing with pleasure and increasing yet more their gestures and cries.

The village, about fifty huts, lay along the edge of the water. The unfortunates were not timid. Presently several came close to the flatboat and showed us two deer and some wild turkeys and ducks, the spoils of their hunting. Then came the women laden with sacks made of bark and full of blackberries, vegetables, and a great quantity of baskets; showing all, motioning us to come down, and repeating in French and Spanish, "Money, money!"

It was decided that Mario and Gordon should stay on board and that all the rest of the joyous band should go ashore. My father, M. Carpentier, and Tino loaded their pistols and put them into their belts. Suzanne did likewise, while Maggie called Tom, her bulldog, to follow her. Celeste declined to go, because of her children. As to Alix and me, a terrible contest was raging in us between fright and curiosity, but the latter conquered. Suzanne and papa laughed so at our fears that Alix, less cowardly than I, yielded first, and joined the others. This was too much. Grasping my father's arm and begging him not to leave me for an instant, I let him conduct me, while Alix followed me, taking her husband's arm in both her hands. In front marched Tino, his gun on his shoulder; after him went Maggie, followed by Tom; and then Suzanne and little Patrick, inseparable friends.

Hardly had we gone a few steps when we were surrounded by a human wall, and I real-

<sup>1</sup> Flowing, not into, but out of, the Mississippi, and, like it, towards the Gulf.—TRANSLATOR.

ized with a shiver how easy it would be for these savages to get rid of us and take all our possessions. But the poor devils certainly never thought of it: they showed us their game, of which papa bought the greater part, as well as several sacks of berries, and also vegetables.

But the baskets! They were veritable wonders. As several of those that I bought that day are still in your possession, I will not lose much time telling of them. How those half-savage people could make things so well contrived and ornamented with such brilliant colors is still a problem to us. Papa bought for mamma thirty-two little baskets fitting into one another, the largest about as tall as a child of five years, and the smallest just large enough to receive a thimble. When he asked the price I expected to hear the seller say at least thirty dollars, but his humble reply was five dollars. For a deer he asked one dollar; for a wild turkey, twenty-five cents. Despite the advice of papa, who asked us how we were going to carry our purchases home, Suzanne and I bought, between us, more than forty baskets, great and small. To papa's question, Suzanne replied with an arch smile:

"God will provide."

Maggie and Alix also bought several; and Alix, who never forgot any one, bought two charming little baskets that she carried to Celeste. Each of us, even Maggie, secured a broad parti-colored mat to use on the deck as a couch *à la Turque*. Our last purchases were two Indian bows painted red and blue and adorned with feathers; the first bought by Celestino Carlo, and the other by Suzanne for her chevalier, Patrick Gordon.

An Indian woman who spoke a little French asked if we would not like to visit the queen. We assented, and in a few moments she led us into a hut thatched with palmetto leaves and in all respects like the others. Its interior was disgustingly unclean. The queen was a woman quite or nearly a hundred years old. She sat on a mat upon the earth, her arms crossed on her breast, her eyes half closed, and muttering between her teeth something resembling a prayer. She paid no attention to us, and after a moment we went out. We entered two or three other huts and found the same poverty and squalor. The men did not follow us about, but the women—the whole tribe, I think—marched step by step behind us, touching our dresses, our *capuches*, our jewelry, and asking for everything; and I felt well content when, standing on our deck, I could make them our last signs of adieu.

Our flatboat moved ever onward. Day by day, hour by hour, every minute it advanced—slowly it is true, in the diminished

current, but it advanced. I no longer knew where I was. We came at times where I thought we were lost; and then I thought of mamma and my dear sisters and my two pretty little brothers, whom I might never see again, and I was swallowed up. Then Suzanne would make fun of me and Alix would caress me, and that did me good. There were many bayous,—a labyrinth, as papa said,—and Mario had his map at hand showing the way. Sometimes it seemed impracticable, and it was only by great efforts of our men ["no zomme," says the original] that we could pass on. One thing is sure—those who traverse those same lakes and bayous to-day have not the faintest idea of what they were [*il zété*] in 1795.

Great vines hung down from lofty trees that shaded the banks and crossed one another a hundred—a thousand—ways to prevent the boat's passage and retard its progress, as if the devil himself was mixed in it; and, frankly, I believe that he had something to do with us in that cavern. Often our emigrants were forced to take their axes and hatchets in hand to open a road. At other times tree-trunks, heaped upon one another, completely closed a bayou. Then think what trouble there was to unbar that gate and pass through. And, to make all complete, troops of hungry alligators clambered upon the sides of our flatboat with jaws open to devour us. There was much outcry; I fled, Alix fled with me, Suzanne laughed. But our men were always ready for them with their guns.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE TWICE-MARRIED COUNTESS.

BUT with all the sluggishness of the flatboat, the toils, the anxieties, and the frights, what happy times, what gay moments, we passed together on the rough deck of our rude vessel, or in the little cells that we called our bedrooms.

It was in these rooms, when the sun was hot on deck, that my sister and I would join Alix to learn from her a new stitch in embroidery, or some of the charming songs she had brought from France and which she accompanied with harp or guitar.

Often she read to us, and when she grew tired put the book into my hands or Suzanne's, and gave us precious lessons in reading, as she had in singing and in embroidery. At times, in these moments of intimacy, she made certain half-disclosures that astonished us more and more. One day Suzanne took between her own two hands that hand so small and delicate and cried out all at once:

"How comes it, Alix, that you wear two wedding rings?"



"Because," she sweetly answered, "if it gives you pleasure to know, I have been twice married."

We both exclaimed with surprise.

"Ah!" she said, "no doubt you think me younger [*bocou plus jeune*] than I really am. What do you suppose is my age?"

Suzanne replied: "You look younger than Françoise, and she is sixteen."

"I am twenty-three," replied Alix, laughing again and again.

Another time my sister took a book, haphazard, from the shelves. Ordinarily [*audinairement*] Alix herself chose our reading, but she was busy embroidering. Suzanne sat down and began to read aloud a romance entitled "Two Destinies."

"Ah!" cried my sister, "these two girls must be Françoise and I."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Alix, with a heavy sigh, and Suzanne began her reading. It told of two sisters of noble family. The elder had been married to a count, handsome, noble, and rich; and the other, against her parents' wish, to a poor workingman who had taken her to a distant country, where she died of regret and misery. Alix and I listened attentively; but before Suzanne had finished, Alix softly took the book from her hands and replaced it on the shelf.

"I would not have chosen that book for you; it is full of exaggerations and falsehoods."

"And yet," said Suzanne, "see with what truth the lot of the countess is described! How happy she was in her emblazoned coach, and her jewels, her laces, her dresses of velvet and brocade! Ah, Françoise! of the two destinies I choose that one."

Alix looked at her for a moment and then dropped her head in silence. Suzanne went on in her giddy way:

"And the other: how she was punished for her plebeian tastes!"

"So, my dear Suzanne," responded Alix, "you would not marry—"

"A man not my equal—a workman? Ah! certainly not."

Madame Carpentier turned slightly pale. I looked at Suzanne with eyes full of reproach; and Suzanne remembering the gardener, at that moment in his shirt sleeves pushing one of the boat's long sweeps, bit her lip and turned to hide her tears. But Alix—the dear little creature!—rose, threw her arms about my sister's neck, kissed her, and said:

"I know very well that you had no wish to give me pain, dear Suzanne. You have only called up some dreadful things that I am trying to forget. I am the daughter of a count. My childhood and youth were passed in châteaux and palaces, surrounded by every pleasure

that an immense fortune could supply. As the wife of a viscount I have been received at court; I have been the companion of princesses. To-day all that is a dreadful dream. Before me I have a future the most modest and humble. I am the wife of Joseph the gardener; but poor and humble as is my present lot, I would not exchange it for the brilliant past, hidden from me by a veil of blood and tears. Some day I will write and send you my history; for I want to make it plain to you, Suzanne, that titles and riches do not make happiness, but that the poorest fate illumined by the fires of love is very often radiant with pleasure."

We remained mute. I took Alix's hand in mine and silently pressed it. Even Suzanne, the inquisitive Suzanne, spoke not a word. She was content to kiss Alix and wipe away her tears.

If the day had its pleasures, it was in the evenings, when we were all reunited on deck, that the moments of gayety began. When we had brilliant moonlight the flatboat would continue its course to a late hour. Then, in those calm, cool moments, when the movement of our vessel was so slight that it seemed to slide on the water, amid the odorous breezes of evening the instruments of music were brought upon deck and our concerts began. My father played the flute delightfully; Carlo, by ear, played the violin pleasantly; and there, on the deck of that old flatboat, before an indulgent audience, our improvised instruments waked the sleeping creatures of the centuries-old forest and called around us the wondering fishes and alligators. My father and Alix played admirable duos on flute and harp, and sometimes Carlo added the notes of his violin or played for us cotillons and Spanish dances. Finally Suzanne and I, to please papa, sang together Spanish songs, or songs of the negroes, that made our auditors nearly die a-laughing; or French ballads, in which Alix would mingle her sweet voice. Then Carlo, with gestures that always frightened Patrick, made the air resound with Italian refrains, to which almost always succeeded the Irish ballads of the Gordons.

But when it happened that the flatboat made an early stop to let our men rest, the programme was changed. Celeste and Maggie went ashore to cook the two suppers there. Their children gathered wood and lighted the fires. Mario and Gordon, or Gordon and Tino, went into the forest with their guns. Sometimes my father went along, or sat down by M. Carpentier, who was the fisherman. Alix, too, generally sat near her husband, her sketch-book on her knee, and copied the surrounding scene. Often, tired of fishing, we gathered flowers and wild fruits. I



generally staid near Alix and her husband, letting Suzanne run ahead with Patrick and Tom. It was a strange thing, the friendship between my sister and this little Irish boy. Never during the journey did he address one word to me; he never answered a question from Alix; he ran away if my father or Joseph spoke to him; he turned pale and hid if Mario looked at him. But with Suzanne he talked, laughed, obeyed her every word, called her Miss Souzie, and was never so happy as when serving her. And when, twenty years afterward, she made a journey to Attakapas, the wealthy M. Patrick Gordon, hearing by chance of her presence, came with his daughter to make her his guest for a week, still calling her Miss Souzie, as of old.

## CHAPTER VI.

## ODD PARTNERS IN THE BOLERO DANCE.

ONLY one thing we lacked—mass and Sunday prayers. But on that day the flatboat remained moored, we put on our Sunday clothes, gathered on deck, and papa read the mass aloud surrounded by our whole party, kneeling; and in the parts where the choir is heard in church, Alix, my sister, and I, seconded by papa and Mario, sang hymns.

One evening—we had already been five weeks on our journey—the flatboat was floating slowly along, as if it were tired of going, between the narrow banks of a bayou marked in red ink on Carlo's map, "Bayou Sorrel." It was about 6 in the afternoon. There had been a suffocating heat all day. It was with joy that we came up on deck. My father, as he made his appearance, showed us his flute. It was a signal: Carlo ran for his violin, Suzanne for Alix's guitar, and presently Carpentier appeared with his wife's harp. Ah! I see them still: Gordon and Tino seated on a mat; Celeste and her children; Mario with his violin; Maggie; Patrick at the feet of Suzanne; Alix seated and tuning her harp; papa at her side; and M. Carpentier and I seated on the bench nearest the musicians.

My father and Alix had already played some pieces, when papa stopped and asked her to accompany him in a new bolero which was then the vogue in New Orleans. In those days, at all the balls and parties, the boleros, fandangos, and other Spanish dances had their place with the French contra-dances and waltzes. Suzanne had made her entrance into society three years before, and danced ravishingly. Not so with me. I had attended my first ball only a few months before, and had taken nearly all my dancing-lessons from Suzanne. What was to become of me, then, when I heard my father ask me to dance the bolero

which he and Alix were playing! . . . Every one made room for us, crying, "*Oh, oui, Mlle. Suzanne; dances! Oh, dances, Mlle. Françoise!*" I did not wish to disobey my father. I did not want to disoblige my friends. Suzanne loosed her red scarf and tossed one end to me. I caught the end of the shawl that Suzanne was already waving over her head and began the first steps, but it took me only an instant to see that the task was beyond my powers. I grew confused, my head swam, and I stopped. But Alix did not stop playing; and Suzanne, wrapped in her shawl and turning upon herself, cried, "Play on!"

I understood her intention in an instant.

Harp and flute sounded on, and Suzanne, ever gliding, waltzing, leaping, her arms gracefully lifted above her head, softly waved her scarf, giving it a thousand different forms. Thus she made, twice, the circuit of the deck, and at length paused before Mario Carlo. But only for a moment. With a movement as quick as unexpected she threw the end of her scarf to him. It wound about his neck. The Italian with a shoulder movement loosed the scarf, caught it in his left hand, threw his violin to Celeste, and bowed low to his challenger. All this as the etiquette of the bolero inexorably demanded. Then Maestro Mario smote the deck sharply with his heels, let go a cry like an Indian's war-whoop, and made two leaps into the air, smiting his heels against each other. He came down on the points of his toes, waving the scarf from his left hand; and twining his right arm about my sister's waist, he swept her away with him. They danced for at least half an hour, running the one after the other, waltzing, tripping, turning, leaping. The children and Gordon shouted with delight, while my father, M. Carpentier, and even Alix clapped their hands, crying "Hurrah!"

Suzanne's want of dignity exasperated me; but when I tried to speak of it, papa and Alix were against me.

"On board a flatboat," said my father, "a breach of form is permissible." He resumed his flute with the first measures of a minuet.

"Ah, our turn!" cried Alix; "our turn, Françoise! I will be the cavalier!"

I could dance the minuet as well as I could the bolero—that is, not at all; but Alix promised to guide me: and as, after all, I loved the dance as we love it at sixteen, I was easily persuaded, and fan in hand followed Alix, who for the emergency wore her husband's hat; and our minuet was received with as much enthusiasm as Suzanne's bolero. This ball was followed by others, and Alix gave me many lessons in the dance, that some weeks later were very valuable in the wilderness towards which we were journeying.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A BAD STORM IN A BAD PLACE.

THE flatboat continued its course, and at long intervals some slight signs of civilization began to appear. Towards the end of a beautiful day in June, six weeks after our departure from New Orleans, the flatboat stopped at the pass of Lake Chicot.<sup>1</sup> The sun was setting in a belt of gray clouds. Our men fastened their vessel securely and then cast their eyes about them.

"Ah!" cried Mario, "I do not like this place; it is inhabited." He pointed to a wretched hut half hidden by the forest. Except two or three little cabins seen in the distance, this was the first habitation that had met our eyes since leaving the Mississippi.<sup>2</sup>

A woman showed herself at the door. She was scarcely dressed at all. Her feet were naked, and her tousled hair escaped from a wretched handkerchief that she had thrown upon her head. Hidden in the bushes and behind the trees half a dozen half-nude children gazed at us, ready to fly at the slightest sound. Suddenly two men with guns came out of the woods, but at the sight of the flatboat stood petrified. Mario shook his head.

"If it was not so late I would take the boat farther on."

[Yet he went hunting with "Tino and Gordon" along the shore, leaving the father of Françoise and Suzanne lying on the deck with sick headache, Joseph fishing in the flatboat's little skiff, and the women and children on the bank, gazed at from a little distance by the sitting figures of the two strange men and the woman. Then the hunters returned, supper was prepared, and both messes ate on shore, Gordon and Mario joining freely in the conversation of the more cultivated group, and making altogether a strange Babel of English, French, Spanish, and Italian.]

After supper Joseph and Alix, followed by my sister and me, plunged into the dense part of the woods.

"Take care, comrade," we heard Mario say; "don't go far."

The last rays of the sun were in the tree-tops. There were flowers everywhere. Alix ran here and there, all enthusiasm. Presently Suzanne uttered a cry and recoiled with affright from a thicket of blackberries. In an instant Joseph was at her side; but she laughed aloud, returned to the assault, and drew by force from the bushes a little girl of three or four years. The child fought and cried; but Suzanne held on, drew her to the trunk of a tree, sat down,

and held her on her lap by force. The poor little thing was horribly dirty, but under its rags there were pretty features and a sweetness that inspired pity. Alix sat down by my sister and stroked the child's hair, and, like Suzanne, spite of the dirt, kissed her several times; but the little creature still fought, and yelled [in English]:

"Let me alone! I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Joseph advised my sister to let the child go, and Suzanne was about to do so when she remembered having at supper filled her pocket with pecans. She quickly filled the child's hands with them and the Rubicon was passed. . . . She said that her name was Annie; that her father, mother, and brothers lived in the hut. That was all she could say. She did not know her parents' name. When Suzanne put her down she ran with all her legs towards the cabin to show Alix's gift, her pretty ribbon.

Before the sun went down the wind rose. Great clouds covered the horizon; large rain-drops began to fall. Joseph covered the head of his young wife with her mantle, and we hastened back to the camp.

"Do you fear a storm, Joseph?" asked Alix.

"I do not know too much," he replied; "but when you are near, all dangers seem great."

We found the camp deserted; all our companions were on board the flatboat. The wind rose to fury, and now the rain fell in torrents. We descended to our rooms. Papa was asleep. We did not disturb him, though we were greatly frightened. . . . Joseph and Gordon went below to sleep. Mario and his son loosed the three bull-dogs, but first removed the planks that joined the boat to the shore. Then he hoisted a great lantern upon a mast in the bow, lighted his pipe, and sat down to keep his son awake with stories of voyages and hunts.

The storm seemed to increase in violence every minute. The rain redoubled its fury. Frightful thunders echoed each other's roars. The flatboat, tossed by the wind and waves, seemed to writhe in agony, while now and then the trunks of uprooted trees, lifted by the waves, smote it as they passed. Without a thought of the people in the hut, I made every effort to keep awake in the face of these menaces of Nature. Suzanne held my hand tightly in hers, and several times spoke to me in a low voice, fearing to wake papa, whom we could hear breathing regularly, sleeping without a suspicion of the surrounding dangers. Yet an hour had not passed ere I was sleeping profoundly. A knock on the partition awoke us and made us run to the door. Mario was waiting there.

<sup>1</sup> That is, "Lake full of snags."

<sup>2</sup> The Indian village having the Mississippi probably but a few miles in its rear.—TRANSLATOR.

"Quick, monsieur! Get the young ladies ready. The flatboat has probably but ten minutes to live. We must take the women and children ashore. And please, signorina,"—to my sister,—*"call M. and Mme. Carpentier."* But Joseph had heard all, and showed himself at the door of our room.

"Ashore? At such a time?"

"We have no choice. We must go or perish."

"But where?"

"To the hut. We have no time to talk. My family is ready." . . .

It took but a few minutes to obey papa's orders. We were already nearly dressed; and as sabots were worn at that time to protect the shoes from the mud and wet, we had them on in a moment. A thick shawl and a woolen hood completed our outfits. Alix was ready in a few moments.

"Save your jewels,—those you prize most,—my love," cried Carpentier, "while I dress."

Alix ran to her dressing-case, threw its combs, brushes, etc. pell-mell into the bureau, opened a lower part of the case and took out four or five jewel-boxes that glided into her pockets, and two locketts that she hid carefully in her corsage. Joseph always kept their little fortune in a leathern belt beneath his shirt. He put on his vest and over it a sort of great-coat, slung his gun by its shoulder-belt, secured his pistols, and then taking from one of his trunks a large woolen cloak he wrapped Alix in it, and lifted her like a child of eight, while she crossed her little arms about his neck and rested her head on his bosom. Then he followed us into Mario's room, where his two associates were waiting. At another time we might have laughed at Maggie, but not now. She had slipped into her belt two horse-pistols. In one hand she held in leash her bull-dog Tom, and in the other a short carbine, her own property.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### MAGGIE AND THE ROBBERS.

"We are going out of here together," said Mario; "but John and I will conduct you only to the door of the hut. Thence we shall return to the flatboat, and all that two men can do to save our fortune shall be done. You, monsieur, have enough to do to take care of your daughters. To you, M. Carpentier—to you, son Celestino, I give the care of these women and children."

"I can take care of myself," said Maggie.

"You are four, well armed," continued Mario. (My father had his gun and pistols.) "This dog is worth two men. You have no risks to run; the danger, if there be any, will be

with the boat. Seeing us divided, they may venture an attack; but one of you stand by the window that faces the shore. If one of those men in the hut leave it, or show a wish to do so, fire one pistol-shot out of the window, and we shall be ready for them; but if you are attacked, fire two shots and we will come. Now, forward!"

We went slowly and cautiously: Tino first, with a lantern; then the Irish pair and child; then Mario, leading his two younger boys, and Celeste, with her daughter asleep in her arms; and for rear-guard papa with one of us on each arm, and Joseph with his precious burden. The wind and the irregularities of the ground made us stumble at every step. The rain lashed us in the face and extorted from time to time sad lamentations from the children. But, for all that, we were in a few minutes at the door of the hovel.

"M. Carpentier," said Mario, "I give my family into your care." Joseph made no answer but to give his hand to the Italian. Mario strode away, followed by Gordon.

"Knock on the door," said Joseph to Tino. The boy knocked. No sound was heard inside, except the growl of a dog.

"Knock again." The same silence. "We can't stay here in this beating rain; open and enter," cried Carpentier. Tino threw wide the door and we walked in.

There was but one room. A large fire burned in a clay chimney that almost filled one side of the cabin. In one corner four or five chickens showed their heads. In another, the woman was lying on a wretched pallet in all her clothes. By her slept the little creature Suzanne had found, her ribbon still on her frock. Near one wall was a big chest on which another child was sleeping. A rough table was in the middle, on it some dirty tin plates and cups, and under it half a dozen dogs and two little boys. I never saw anything else like it. On the hearth stood the pot and skillet, still half full of hominy and meat.

Kneeling by the fire was a young man molding bullets and passing them to his father, seated on a stool at a corner of the chimney, who threw them into a jar of water, taking them out again to even them with the handle of a knife. I see it still as if it was before my eyes.

The woman opened her eyes, but did not stir. The dogs rose tumultuously, but Tom showed his teeth and growled, and they went back under the table. The young man rose upon one knee, he and his father gazing stupidly at us, the firelight in their faces. We women shrank against our protectors, except Maggie, who let go a strong oath. The younger man was frightfully ugly; pale-faced, large-

eyed, haggard, his long, tangled, blonde hair on his shoulders. The father's face was written all over with depravity and crime. Joseph advanced and spoke to him.

"What the devil of a language is that?" he asked of his son in English.

"He is asking you," said Maggie, "let us stay here till the storm is over."

"And where do you come from this way?"

"From that flatboat tied to the bank."

"Well, the house is n't big nor pretty, but you are its masters."

Maggie went and sat by the window, ready to give the signal. Pat sank at her feet, and laying his head upon Tom went straight to sleep. Papa sat down by the fire on an inverted box and took me on one knee. With her head against his other, Suzanne crouched upon the floor. We were silent, our hearts beating hard, wishing ourselves with mamma in St. James. Joseph set Alix upon a stool beside him and removed her wrapping.

"Hello!" said the younger stranger, "I thought you were carrying a child. It's a woman!"

An hour passed. The woman in the corner seemed to sleep; Celeste, too, slumbered. When I asked Suzanne, softly, if she was asleep, she would silently shake her head. The men went on with their task, not speaking. At last they finished, divided the balls between them, put them into a leathern pouch at their belt, and the father, rising, said:

"Let us go. It is time."

Maggie raised her head. The elder man went and got his gun and loaded it with two balls, and while the younger was muffling himself in an old blanket-overcoat such as we give to plantation negroes moved towards the door and was about to pass out. But quicker than lightning Maggie had raised the window, snatched a pistol from her belt, and fired. The two men stood rooted, the elder frowning at Maggie. Tom rose and showed two rows of teeth.

"What did you fire that pistol for? What signal are you giving?"

"That is understood at the flatboat," said Maggie, tranquilly. "I was to fire if you left the house. You started, I fired, and that's all."

"——! And did you know, by yourself, what we were going to do?"

"I have n't a doubt. You were simply going to attack and rob the flatboat."

A second oath, fiercer than the first, escaped the man's lips. "You talk that way to me! Do you forget that you're in my power?"

"Ah! Do you think so?" cried Maggie, resting her fists on her hips. "Ah, ha, ha!" That was the first time I ever heard her laugh—and such a laugh! "Don't you know, my dear

sir, that at one turn of my hand this dog will strangle you like a chicken? Don't you see four of us here armed to the teeth, and at another signal our comrades yonder ready to join us in an instant? And besides, this minute they are rolling a little cannon up to the bow of the boat. Go, meddle with them, you'll see." She lied, but her lie averted the attack. She quietly sat down again and paid the scoundrel not the least attention.

"And that's the way you pay us for taking you in, is it? Accuse a man of crime because he steps out of his own house to look at the weather? Well, that's all right." While the man spoke he put his gun into a corner, resumed his seat, and lighted a cob pipe. The son had leaned on his gun during the colloquy. Now he put it aside and lay down upon the floor to sleep. The awakened children slept. Maggie sat and smoked. My father, Joseph, and Tino talked in low tones. All at once the old ruffian took his pipe from his mouth and turned to my father.

"Where do you come from?"

"From New Orleans, sir."

"How long have you been on the way?"

"About a month."

"And where are you going?" etc. Joseph, like papa, remained awake, but like him, like all of us, longed with all his soul for the end of that night of horror.

At the first crowing of the cock the denizens of the hut were astir. The father and son took their guns and went into the forest. The fire was relighted. The woman washed some hominy in a pail and seemed to have forgotten our presence; but the little girl recognized Alix, who took from her own neck a bright silk handkerchief and tied it over the child's head, put a dollar in her hand, and kissed her forehead. Then it was Suzanne's turn. She covered her with kisses. The little one laughed, and showed the turban and the silver that "the pretty lady," she said, had given her. Next, my sister dropped, one by one, upon the pallet ten dollars, amazing the child with these playthings; and then she took off her red belt and put it about her little pet's neck.

My father handed me a handful of silver. "They are very poor, my daughter; pay them well for their hospitality." As I approached the woman I heard Joseph thank her and offer her money.

"What do you want me to do with that?" she said, pushing my hand away. "Instead of that, send me some coffee and tobacco."

That ended it; I could not pay in money. But when I looked at the poor woman's dress so ragged and torn, I took off [J'autai] my shawl, which was large and warm, and put it



on her shoulders,—I had another in the boat,—and she was well content. When I got back to the flatboat I sent her some chemises, petticoats, stockings, and a pair of shoes. The shoes were papa's. Alix also sent her three skirts and two chemises, and Suzanne two old dresses and two chemises for her children, cutting down what was too large. Before quitting the hut Celeste had taken from her two lads their knitted neckerchiefs and given them to the two smaller boys, and Maggie took the old shawl that covered Pat's shoulders and threw it upon the third child, who cried out with joy. At length we returned to our vessel, which had triumphantly fought the wind and floating trees. Mario took to the cabin our gifts, to which we added sugar, biscuits, and a sack of pecans.

## CHAPTER IX.

## ALIX DE MORAINVILLE.

FOR two weeks more our boat continued its slow and silent voyage among the bayous. We saw signs of civilization, but they were still far apart. These signs alarmed Mario. He had already chosen his place of abode and spoke of it with his usual enthusiasm; a prairie where he had camped for two weeks with his young hunters five years before.

"A principality—that is what I count on establishing there," he cried, pushing his hand through his hair. "And think!—if, maybe, some one has occupied it! Oh, the thief! the robber! Let him not fall into my hands! I'll strangle—I'll kill him!"

My father, to console him, would say that it would be easy to find other tracts just as fine.

"Never!" replied he, rolling his eyes and brandishing his arms; and his fury would grow until Maggie cried:

"He is Satan himself! He's the devil!"

One evening the flatboat stopped a few miles only from where is now the village of Pattersonville. The weather was magnificent, and while papa, Gordon, and Mario went hunting, Joseph, Alix, and we two walked on the bank. Little by little we wandered, and, burying ourselves in the interior, we found ourselves all at once confronting a little cottage embowered in a grove of oranges. Alix uttered a cry of admiration and went towards the house. We saw that it was uninhabited and must have been long abandoned. The little kitchen, the poultry-house, the dovecote, were in ruins. But the surroundings were admirable: in the rear a large court was entirely shaded with live-oaks; in front was the green belt of orange trees; farther away Bayou Teche, like a blue ribbon, marked a natural boundary, and

at the bottom of the picture the great trees of the forest lifted their green-brown tops.

"Oh!" cried Alix, "if I could stay here I should be happy."

"Who knows?" replied Joseph. "The owner has left the house; he may be dead. Who knows but I may take this place?"

"Oh! I pray you, Joseph, try. Try!" At that moment my father and Mario appeared, looking for us, and Alix cried:

"Welcome, gentlemen, to my domain."

Joseph told of his wife's wish and his hope. . . . "In any case," said Mario, "count on us. If you decide to settle here we will stay two weeks—a month, if need be—to help you establish yourself."

As soon as we had breakfasted my father and Joseph set out for a plantation which they saw in the distance. They found it a rich estate. The large, well-built house was surrounded by outbuildings, stables, granaries, and gardens; fields of cane and corn extended to the limit of view. The owner, M. Gerbeau, was a young Frenchman. He led them into the house, presented them to his wife, and offered them refreshments.

[M. Gerbeau tells the travelers how he had come from the Mississippi River parish of St. Bernard to this place with all his effects in a schooner—doubtless via the mouth of the river and the bay of Atchafalaya; while Joseph is all impatience to hear of the little deserted home concerning which he has inquired. But finally he explains that its owner, a lone Swede, had died of sunstroke two years before, and M. Gerbeau's best efforts to find, through the Swedish consul at New Orleans or otherwise, a successor to the little estate had been unavailing. Joseph could take the place if he would. He ended by generously forcing upon the father of Françoise and Suzanne the free use of his traveling-carriage and "two horses, as gentle as lambs and as swift as deer," with which to make their journey up the Teche to St. Martinsville, the gay, not to say giddy, little capital of the royalist *émigrés*.]

My father wished to know what means of transport he could secure, on his return to this point, to take us home.

"Don't let that trouble you; I will arrange that. I already have a plan—you shall see."

The same day the work began on the Carpentiers' home. The three immigrants and Tino fell bravely to work, and M. Gerbeau brought his carpenter and a cart-load of lumber. Two new rooms were added. The kitchen was repaired, then the stable, the dovecote, the poultry-house; the garden fences were restored; also those of the field. My father gave Joseph one of his cows; the other was promised to Carlo. Mme. Gerbeau was with us

much, helping Alix, as were we. We often dined with her. One Sunday M. Gerbeau came for us very early and insisted that Mario and Gordon should join us. Maggie, with her usual phlegm, had declined.

At dinner our host turned the conversation upon St. Martinsville, naming again all the barons, counts, and marquises of whom he had spoken to my father, and descanting especially on the grandeur of the balls and parties he had there attended.

"And we have only our camayeu skirts!" cried Suzanne.

"Daughter," observed papa, "be content with what you have. You are neither a duchess nor a countess, and besides you are traveling."

"And," said M. Gerbeau, "the stores there are full of knickknacks that would capture the desires of a queen."

On returning to our flatboat Alix came into my room, where I was alone, and laying her head on my shoulder:

"Françoise," she said, "I have heard mentioned to-day the dearest friend I ever had. That Countess de la Houssaye of whom M. Gerbeau spoke is Madelaine de Livilier, my companion in convent, almost my sister. We were married nearly at the same time; we were presented at court the same day; and now here we are, both, in Louisiana!"

"O Alix!" I cried, "I shall see her. Papa has a letter to her husband; I shall tell her; she will come to see you; and—"

"No, no! You must not speak of me, Françoise. She knew and loved the Countess Alix de Morainville. I know her; she would repel with scorn the wife of the gardener. I am happy in my obscurity. Let nothing remind me of other days."

Seeing that Alix said nothing of all this to Suzanne, I imitated her example. With all her goodness, Suzanne was so thoughtless and talkative!

#### CHAPTER X.

##### ALIX PLAYS FAIRY.—PARTING TEARS.

IN about fifteen days the work on the cottage was nearly done and the moving began, Celeste, and even Maggie, offering us their services. Alix seemed enchanted.

"Two things, only, I lack," she said—"a sofa, and something to cover the walls."

One morning M. Gerbeau sent to Carpentier a horse, two fine cows and their calves, and a number of sheep and pigs. At the same time two or three negroes, loaded down with chickens, geese, and ducks, made their appearance. Also M. Gerbeau.

"What does all this mean?" asked Joseph.

"This is the succession of the dead Swede," replied the generous young man.

"But I have no right to his succession."

"That's a question," responded M. Gerbeau. "You have inherited the house, you must inherit all. If claimants appear—well, you will be responsible to them. You will please give me a receipt in due form; that is all."

Tears came into Carpentier's eyes. . . . As he was signing the receipt M. Gerbeau stopped him. "Wait; I forgot something. At the time of Karl's [the Swede's] death, I took from his crib fifty barrels of corn; add that."

"O sir!" cried Joseph, "that is too much—too much."

"Write!" said M. Gerbeau, laying his hand on Joseph's shoulder, "if you please. I am giving you nothing; I am relieving myself of a burden."

My dear daughter, if I have talked very much about Alix it is because talking about her is such pleasure. She has been so good to my sister and me! The memory of her is one of the brightest of my youth.

The flatboat was to go in three days. One morning, when we had passed the night with Mme. Gerbeau, Patrick came running to say that "Madame 'Lix" wished to see us at once. We hastened to the cottage. Alix met us on the gallery [veranda].

"Come in, dear girls. I have a surprise for you and a great favor to ask. I heard you say, Suzanne, you had nothing to wear—"

"But our camayeu petticoats!"

"But your camayeu petticoats." She smiled.

"And they, it seems, do not tempt your vanity. You want better?"

"Ah, indeed we do!" replied Suzanne.

"Well, let us play Cinderella. The dresses of velvet, silk, and lace, the jewels, the slippers—all are in yonder chest. Listen, my dear girls. Upon the first signs of the Revolution my frightened mother left France and crossed into England. She took with her all her wardrobe, her jewels, the pictures from her bedroom, and part of her plate. She bought, before going, a quantity of silks and ribbons. . . . When I reached England my mother was dead, and all that she had possessed was restored to me by the authorities. My poor mother loved dress, and in that chest is all her apparel. Part of it I had altered for my own use; but she was much larger than I—taller than you. I can neither use them nor consent to sell them. If each of you will accept a ball toilet, you will make me very happy." And she looked at us with her eyes full of supplication, her hands clasped.

We each snatched a hand and kissed it.

Then she opened the chest, and for the first and last time in my life I saw fabrics, ornaments, and coiffures that truly seemed to have been made by the fairies. After many trials and much debate she laid aside for me a lovely dress of blue brocade glistening with large silver flowers the reflections of which seemed like rays of light. It was short in front, with a train; was very full on the sides, and caught up with knots of ribbon. The long pointed waist was cut square and trimmed with magnificent laces that re-appeared on the half-long sleeves. The arms, to the elbow, were to be covered with white frosted gloves fastened with twelve silver buttons. To complete my toilet she gave me a blue silk fan beautifully painted, blue satin slippers with high heels and silver buckles, white silk stockings with blue clocks, a brodered white cambric handkerchief trimmed with Brussels point lace, and, last, a lovely set of silver filigree that she assured us was of slight value, comprising the necklace, the comb, the earrings, bracelets, and a belt whose silver tassels of the same design fell down the front of the dress.

My sister's toilet was exactly like mine, save that it was rose color. Alix had us try them on. While our eyes were ravished, she, with more expert taste, decided to take up a little in one place, lower a ribbon in another, add something here, take away there, and, above all, to iron the whole with care. We staid all day helping her; and when, about 3 o'clock, all was finished, our fairy godmother said she would now dress our hair, and that we must observe closely.

"For Suzanne will have to coiffe Françoise and Françoise coiffe Suzanne," she said. She took from the chest two pasteboard boxes that she said contained the headdresses belonging to our costumes, and, making me sit facing my sister, began to dress her hair. I was all eyes. I did not lose a movement of the comb. She lifted Suzanne's hair to the middle of the head in two rosettes that she called *riquettes* and fastened them with a silver comb. Next, she made in front, or rather on the forehead, with hairpins, numberless little knots, or whorls, and placed on each side of the head a plume of white, rose-tipped feathers, and in front, opposite the *riquettes*, placed a rose surrounded with silver leaves. Long rose-colored, silver-frosted ribbons falling far down on the back completed the headdress, on which Alix dusted handfuls of silver powder. Can you believe

it, my daughter, that was the first time my sister and I had ever seen artificial flowers? They made very few of them, even in France, in those days.

While Suzanne admired herself in the mirror I took her place. My headdress differed from hers in the ends of my feathers being blue, and in the rose being white, surrounded by pale blue violets and a few silver leaves. And now a temptation came to all of us. Alix spoke first:

"Now put on your ball-dresses and I will send for our friends. What do you think?"

"Oh, that would be charming!" cried Suzanne. "Let us hurry!" And while we dressed, Pat, always prowling about the cottage, was sent to the flatboat to get his parents and the Carlos, and to M. Gerbeau's to ask my father and M. and Mme. Gerbeau to come at once to the cottage. . . . No, I cannot tell the cries of joy that greeted us. The children did not know us, and Maggie had to tell Pat over and over that these were Miss Souzie and Miss Francise. My father's eyes filled with tears as he thanked Alix for her goodness and generosity to us.

Alas! the happiest days, like the saddest, have an end. On the morrow the people in the flatboat came to say good-bye. Mario cried like a child. Celeste carried Alix's hands to her lips and said in the midst of her tears:

"O Madame! I had got so used to you—I hoped never to leave you."

"I will come to see you, Celeste," replied Alix to the young mulatress, "I promise you."

Maggie herself seemed moved, and in taking leave of Alix put two vigorous kisses on her cheeks. As to our father, and us, too, the adieus were not final, we having promised Mario and Gordon to stop [on their journey up the shore of the bayou] as soon as we saw the flatboat.

"And we hope, my dear Carlo, to find you established in your principality."

"Amen!" responded the Italian.

Alix added to her gifts two pairs of chamois-skin gloves and a box of lovely artificial flowers. Two days after the flatboat had gone, we having spent the night with Alix, came M. Gerbeau's carriage to take us once more upon our journey. Ah! that was a terrible moment. Even Alix could scarce hold back the tears. We refused to get into the carriage, and walked, all of us together, to M. Gerbeau's, and then parted amid tears, kisses, and promises.

(To be continued.)

George W. Cable.

## PAGAN IRELAND.



**S**TUDY of a nation's past is not waste of time though it leave one with little better understanding of the present. No land has more anomalies to show than Ireland, baffles more its own law-givers and puzzles more the persons who hold themselves competent to legislate for it. In the following pages I hope by analysis of the national character in the light of mythology, literature, language, and monuments to indicate what elements have gone to the making of a brave but unfortunate people, and to explain thereby, after a fashion however rude, some of the peculiarities that have alternately charmed and daunted the friends of Erin. The study has been far from a narrow one, and the results apply to a much wider range of people than those within the four provinces. If they are correct, they teach many curious facts regarding the ancestors of nearly every people of Europe and America.

For the past seven centuries Ireland has been so disturbed within by political and religious faction and so interfered with from without that prosperity has not reached it like other lands. As a slender offset, the poverty of the community has kept the restorer's hand from many objects of value to antiquaries; misery has forced the people to turn for relief and consolation to the legends and literature of periods when the population was relatively large and the nation more on terms of equality with the rest of Europe. Persecution of heathen customs and beliefs by Christian converts a thousand years ago, gentle though it was compared with the same movement elsewhere, attached the Irish to their ancient superstitions. Much more did Protestant bigotry, confounding the remains of heathenism with Roman Catholicism, beget in the masses a love for all national records. The very rage of men who hunted priests and ruined the family owning a book in the old tongue, treated hedge-poet and hedge-schoolmaster as felons, and dragooned a peasantry restive under an oligarchy upheld by the British Parliament, was of service to us in causing the folk to esteem, as under happier circumstances they never would have esteemed, the records of their past.

Geographical circumstances are such that traits, habits, customs, laws, legends, and religious ideas which once existed in Europe at large, but more particularly in the Baltic provinces, Germany, the Netherlands, Denmark,

and France, are now to be found alive only in remote places like Ireland, or embedded in such a literature as Ireland owns—one of the most wonderful in Europe. Noting the map, you find the island westward in the Atlantic, yet near enough to southern Gaul to make it certain that from very remote periods commerce and conquest would flow to and fro past Land's End as well as by way of Britain. Hence Ireland would receive the overflow of each folk-wave of Europe, but not always and of necessity across the Irish Sea. Great Britain is protected by the Silver Streak; but the fame of the Irish strait for wrecks, the sinister name of the country for witchcraft in early centuries, and the supposed ferocity of its denizens, gave Ireland double security. The force of the wave would be apt to be spent, the conquerors relatively few, the area conquered small, and the chance of the overthrown to survive relatively good compared with nations in France and Germany. Had Ireland been much smaller, there had been less energy to rise after conquest and assimilate the intruders. Had she been much larger, she would have been invaded by greater hordes. Had she been less fertile, she had lacked the means to foster literature and the arts, for there had been no margin for rewards to poets, historians, priests, artisans. Her records had not been so abundant as to survive in any quantity, but would have disappeared like those of Scotland and Wales—countries of small size, mixed of much the same ethnic elements. We find in her history the beach-marks of movements in Europe which have left elsewhere few signs. Hence from Ireland we may be able to reconstruct the past, not of the Irish alone, but of the Welsh, Scotch, Old British, and Gauls, and of other peoples less near of kin. Her literature is a storehouse for the understanding of that *officina gentium* in dread of which the Latins stood and which included many other peoples beside the Teutons.

That "Eriu," as the island was called by the natives, should retain many traces of the pagan past is remarkable when we recall that Christianity reached it very early. It is true that in the ninth century heathen hordes from the Baltic cut a wide swath, plundering as well for revenge as for booty. Charlemagne had barbarously slaughtered their heathen kindred on the Rhine "for the love of God"; so the adventurers singled out religious settlements and cemeteries as much for the plunder of al-



tars and graves as for the pleasure of slaying priests and monks. Where an old castle shattered by gunpowder in the Cromwellian wars overlooks a plain of river-stretches, fat meadows, arable lands, and bog at Clonmichois, on the Shannon, a famous leader of exiles from the Baltic seized the monastery church and schools. He has been identified from Icelandic

cessions to the people after acceptance from the chiefs. Undoubtedly a few cases of the violent destruction of idols occurred. One large image was broken by Patrick somewhat as in Germany at a later period Charlemagne destroyed the Irminseul, a Celtic *dallàn*, or monolith, taken over from the ousted Kelts by the Saxons when the latter moved into the heart of Germany.



MEDIEVAL CASTLE AT CLONMICHOIS.

records as Ragnar Lodbrog, the conqueror of Northumberland. A woman who accompanied him held pagan rites there. Seated on the high altar, which ran with the blood of men and beasts, she gave prophetic answers like one of the Druidesses mentioned in the Gaelic records of centuries before. Ota, her given name, means "awe" or "horror"; but she has been identified also as Aslaug, daughter of Sigurd, who sailed away with Ragnar in the character of a Valkyr, or war goddess. Had Ragnar understood the Irish and known how thin the varnish of Christianity was, he might have called forth the paganism in the people and established his line as overlords of the island. But he took the Irish at their word, and slaughtered them as Christians until his rule disappeared in blood, as it was founded. According to the native records he was slain at last by youths in the dress of girls. So it came about that the Danish invasions, as they were called, left no heathen mark behind them on the laws and religion; they merely caused certain changes in architecture and town life, which may wait to be explained. The men of the Baltic who settled later in Ireland, founding the chief cities, Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, were nominally Christian. No, the paganism of Ireland was completely blent with Christianity before these "Danes" arrived. As introduced by St. Patrick three centuries before, it was a most primitive faith, unsupported by armies or by influence and forced to win a way by con-

The Irish idol, surrounded by satellites which may have signified the months or seasons of the year, was called Crom, the Maggot, in allusion, it is said, to the flesh of human victims with which it was fed according to Druidic rite. About it was the Bloody Plain, so called because the pagans mutilated forehead, nose, and arms by beating themselves against the ground, or cutting themselves in other parts of the body with knives. So the civilized Indians of Mexico and Yucatan worshiped gods of fire and the sun; so the nations of Palestine, not excluding the Hebrews, sought merit by the infliction of wounds. Horrors and infamies like these the Church attacked; she waged war against the burning alive for theft, infidelity, and other crimes, against the immolation of children, and polygamy. But in general the Church was too weak to carry matters with a high hand. Even more than in Italy and Gaul she adopted diplomatic methods perforce; but having once established herself, the native Church was hostile to further changes from any source whatsoever. Hence by a wise toleration of the bards, legends, customs, and least obnoxious rites, and even of some idols, the Church established herself and at the same time preserved for us the greater part of what we know of Celtic paganism.

When the land-hungry band of Welsh and Norman barons entered Ireland they found a shrine of St. Brigit at Kildare with a fire kept constantly burning. Twenty nuns watched it in rotation day and night; the man who dared



"WICKER HOUSES FROM THE COLUMN OF ANTONINUS.  
(BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAMS & NORGATE.)"

to enter its inclosure fell dead. St. Brigit represents a patroness of learning great in renown among the pagan British and Gauls as well. The latter called her Brigindo; according to votive altars discovered in France and England, the British name was Brigantia. Her rites, as described by Giraldus de Barry, were plainly heathen, and belonged to the worship of fire and the sun. We learn of nature-worship of a primitive cast in the story of Loegairé of Ulster, a powerful king. He favored St. Patrick and caused many of the under-kings to accept the faith; but when he made an oath it was by the gods of the elements. Captured by the Leinstermen while collecting his *boru*, or tribute in cattle, he gave pledges that he would never return for tribute. "Pledges were given to the Leinstermen—that is, the sun and moon, water and air, day and night, sea and land—that he would not demand the *boru* during his life." The curses invoked in case of failure to abstain from his exactions were fatal to Loegairé. Going against Leinster once more for tribute, he "died there of the sun, and the wind, and the other pledges, for one durst not transgress them at that time." Again we hear of another king. "These were the pledges which Tuathal took, mighty at exacting—heaven, earth, sun, pure moon, sea, land, harvest."

A later phase of religion is shown by goddesses who stand for the various emotions of battle. One was called Badb, another Fea, a third Ana, a fourth Morrighu, a fifth Macha, a sixth Neman. The first is found in France on an altar under the form Catubodua, or Badb of battles. In Frisia the Romans were very fitly defeated at Baduhenna, a place that recalls this old Keltic war-goddess. Neman seems

to have struck panic among soldiers and caused them to mistake friend for foe. Macha gave the instinct to mutilate and exult over the slain; but all animate to the slaughter, all are grim and terrible fiends. Compared with the Valkyrs of the Norse they offer every sign of great antiquity. The Valkyrs might be taken from them by a race arrived at a higher stage of cultivation, but they could not derive from the Valkyrs. Undoubtedly there were many members of the Irish pantheon on a lower scale than these, spirits of mountain, valley, and river, whose names occur as famous fairies, male and female, haunting certain spots. Such in Finland were Tapio, god of the forest; Wirokannas, ruler of the wilderness; and Maähiset, the pigmies. Doubtless the pagan elements rose up in Ireland again and again, favored by the destruction of churches and abuses in the Church itself. Parts of the island may have remained untouched by the faith at the very age when Europe was filled with learned and zealous Irish monks carrying the word to heathen Swiss, Flemings, Franks, and Germans. Poets are generally contemptuous of clerics, as the ballads of Oisín and St. Patrick show. In Ireland the guild assumed many of the less obnoxious traits of the Druids; they preserved themselves by outward conformity, but in secret retained a number of magical tricks. By their aid it is that



CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE, SHOWING SUN-WHEEL.

we can pry and probe a little into the dark past of the Kelts and of Europe.

One has but to look at the Irish cross to see paganism in the chief symbol of the faith. The cross part is not Latin, but Greek, and tells a story of the early commerce with the Greek city of Marseilles and the East by the valley of the Garonne; recalls the fact that a special spot in famous Irish fairs was set apart for Greek merchants; that Cæsar re-

instead of a globe. Coins of Gaul of the time of Vercingetorix bear the even-armed cross with florid connections between the ends which represented a four-spoked wheel. The Irishman who saw a bicycle for the first time exclaimed, "Riding on a wheel, like the devil!" In the old paganism, of which he still feels the stirrings, a god whom his ancestors feared rode upon, or carried, a wheel. The priests explained this god to be the devil; certainly devil-



ROUND TOWER AT ARDMORE, SHOWING BANDS LIKE WICKER HOUSES.

ported the use of Greek letters among the Gauls; and that the legends are full of terms like "King of Greece," "Daughter of the Greek King." It suggests the myths of temporary residence, on the part of celebrated founders of Irish nations, in Thrace, Greece, or Egypt. But the Irish cross is as much a wheel as a cross. It is in truth the pagan symbol of the sun's wheel baptized but scarcely disguised, the emblem seen in the hand of bronze images from France, or carved on altars found there with pagan inscriptions. Gauls on the reliefs of the Arch of Orange wear the sun-wheel on their helmets, and a window of stained glass in Chartres Cathedral shows Christ and certain apostles in direct relation with the same symbol. The praying-wheel exists in old chapels in Brittany as a religious toy, formerly used with rites half magical under the sanction of the local clergy. In old Greece a Nemesis was depicted with a wheel; Fortuna also was placed sometimes on a wheel

ish were some of his attributes and devilish the toll he exacted; wherefore by way of legend, or by a subtler road, the modern peasant saw the analogy and with his customary shrewdness spoke.

The pagan survives in architecture. Buildings were generally square and of wood, or round and of wattles plastered with clay and painted in bright colors. After Christianity was established and the use of stone became less rare in religious and military life, the conservative bent of the people kept a form of tower no longer represented in Great Britain and the mainland. As early as the twelfth century, when the Norman-Welsh began to make stone the rule instead of the exception, Giraldus, the traveled prelate, talks of ecclesiastical towers, "which according to the custom of the country are slender and lofty and moreover round." He knew that they were peculiar but did not suspect that this form of tower represented an inheritance from a pagan religion

any more than he saw the paganism of the rites at the shrine of St. Brigit. Yet unlettered Irish tradition has kept the thread of fact without being able to give the historical sequences. In its immediate use the round tower was a sort of military necessity, and came after the ruin of monastic settlements by the pagans from the Baltic. During sudden raids it was a place of security which could not be burned down like the timber churches near by or the wattled cabins of monks and clerics within the *cashel* wall. It was a belfry whence hand-bells were rung to call the students to school and the faithful to prayer. It was a watch-tower and beacon. But it reaches through military usage back to pagan times. In a polished and highly artificial shape, due to Byzantine science in architecture, it represents the rude wattled house of Gauls. Seeing how the Irish kept heathen ideas in other things, we can perceive

last century perceived but could not define. In America the round tower, with its high entrance and adaptation to watchers and sun worship, is found among the extinct cliff-dwelling Indians. Towers in Mexico and Yucatan were in use for the same purpose. Observe in the round tower preserved at Ardmore the bands which repeat, without any useful object in stone, the horizontal bands that strengthened the tall wicker house of Gauls. Such apparently trivial points weigh heavily in favor of the indigenous character of the round tower of Ireland.

Carved figures of a grotesque barbarousness too unseemly to be reproduced have been found about the island, even in the walls of a church. They are the degraded remains of a worship of the creative processes of nature overlooked in the first zeal of iconoclasm. For an island without snakes that reptile has strange prominence in carved and illuminated work of Christian times. Cross and grave-stone bore the emblem of Christ, but on the sides of the shaft appeared the pagan decorative designs to which the sculptor was accustomed, which the people had inherited, and which they dimly understood as lucky. As the coarsest figure might leer with goggle eyes and protruding tongue from the chapel wall, finding protection under the wing of the conservative church of Ireland, so the serpent emblems invaded the margins of missals and rubrics of Holy Writ, and were not only preserved but were fashioned by Christian monks, scarcely aware that these were to teach us something of the pagan past. Gaulish reliefs have the serpent in connection with a Keltic god, perhaps representing night and death. In the *Kalewala*, *Hisi*, spirit of evil, a pagan Satan, creates the serpent from the spittle of *Suoyatar*, a female demon.



UPPER STONE OF QUERN, WITH SUN-WHEEL DECORATION.

how the round wicker house of the Kelt, such as we see it carved on the column of Antoninus at Rome, developed into the wood and wicker outlook tower and beacon, and in skillful hands became the Irish round tower perpetuated to our day by the hundred or more shafts of cut stone which lend charm to as many Irish landscapes. Christian in usage, they are pagan in design. The Northmen caused the demand, heathenism supplied the pattern, and Byzantine craftsmen, driven from the East by the bigotry of the image-breaking emperors, supplied the science to rear towers more durable, useful, simple, yet stately, than anything Ireland had seen before or has seen since. The history of towers in Mohammedan countries which can be derived from a worship of the heavenly bodies supplies a very remarkable parallel which the archæologists of the

*Hisi* heard this conversation  
 Ever ready with his mischief,  
 Made himself to be creator,  
 Breathed a soul into the spittle  
 To fell *Suoyatar's* fierce anger.  
 Thus arose the poison-monster.<sup>1</sup>

Pagan altar-horns found in Denmark show many serpents in those compartments which are thought to represent the realm of death and hell. How are we to account for the pertinacity with which the old Irish held fast to beliefs, traditions, and objects which belong to a past epoch and have relations with races and peoples who seem disconnected from the Keltic past?

We speak for convenience of the past of Ireland as Keltic. What gives us warrant so to do? Not the historians, who are more anxious

<sup>1</sup> J. M. Crawford's translation.



to call only the best of the old swarms Gaelic than to claim them all. Not the wider view of Europe and Asia which is now entertained, for that does not warrant a likelihood that one race settled Ireland. Soon the term will be inadequate to express it, when the many-colored threads that form the present Irish nation shall be unraveled and separately examined. Analysis that should start from the present day backward would bring into relief a steady influx of English, Welsh, and Scotch allured by the comparative cheapness of land at certain periods. It would consider the plantations formed in Ulster by London corporations, the confiscations under William III., which brought English, German, and Dutch blood into the land. After Cromwell's campaign there was a wholesale peopling of the best lands of the dispossessed by soldiers and colonists from England, and the same thing occurred at other times on a less extensive scale. Before Elizabeth and Henry VIII., the conquerors of parts of the island, with their men of Welsh, Flemish, and Norman blood, were merged into the Celtic mass — and yet only seven centuries have been traversed. Were these the only inroads of foreign blood one might think that according to ordinary rules of intermarriage, and notwithstanding strong prejudices of rank and race, there could hardly be in Ireland to-day such a person as a Kelt of pure stock.

But before 1172, when an English king first assumed to own the island, the same infusion of non-Irish blood went forward. Scandinavian princes ruled at Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Galway, intermarrying with Irish ruling houses, and setting an example to their subjects. Scotch armies came to Ireland, and Irish troops went to Alba, as we see in Shakspeare. Slavery was the rule at a still earlier date; the raids by sea brought "foreign bond-women" into Ireland from all the shores, and the slave-trade supplied Irish markets with women and children from the Saxon provinces of Great Britain. Yet for all that Ireland remained Celtic in spirit if not pure in blood, because the people assimilated the settlers, wave after wave. At various times Gaelic drove out Norse, Norman-French, and English.

Before Christian times, at any rate, one might expect to find all pure Kelts. Yet the deeper we probe the less certain is it that the first centuries of our era saw Ireland occupied throughout by Gaels. Doubtless the language was Gaelic in the main. But the written language during the Middle Ages proves that Gaelic was not the soft, slurring tongue that we now hear, "telescoping" syllables and avoiding harsh meetings of consonants. It must have been a rough, consonantal speech full of harsh gutturals, or these would never



ROUND TOWER AT MAYAPAN, YUCATAN. INDIAN TYPE.

have found their way into the written words. The common German, who turns hard *g* into *y* and melts two syllables into one, is a purist compared with the Gael, who thinks nothing of making a word of three syllables but one in pronunciation, who turns *b* into *m*, *t* into *h*, *gh* into *y*, and otherwise departs in his speech from the letters laid down centuries ago as the proper spelling of words. Wherefore the change? The answer is one of many that may result from the view of Ireland's past taken in this paper. It also affords by analogy an explanation of the similar but less extreme phenomenon observed in the speech of uneducated Germans to-day.

In Ireland each century saw the educated classes who spoke Gaelic as it was written abandon it for Latin, or for Norman-French, or for English. Each century it was left more and more to the uneducated commons. Now if the commons were largely descended from quite another race, on whom the Gaels had imposed their tongue and yoke; if from that other language, which they had lost, they retained what disappears last, — tricks of the tongue, inability to pronounce certain consonants, dislike to hear certain combinations of sound, a fashion of telescoping words and avoiding sounds that cannot easily be sung, — then the fashions of speech peculiar to the vanished language would live on in the tongue of the conquerors. As the servile class became free, it would affect the speech of the whole nation;

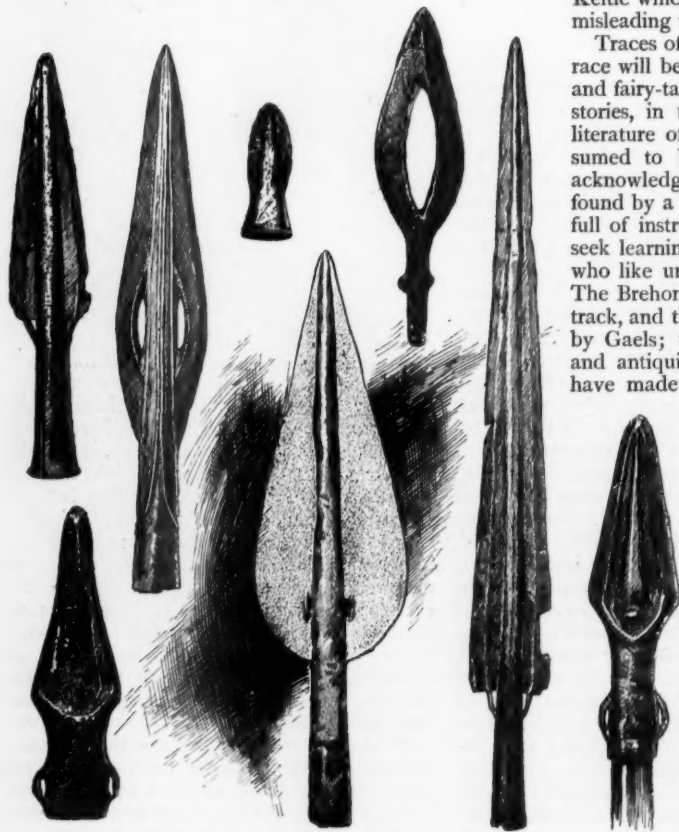
as the upper classes ceased to speak their own language, the corrupted or modified Gaelic would become the standard. This has happened to the Irish.

There were certain tribes—some enslaved, others tributary, others almost free—who were not Kelts originally, and in former epochs did not speak a Keltic tongue. There is reason to believe that the Picts were not Keltic and that they lived in Ireland and Britain before the

demi-gods, the heroes and famous ancestors of the subject tribes, would enter more into the mass of legend and song; but the revolutionists would be too divided into local bands and too mixed with Gaelic tribes reduced to their level by poverty and war to permit of any national feeling apart from the Gaels. So the Saxons were forced to accept Norman-French, and the modern Irish, for the most part, to learn that mixture of Saxon, Norman, and Keltic which we know under the misleading name of English.

Traces of an early non-Keltic race will be found in the legends and fairy-tales, ghost and specter stories, in the wonderful heroic literature of the island, once assumed to be non-existing, then acknowledged but neglected, now found by a delighted world to be full of instruction for those who seek learning, and color for those who like unhackneyed literature. The Brehon law also shows their track, and the histories composed by Gaels; the arts, architecture, and antiquities, moreover, which have made Ireland a rich field

for the archaeologist. Legends and ballads resting on a substratum of fact can be used to piece out the bare hints of history. Working thus, the ethnologist may find spots where the early non-Keltic blood is, if not pure, yet relatively strong, and detect the presence of a primitive race in the features and skulls of the people. A short, broad nose, a long upper lip, a thin or late developing beard, high



JAVELIN AND SPEAR HEADS FROM THE RIVERS.

coming of the Kelts. What we know of these earliest historical people is minimized by the neglect of Gaelic historians and by their hostility. Thus they have attributed bestial traits to the leaders of these tribes when they revolted and massacred the nobles. One is called Cat-head, another Doghead; frightful calamities befell river and plain, cow, fish, and orchard, while they held sway. Such temporary risings could not reestablish their old tongue; only, the foreign elements in Gaelic emanating from their tribes would be intensified; the gods and

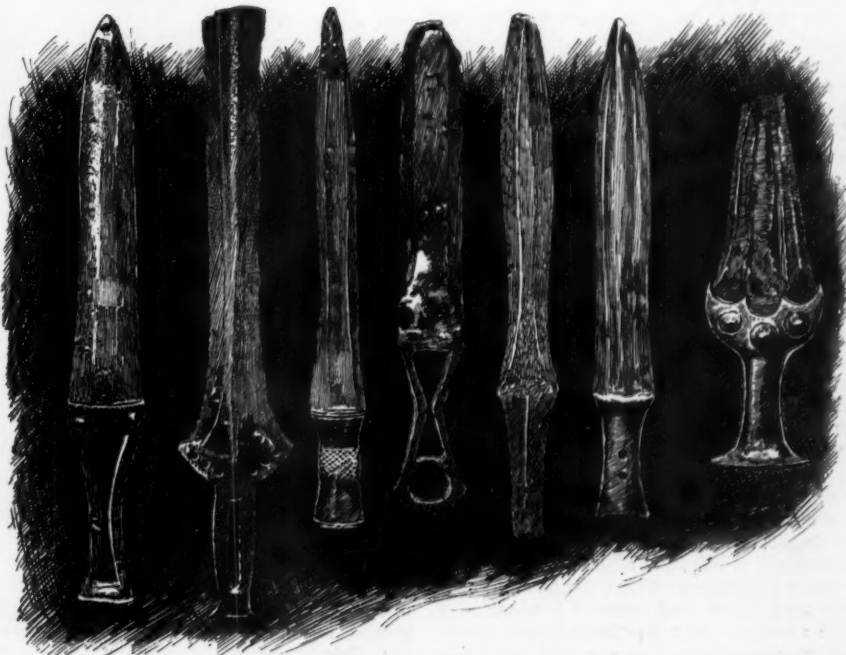
cheek-bones, short muscular figure, round head, broad face with small projecting chin, brownish or yellowish complexion, and a tendency to dark and red hair, with gray eyes, are characteristics that may serve as guides to a large infusion of this non-Keltic blood, rather than as sure signs of it. There are traces in the Hebrides and the north of Scotland, but evictions and sheep-pastures have reduced it to very small proportions.

Let us see what distinctions have been made in the population of Ireland in former times.

In 1650 Macfribis, the last of a distinguished family of historians in the West, a man of immense industry and research, quotes from an old book this "distinction which the profound historians draw" between Milesians, Dananns, and Firbolgs:

Every one who is white of skin, brown of hair, bold, honorable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth, and rings, and who is not afraid of battle or combat—they are the descendants of Milesius in Erin.

blood under Cromwell there existed traditions of differences in complexion and size between at least three streams of pagan settlers. Judging from internal evidence the composer of the rule thought that Milesians and Dananns were Gaels, the Firbolgs not. They were undoubtedly the least Gaelic, and in his opinion little better than the crowd of serfs and peasants who were not worthy of mention. The Danann folk were much better, though tainted with magic and Druidism. The sons of Miledh formed his



BRONZE SWORDS WITH BRONZE HANDLES, PAGAN EPOCH.

Every one who is fair-haired, vengeful, large; and every plunderer; every musical person; the professors of musical and entertaining performances who are adepts in all Druidical and magical arts—they are the descendants of the Dé Danann in Erin.

Every one who is black-haired, who is a tattler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy, contemptible; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh, and inhospitable person; every slave, every mean thief, every churl, every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly, and the promoters of discord among people—these are the descendants of the Firbolgs in Erin.

Whoever composed this ready rule to find an Irishman's ancestry from his looks and character, it is certain that he was not a Firbolg. Though fierce with antique hatreds, it is proof that before the last great infusion of foreign

standard of all that is most excellent in Kelts. Roughly this division would tally with a cross-section of medieval society, the Milesians, being nobles and gentry, on top; the Dananns, professional and tradesmen and artisans, in the middle; the Firbolgs, ignorant and brutalized peasantry, at the bottom. Yet it preserves the traditional prejudices of the Gael. Note that the Milesians, who are posed as princes and nobles after the European ideals of the Middle Ages, "bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth, and rings,"—the substitute for coin,—are white-skinned, brown-haired men, not remarkable for size. That describes certain types found in the south and west of Ireland as well as on the opposite shores of France and down the coast of Spain. We can fancy the Milesians, who came last, greatly softened by Greek and Latin example before reaching

the island. The description of the Danann folk is very like that given of the Gauls and other Keltic tribes who invaded Italy. A race hatred, as inextinguishable as that between Iran and Turan, the Aryans and Ugrians of Asia, is the only thing that will fully account for the bitterness of the description of the Fírbolgs. It might have been written by a Persian wishing to blacken the Turkman who has ravaged his land, and whom he thinks "guileful, noisy, contemptible, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh, and inhospitable."

The head of the Irish pantheon was the "good god" Dagdé, who was in some respects like Saturn, in others like Thor, but oftener a comical character—a very old man who fed on porridge. As Thor was the head of the Asa gods, as Ukko was the venerable chief of the Finnic pantheon, so Dagdé, before he was degraded to the rank of a fairy, was a god like Saturn, venerable, but outshone by his children. Later he became like Väinämöinen, the god-like bard of Finland. He was old like him, a magician, but unlucky in various ways.

More nearly a parallel to Hermes was Lug, the god from whom the cities of Lyons and Leyden derive their names; but he had specialists under him for various arts—Diancecht, patron of physicians; Creidné, patron of bronze-workers; Goibniu, the marvelous blacksmith; Luchtiné, the god of carpenters. A subterranean king of fairies, who was probably once a god, was Midir. A kind of Minerva, but the mother of a triplet of literary gods, was Brigit or Brigit. The Isle of Man is named from Manannan, a Neptune afterwards reduced to a trader of magical powers. By the ninth century these gods had become humanized to such an extent that they seem heroes merely, fairies or magicians, and supplied that varied celestial and aerial fauna which delights us in the epic of Spenser, some of Shakspeare's plays, the great Italian narrative poems, and the works of troubadours and trouvères. The variations in rank from full god to ordinary human being have given archaeologists much trouble; for how is one to know at what date a story was composed and whether the author regarded a figure as that of a god or a man? Very singular are the problems in historical perspective presented by these tales.

We have authority for assigning to the people called Dé Danann (of the goddess Dana) the war-goddesses named already; for in the campaigns between Dananns and Fírbolgs these among them fight on the side of the former: Badb, Macha, and Morrígu. The god of eloquence, Ogma, was also a power in their camp. From his name comes *ogam*, which was an ancient writing, a secret jargon, and also a

cipher which was notched on the edges of pillar-stones above men's graves, as in the illustration. Observe that this stone has three pagan sun symbols. Below the large wheel, on each side of the arrow, is a *swastika*, or sun-mark, very much obliterated by weather. This was the Hercules Ogmios whose picture Lucian saw—that Gaulish god wearing the trappings of the classic hero, but old, bent, bald, and dragging along a crowd of men by chains fastened to the tip of his tongue. From the goddess from whom the *tuatha* or people Dé Danann got their name, descends the word Denmark, though the present Danes may have little of the blood of that old swarm which passed by northern Britain into Ireland. The Danish swamps have yielded

weapons, horns, and chariots used in religious processions, whose appearance and decorations tally marvelously with the accounts of such things in the Irish tales. Doubtless they were preserved in heathen sanctuaries in Denmark long after their general use went out elsewhere. A few of these deities we can give to the Danann tribes, but of the other gods, demigods, and deified great men it is hard to say to what swarm they belong. It is more profitable for the present to search history for grander subdivisions of the Irish people.

In his sketch of the Finnic language the Finlander Kellgren made forty years ago a patriotic but it may be not unprophectic claim:

If any language in the Ural-Altaic family can be assumed as a prototype of the others, and as a complete expression of their common character, this place of honor ought to be allowed the Finnic. It is the



PAGAN GRAVESTONE, WITH SUN SYMBOLS AND OGAM CIPHER.



only one to which enough quiet has been permitted to unfold without interruption its natural spirit. Ever attacked by alien nations, the Hungarians have inhabited in constant disquiet and continuous warfare one of the great fighting-grounds of diverse nations, and their speech has not been able to develop itself pure from alien elements. The Turks have been overpowered by the strength of a foreign culture. In its first budding the development and power of their language was interfered with. It is the Finnic folk alone, protected by the situation of its country, which has been able to evolve organically and uninfluenced, in the deep shade of the woods and by the silent lakes of the home-land, a language protected by the ballads of the past. I do not think that I am carried away by fallacious hope when I announce the expectation that many a bright ray will fall from the Finnic tongue upon the still obscure realm of languages belonging to its widely separated stock, and that therefore Finnic deserves something more than the interest of the specialist.

The Celtic tongues belong to the Aryan group, the same family of languages as the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Gothic; yet the Irish branch shows certain rudimental likenesses to the Finno-Ugrian or Ural-Altaic. Old Gaelic holds to modern Irish somewhat the position that early English does to our tongue. It is much more elaborate and requires a special study. Yet modern as well as ancient Irish shows a number of points of similarity with Finnic, and occasional likenesses to Hungarian and Turkish, chiefly in matters of pronunciation; to a less degree in the formation of the sentence. The verb, for instance, takes precedence in the sentence, being the most important part thereof, whilst in German it brings up the rear. The vowel of the first syllable of a word is apt to give the sound for the succeeding syllables. That contraction of several written sounds into one spoken syllable, which I have called telescoping; that change of certain consonants at the beginning of words when another word precedes, which is so marked in modern Irish and seems to have existed to some degree at least in old Gaelic; that sensitiveness to the harsh sounds of many consonants coming together—these are fundamental in Finnic. Such indications, coming together with the hints from history and the arts, are enough to change our view of the Celtic make-up of the Irish.

It is the Finno-Ugrian section of mankind which seems to have held Ireland before the Kelts—that section which includes the Hungarians, Turks, Bulgarians, Finns of Russia and Sweden, Lapps and Uighurs of Central Asia. It was once represented in Asia Minor by the people of Sumir and Accad, plain and mountain, who gave to Chaldaea and Assyria their impulse in the arts and sciences, of whose mythology the Old Testament is full. Traces of them exist in nearly every part of Europe:

in Italy as the basis of the Etruscan nation which furnished the Latins with kings, laws, and religion; in Spain to this day among certain hill-tribes red-haired, short, gray-eyed, slow-witted; in Germany among the Pommeranians and Courlanders; and in Russia very pure and unadulterate, among the Finns and Lapps. Nor is Great Britain without them, especially in north Scotland and Wales. Imagine Europe spread thinly with comparatively peace-loving nomads, worshipping the sun and fire, fearing fetiches; idolaters addicted to certain grave vices, and very crude as regards morality, but on the whole a fine race. Into their scattered tribes penetrate the Kelts with a stronger civilization; active minded; belligerent; more chivalrous to their own women; given to agriculture, but passionately fond of roving; not skilled in the arts and magical sciences. Imagine these conquering in most countries—only to be split in turn by wedges of Teutons and Slavs. Somewhere in the Ural district, it may be, the Finns escaped slavery from these swarms, and learned to hate and fear their kindred, the Lapps, as sorcerers and guileful folk who met ruse with ruse, as we see them shadowed forth in the runes of the Kalewala. Thus they brought with them to the Baltic the traditions, habits, and customs of a Central Asian race untouched by alien influences. The renown of Finns and Lapps for magic in northern Europe is like that of Britons in Gaul at Cæsar's time. When ill, the Tsar Ivan the Terrible sent to Lapland for two witches to cure him. Other branches of the same stock had a like sinister fame, namely the Chaldæans and Etruscans. The softness of Italian compared with Latin may come from the rise of this soft-spoken stratum of Italy's population during the centuries when education ceased. Thus on all sides are evidences of the unity of an underlying race forced to accept other tongues, whose trace can still be pursued in the greatest literary monuments of the world—the Bible, Homer, the Kalewala, Shah-Nameh, and the epical and legendary compositions of the old Gaels.

Native historians have left hints of aborigines belonging to this stock, if one burrow beneath the grotesque derivations from Palestine, Greece, and Egypt which later fashions, chiefly Christian, have added to the records. Partholon was the first permanent settler, just three hundred years after the Deluge! yet he had to fight hunter and fisher tribes for a lodgment. Curiously enough, in the name of these aboriginal tribes there is a Ugrian touch. Their ruler was descended, we learn, from a king of the Ughmor mountains, which Eugene O'Curry calls the ancient Gaelic name for the Caucasus! The Cyclopean fort on the Arann Islands, off

Galway, was built by a son of Ughmor, famous for his poisoned spear,—a trait of various hated foes of the Gaels,—and a Fomorian, or sea-robber, of the race that fortified Tory Island, on the north coast. The name is Uighur if the *m* is softened into a *w* according to Gaelic practice. This is a fair hint that the Fomorians, in whom Professor de Jubainville sees little more than a fabulous race of night and fog demons, have at least some historical reality to stand on. Tory Island has been supposed to get its name from its "tors," or pinnacles of rock, or from "tory," a robber. We can now perceive, however, a likelier origin for the word, whether applied to the island or to the bands of political refugees and malcontents who fled to the bogs of Ulster in troubled times. We find in the Kalewala that Turya was a name for Lapland, or the country of wizards where the Kaleva heroes go to beat the Lapps in magic, and also, singularly enough, to get their brides. Tory Island may well have gained its name when the Finno-Ugrians still spoke their old tongue in Ireland. There, it now appears, they held out as Fomorians—perhaps *Fer-Ughmor*, Uighurmen—against the Gaels, until dislodged with fearful sacrifice of men on both sides. Then arose the ill-fame of Tory Island for witchcraft and pirates. Then it must have been that the word "tory" became fixed in the Irish language as a synonym for robber.

In Asia war has gone on for ages between the Aryans of Iran and the Turks of Turan. In Ireland a similar warfare existed; but it ended ages ago in the obliteration and absorption of the nomads. The great battles of Tura-Plain,—which many think historical, others fabulous,—what are they but campaigns in the warfare of Aryan against Turanian fought at the extreme west of Europe? The very names are the same. Archaeologists have been deterred from seeing this merely because in the last century men made bold guesses, and in trying to work them out landed, through lack of evidence, in obvious absurdities. It is time to examine with composure even the writings of General Vallancey, and give that much-abused archaeologist credit wherever it is deserved.

This clue in hand, we can explore many labyrinths of Ireland's past hitherto unthreadable. Startling resemblances between old Irish and Hebrew customs, which caused native writers to assert direct emigrations from Palestine, are explainable through ideas coming to the Jews from Chaldeans and those coming to the Kelts from their Ugrian ancestors. The bloody and horrible rites of Phenicians found again in Ireland do not mean a colony from Carthage, but result from like traditions among ancient men of the same stock living far apart.

It explains many things in the arts and architecture of the island.

The pagan literature of Ireland may be divided provisionally into an earlier and a later epoch. The earlier may be called the "Mab-Cuchulinn" period, to which most of the extravagant giant and fairy stories with traits like those in the Finnic Kalewala may be assigned. In the feast of Bricriu Poison-tongue, the hero Cuchulinn appears under the most savage aspect. He cuts down harmless workingmen nine at a time out of pure deviltry, strolls through the country on head-hunting tours like a Dyak of Borneo, demands the daughters of his temporary hosts for his pleasure, meets a princess and carries her off, stops the enchanted spear of her father by magic, and is cursed by him to wander till he can solve certain riddles. In doing so he combats goblins and sea-witches, who are counterparts of Grendel of the Marshes and Grendel's mother in the Anglo-Saxon lay of *Béowulf*. Queen Meave, or Mab, and her husband Ailil are the royal persons round whom many extravagant stories revolve. They seem to belong to the fairy race Danann, while the champion Cuchulinn is their enemy, appearing to be a *Firbolg*. Celtic traits exist in plenty, but many features are Finnic, after the spirit of the Kalewala. Cuchulinn fights the whole army and court of Meave, just as Wainamoinen and his fellow-heroes proceed alone to cope with the magic and armed bands of Louhi, the fell hostess of Pohjola.

The later pagan ballads we will call the Fion-Oisín cycle, because Fion, or Find, the hero round whom the adventures of the Fenian troops have crystallized, is generally the chief actor or singer, while very often the words are put in the mouth of Oisín, his son, the Ossian of Macpherson's late Gaelic poems. Here belong the ballads in which Oisín, a revenant from the Land of Eternal Youth at the time of St. Patrick, recites to him the adventures of the Fenians with a rumble of hatred against bell, book, priests, and hymns which is extremely humorous and diverting. The doings and sayings of Fion are only a little less Finnic than those of Cuchulinn. There is the same invincibility through magical arts, the swords that kill of themselves, the harness dipped in poison to make it spear-proof. As one reads the Kalewala in the recent translation by Dr. J. M. Crawford:

Mother dear, my gray-haired mother,  
Wilt thou straightway wash my linen  
In the blood of poisoned serpents,  
In the black blood of the adder?  
I must hasten to the combat,  
To the campfires of the Northland,  
To the battlefields of Lapland.

There is the same bold wooing and violent abduction of brides, and restoration of wounded heroes by magical means. The methods of the physician partook of the practice of Siberian *shamans* or Indian medicine-men, though the profession stood very high when learning flourished in Ireland and languished elsewhere. In one tract we read how the learned Fionin (little Fion) is called to heal a chief who has been badly wounded, but an enemy has secretly bribed his attendant to put certain objects in the wounds, which have healed over. Fionin approaches the wicker house with four pupils, the number to which he is legally entitled, and hears three groans in succession from this Irish Philoktetes.

"What groan is that?" asks Fionin of his first pupil.

"It is from a poisoned barb."

"And what groan is that?" he demands of the second scholar.

"It is from a hidden reptile."

"And what groan is that?"

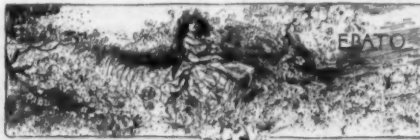
"It is from a poisoned seed," answers pupil number three.

Fionin then enters and cuts open the wounds, extracts from one a poisoned barb, from another a reptile, from a third a seed, and the chief gets well. This is evidence that the native

doctor used the same jugglery we find among the Indians when the medicine-man pretends to extract some object from his patient and by so doing often encourages him back to health. Customs that have hardly disappeared from Finland and Ireland, or are fresh in tradition, existed in both countries, such as putting children out to fosterage, blood-brotherhood,—a rite whereby champions bound themselves closer than by natural ties of birth,—keening and wailing the dead, domestic slavery, burial of objects to help the spirit on its way, tools and weapons of bronze, and utensils of wood much the same in shape. Morality of a very lax type among chiefs and of a higher sort among peasants is alike found, as well as a confusion between the human being and animals—each and all traits and resemblances which would mean little taken separately, but which aid materially the argument when all the other similarities are considered.

But a fuller statement of the manners and customs, the myths and legends, which point to a vanished Turanian race in Ireland must be deferred for the present. I hope to show that in one way or another many puzzling points in the history of Ireland and the character of her people can be solved by means of this key.

*Charles de Kay.*



### A FIRE OPAL.

**I**RIS dwells in thee and throws  
Rays of leaf-green and of rose,  
Limpid amber courseth through  
Violet glooms of fading hue.

Opal, well surnamed of fire,  
If some stranger should inquire  
Whence thy swift caprices came,—  
Morn-mist closing evening-flame,—  
Do thou kindling answer bring,  
Many-passioned lambent thing!  
Say with cosmic throe was born  
All thy life of love and scorn,  
Yet not chance but deathless law  
Bred thy beauty from a flaw.  
Speak thou, too, with perfect art,  
For wild Genius' burning heart,  
Whose perfection springs, like thine,  
From some touch of scath divine.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## THE LIFE OF ADMINISTRATIVE EXILES.

**I**N order that I may set forth in a connected and intelligible form the results of my investigation of the Russian exile system, at this point I find myself compelled to break the continuity of my narrative, and to bring together in a single paper a quantity of material relating to but one branch of my subject, but gathered piecemeal at different times, and in many widely separated parts of Siberia. To present a large number of closely related facts in the chronological order in which they were obtained would be to scatter them through half a dozen articles, and thus deprive them of much of their cumulative force and significance. It seems best, therefore, to group such facts in a single paper dealing exclusively with that particular feature of the subject to which they all relate. This will necessitate a brief interruption of the narrative, and an omission, for a single month, of the pictorial illustrations; but it will enable me to deal broadly and comprehensively with one of the most interesting and important phases of the exile system.

In the article entitled "Exile by Administrative Process," printed in *THE CENTURY* for September, 1888, I grouped a number of related facts to show the working of what is known in Russia as the "administrative" banishment of political offenders. I purpose in the present paper to group in a similar way as many facts as possible with regard to the life of political offenders in the places to which they have been "administratively" banished.

The forcible deportation of "untrustworthy" Russian citizens to Siberia by executive order and without trial first became common in the later years of the reign of Alexander II. Administrative banishment had occasionally been resorted to before that time as a convenient means of getting rid of obnoxious persons; but in 1878 and 1879, when the struggle between the police and the terrorists grew hot and fierce, exile by administrative process became a common thing, and people who were known to hold liberal opinions, or who were thought to be in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, were sent to Siberia by the score. If forbidden books, or copies of the "Messenger of the Will of the People," were found by the police in a young man's room, the fact was

regarded as a sufficient warrant for his banishment. If an enthusiastic university student, inspired with an unselfish desire to do something to elevate the lower classes, ventured to open an evening school for factory operatives in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, he was sent to Siberia by administrative process. If a dozen or more young people were surprised together at night under suspicious circumstances, their names were recorded in the "untrustworthy" list of the police, and the next time the Government found it necessary to "take more vigorous measures for the preservation of public order," these unfortunate young men and women, who perhaps had assembled merely to read and discuss the works of Herbert Spencer or of John Stuart Mill, were arrested and sent to Siberia as conspirators. Friends and relatives of convicted revolutionists were banished by administrative process as a matter of course, and long before the assassination of Alexander II, six or eight hundred young people, representing all classes and all social grades, had been swept into the prisons by the drag-net of the police, and sent thence to Siberia by administrative process without even the pretense of a trial.<sup>1</sup> Before the end of the year 1880 there was hardly a town or large village in Western Siberia that did not contain administrative exiles, and there were whole colonies of such offenders in Tara, Tiukalinsk, Ishim, Yalutorfsk, Semipalatinsk, Kokchetav, Akmolinsk, Kurgan, Surgut, Ust Kamenogorsk, Omsk, Tomsk, and Berezof.

No rules for the government of these exiles were at that time in force. Banishment by administrative process was, in a certain sense, an extra legal measure—a measure not defined and regulated by legislative enactment, but rather set in operation and directed by personal impulse. As a natural consequence it was pliant, changeable, and wholly subservient to the will of the higher authorities. By administrative process a man might be banished to Siberia for a year, for ten years, or for life; he might be sent to the hot sun-scorched plains of the Irtysh, or to the snowy wilderness of Yakutsk; he might be treated like an infant ward, like a forced colonist, or like a hard-labor convict; and, as against the Minister of the Interior, he had not a single legally sanctioned and enforceable right. His situation

<sup>1</sup> In 1882 the number of persons who had been dealt with by administrative process and were living under police surveillance was officially given as 1500.

Most of these people were in exile. ("Review of the Rules concerning Police Surveillance," *Juridical Messenger*, Moscow, December, 1882, p. 557.)



was in many respects worse than that of a common felon. The latter knew at least how long and for what reason he had to suffer; his political status was definitely fixed by law, and to some extent he was protected by law from capricious ill treatment at the hands of petty Siberian officials. The administrative exile, however, had no such protection. He stood wholly outside the pale of promulgated law: his term of banishment was not fixed, but could be indefinitely extended by the authorities at pleasure; he had no ascertainable rights, either as a citizen or as a criminal, and no means of knowing whether the local officials in dealing with him overstepped or did not overstep the limits of their rightful authority. The only checks upon their power, so far as he was concerned, were the "secret" letters of instruction that they received now and then from the Minister of the Interior. Even these checks were nominal rather than real, since the letters were often inconsistent one with another; they did not provide for half of the multifarious cases that arose; and the local authorities, when in doubt, acted upon their own judgment, and when irritated or excited disregarded the letters of instruction altogether. The natural results of such a state of affairs were confusion, disorder, and constant abuse of power. In one place the administrative exiles were required to appear every day at the police station, sign their names in a book, and report personally to the *ispravnik*; in another place they were subjected to a constant and humiliating surveillance, which did not respect even the privacy of young women's bedrooms. One *ispravnik* would allow them to earn a little money by teaching or practicing medicine, while another would throw them into prison for merely giving a music lesson or prescribing a single dose of quinine. An exile in Ust Kamenogorsk might go three or four miles from his place of banishment without receiving so much as a reprimand, while another exile, in Ishim, might be sent to an *ooloo* in the province of Yakutsk for merely walking two hundred yards into the woods to pick berries. Everywhere there were irregularities, inconsistencies, and misunderstandings which brought the administrative exiles almost daily into collision with the local authorities.

This state of things continued until the year 1882, when the present Tsar approved a code of rules for the government of all persons living at home or in exile under police surveillance.<sup>1</sup> I purpose to review briefly this Code, and then to illustrate, by means of selected cases, its bearing upon the life of administra-

tive exiles in Siberia. The Code comprises forty sections and fills five closely printed octavo pages; and it is a somewhat singular fact that, although its provisions relate almost wholly to persons who have been administratively banished, they do not contain anywhere the word "exile," nor the word "banishment," nor the word "Siberia." The author of the Code seems to have been ashamed to let it clearly and definitely appear that these are regulations for the government of men and women who have been torn from their homes and banished without trial to the remotest parts of Siberia. The only suggestion of exile in the whole document is contained in the words:

Police surveillance, over persons assigned to definite places of residence, takes effect by virtue of such assignment, and for the period of residence fixed. [Sect. 2.]

There is nothing whatever in these colorless words to indicate that the "definite places of residence" to which the offending "persons" have been "assigned" may be situated within the Arctic Circle, 5000 miles east of St. Petersburg; and I am confident that an uninstructed reader might commit the whole Code to memory without even suspecting that it relates to men and women who have been banished without trial to the wild frontiers of Mongolia, or to Yakut *ooloos* near the Asiatic pole of cold. The author of the Rules has made police surveillance the most prominent feature of his legislation, and has artfully hidden behind it, in the background, what he euphemistically calls "assigned to definite places of residence."

It might have startled the moral sense even of the Russian community if he had entitled his Code, as he ought to have entitled it, "Rules to govern the behavior of men and women exiled without trial to Siberia by the Minister of the Interior." The plain, blunt words, "exile without trial to Siberia," sound badly; but there is nothing to shock the most sensitive mind in the periphrastic statement that "Persons prejudicial to the public peace may be assigned by administrative process to definite places of residence."

When one is told that a Russian citizen, not accused of any crime, may be arrested by the police; may be sent, by virtue of a mere executive order, to a peasant village in Siberia; and may be forced to reside there for a term of years, one naturally asks, "What are the conditions of the life that such a person is compelled to live? What provision does the law make for his support? What is he allowed to do? What is he forbidden to do? and How in general is he treated?" To each of

<sup>1</sup> *Polozhenie o Politzeskom Nadzore* [Rules concerning Police Surveillance]. Approved by the Tsar, March 12, 1882.

these questions the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" furnish an answer; and as the official replies to such questions naturally carry more weight than the replies that might be made by the banished persons themselves, I will briefly summarize the Code, which administrative exiles sometimes humorously call their "Constitution," or "Bill of Rights." It is as follows:

The maximum limit of banishment with police surveillance shall henceforth be five years. [Sect. 3.]

As soon as an exile reaches his destination he shall be deprived of his passport, and shall be furnished with another document setting forth his name, rank, and previous residence, and giving notice to all concerned that he is authorized to live in the village of X—. [Sect. 5.]

He shall not leave the place to which he has been banished without permission from the proper authorities; and if he move from one house to another, he shall notify the police within twenty-four hours. [Sect. 7.]

He may be allowed to absent himself temporarily, in a case of particularly urgent importance, if his behavior has been such as to meet the approval of the police; but in every such case he shall obtain the permission of the governor before going outside the limits of the district, and the permission of the Minister of the Interior before going outside the limits of the province. [Sect. 8.]

An administrative exile to whom such permission has been granted must be provided with a pass and a detailed description of the route to be followed; he shall not stop on the way unless sick or unable to proceed, in which case he must give notice at once to the nearest authorities; he shall report to the police in every town or village through which he passes; and he may be sent back to his place of banishment at any time and from any point in his journey, without regard to his permit, if his behavior shall seem to be suspicious. [Sects. 9-16.]

Administrative exiles shall always report in person to the police at the first summons. [Sect. 17.]

The local police authorities shall have the right to enter the house or room of an administrative exile at any hour of the day or night, and they shall also have the right to search such house or room and to take away any of its contents. [Sect. 19.]

Administrative exiles shall not hold any position in the service of the state or of society, and shall not do any writing for any state, municipal, or other institution, without special permission from the Minister of the Interior. [Sect. 21.]

Administrative exiles shall not be the founders, the presiding officers, nor the members of any private society or company; and they shall not act as guardians, or as curators, without permission from the Minister of the Interior. [Sects. 22, 23.]

Administrative exiles are forbidden to engage in any kind of pedagogic work; they are forbidden to give instruction in the arts or trades to scholars or apprentices; they are forbidden to deliver lectures or public addresses; they are forbidden to take part in public meetings of scientific societies; they are forbidden to participate in theatrical performances or scenic representations; and they are forbidden,

generally, to exercise any public activity. They are also forbidden to have anything to do, in the capacity either of proprietor, overseer, clerk, or laborer, with any photograph gallery, lithographic establishment, printing-office, or library; they are forbidden to deal in books or other productions of the press; they are forbidden to keep tea-houses or grog-shops; and they are forbidden to trade in any way in intoxicating liquor. [Sect. 24.]

Administrative exiles shall not be received into state, municipal, or private schools, or educational institutions, without special permission from the Minister of the Interior, approved by the educational authorities. [Sect. 25.]

Administrative exiles shall not appear and plead in the courts except in behalf of themselves, their parents, their wives, or their children. They shall not act as physicians, accoucheurs, apothecaries, or chemists, without permission from the Minister of the Interior. [Sects. 26, 27.]

All lawful occupations, not above mentioned, shall, as a rule, be open to administrative exiles; but the governor of the province may nevertheless, in his discretion, forbid an exile to engage in any business that may, by virtue of local conditions, enable such exile to attain illegal ends, or render him a menace to public peace and order. [Sect. 28.]

The Minister of the Interior shall have the right to withhold from administrative exiles all letters and telegrams, and to subject their whole correspondence—including both letters written and letters received—to police supervision. [Sect. 29.]

Failure to submit to any of the rules set forth in Sections 11-29 shall be punished with imprisonment for a period of not less than three days nor more than one month. Administrative exiles who leave their places of banishment without permission may also be tried and punished under Section 63 of the Code providing for offenses within the jurisdiction of justices of the peace. [Sect. 32.]

Administrative exiles who have no pecuniary means of their own shall receive an allowance from the Government treasury for their support, and for the support of their families, if the latter voluntarily go with them to their places of banishment. This allowance, however, shall not be made to exiles who fail to obtain employment through bad conduct or habitual laziness. [Sects. 33-37.]

Administrative exiles and their families shall be treated in the local hospitals, when sick, at the expense of the Government. [Sect. 38.]

Administrative exiles who may not have means to defray the expense of return to their homes at the expiration of their terms of banishment shall receive aid from the Government, in accordance with the imperial order of January 10, 1881, unless special directions with regard to the return of such persons shall have been given by the Minister of the Interior. [Sect. 40.]

Such, in brief, is the administrative exiles' "Constitution." I have everywhere substituted the words "administrative exiles," "banishment," and "places of banishment," for the ambiguous or misleading expressions, "persons under police surveillance," "assignment to definite places of residence," and "places of domiciliation," which are used in the text; but

in so doing I have merely given clearer expression to the real meaning of the Code. Men and women banished by administrative process are not known to Russian law as "exiles." They are "pod-nadzorni," or "persons under surveillance," and their banishment is called by a euphemistic legal fiction "vodvorenia," or "domiciliation" in "definite places of residence." It must, of course, mitigate the grief of a bereaved mother to learn from a perusal of this law that her only son has not been "exiled," but merely "domiciled" in an "assigned place of residence" near the spot where Captain De Long and the sailors of the *Jeannette* perished from cold and hunger.

When an administrative exile, after weeks or months of travel "by étape," reaches at last the Siberian town or village to which he has been "assigned," and in which he is to be "domiciled," he is conducted to the police station, is furnished with an identifying document called a "veed na zheetelstvo," or "permit to reside," and receives, from the *ispravnik* or the *zasedatel*, a printed copy of the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." He is informed at the same time that he cannot go outside the limits of the village without permission; that his correspondence is "under control"; and that, as a precaution against escape, he will be required to report personally at stated intervals to the chief of police, or will be visited as often as may be necessary by an officer detailed to watch him. His first need, of course, is shelter; and taking his exile passport and his copy of the "Rules" in his hand, he goes in search of a "domicile." The fact that he is a political exile is not stated in his "permit to reside," but everybody knows it,—he has been seen to arrive in the village under guard,—and householders are naturally unwilling or reluctant to give him lodgings. A political exile is presumably a dangerous man, and, moreover, a man who is liable to be visited at all hours of the day and night by the police. A peasant villager does not care to have his house invaded every day, and perhaps half a dozen times a day, by a suspi-

cious police officer; and, besides that, he (the householder) may be required to watch the movements of his dangerous lodger, and at inconvenient times may be summoned to the police station to answer questions. In view of these unpleasant possibilities, he thinks it safest not to have anything to do with a person about whom nothing is known except that he is a state criminal under police surveillance. As the tired political goes from house to house seeking lodgings, and as he finds himself regarded everywhere with fear or suspicion, he understands and appreciates the feeling that impels a common criminal colonist to call an exile's "permit to reside" a "wolf's passport."

At last, with the aid perhaps of other political exiles, he finds and rents a single scantily furnished room in the house of some poor peasant; unpacks his portmanteau, and proceeds to make the acquaintance of his environment. The first and most important question that arises in his mind is the question of subsistence. How is he to live? He has left his wife and young children entirely unprovided for in European Russia; he has long been tortured by a vivid consciousness of their helpless and destitute condition, and now he finds himself suddenly confronted with the question of maintenance for himself. What is he to do? He examines the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," and learns from Section 33 that "administrative exiles who have no pecuniary means of their own shall receive an allowance from the Government treasury for their support." This "allowance," as he soon ascertains, is six rubles, or a little less than three dollars, a month. He makes inquiries in the town or village market-place, and finds, as the result of his investigations, that if he receives the Government allowance, and buys only the things that he regards as absolutely essential to life, his monthly budget will stand as given below.<sup>1</sup>

From this balance-sheet it appears that although an administrative exile in the province of Tobolsk limits himself to the barest essentials of life; spends nothing for service, for

<sup>1</sup> This is a real, not an imaginary, exile balance-sheet, and the prices are those that prevailed in the town of Surgut, province of Tobolsk, Western Siberia, in the spring of 1888.

## RECEIPTS.

Government allowance.....	\$3.00
Deficit.....	1.72

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\$4.72

## EXPENDITURES.

Rent of a single room.....	\$1.00
40 lbs. of meat.....	1.50
40 lbs. of wheat flour.....	.58
40 lbs. of rye flour.....	.33
10 eggs.....	.12
A "brick" of tea—cheapest.....	.79
1 lb. of sugar.....	.10
1 lb. of tobacco, cheapest sort.....	.25
1 lb. of kerosene.....	.05

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\$4.72

washing, for fuel, or for medicines; and uses only five cents' worth of kerosene and ten cents' worth of sugar in a month, he exceeds by \$1.72 his monthly allowance. It is evident, therefore, that the question of personal maintenance is not to be solved in this way. The thoughts of the exile then turn naturally to employment. He cannot expect, of course, to find in a remote Siberian village as many opportunities for the exercise of trained intellectual ability as he might find in St. Petersburg or Moscow; but he does not insist upon profitable employment, or even upon employment that shall be pleasant and congenial; he is ready to undertake work of any kind that will enable him to keep soul and body together. He has had a university training; he knows three or four languages; he is, perhaps, a skillful physician and surgeon like Dr. Baillie in Verkhoyansk, a photographer like Mr. Karelin in Ust Kamenogorsk, or a journalist like Mr. Bielokonski in Minusinsk; he is an expert penman, a good accountant, a competent teacher, and a fair musician. It seems to him that he can hardly fail, even in Siberia, to earn fifty cents a day, and fifteen dollars a month would enable him to live in comparative decency and comfort. However, upon again consulting the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," he finds that he is strictly forbidden, under pain of imprisonment, to act in the capacity of teacher, doctor, chemist, photographer, lithographer, librarian, copyist, editor, compositor, contributor, reporter, lecturer, actor, lawyer, bookseller, or clerk. He cannot hold any position in the service of the state or of society; he cannot be an officer or a partner in any commercial company; he cannot be a member of any scientific body; he cannot have anything to do with drugs, medicines, photographic or lithographic materials, books, weapons, or newspapers; and, finally, he cannot "exercise any public activity." What is there left for an educated man to do? All the pursuits for which his life and previous training have qualified him are absolutely closed to him. He has not the manual skill necessary to fit him for the work of a carpenter, a shoemaker, a wheelwright, or a blacksmith; he cannot turn merchant or trader, for lack of the requisite capital; and he cannot become a driver or a teamster, on account of his inability to leave the village to which he has been assigned. The only occupation, therefore, that seems to be open to him is the cultivation of the soil. The "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" do not forbid him to raise potatoes, turnips, and cabbages,—there is no danger that he will infect the soil with his "seditious" ideas,—and in agricultural labor he determines to seek a solution of the hard prob-

lem of life. He soon learns, however, that all of the arable land in the neighborhood of the village belongs to the village commune, and has already been allotted to its members. He cannot find a single acre of unappropriated soil without going four or five versts away, and if he steps outside the narrow limits of the settlement he renders himself liable to arrest and imprisonment. In this disheartening situation—banished to Siberia and tied hand and foot by the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance"—he can do absolutely nothing except make an appeal to the Governor, the Governor-General, or the Minister of the Interior, and beg, as a favor, for a recognition of his right to labor for his daily bread.

In 1883 the political exiles in the town of Akmolinsk applied to General Kolpakofski, the Governor-General of the steppe provinces, for permission to give music lessons. They found it almost impossible, they said, either to live on the Government allowance, or to support themselves by any of the means that the "Rules" left open to them. They could, however, teach music, and they begged to be allowed to do so. This seemed—or would seem to an American—a very modest, natural, and reasonable request. There is nothing "dangerous" or "prejudicial to public order" in a piano, and it was hardly to be supposed that Siberian children would become nihilists as a result of learning five-finger exercises. Governor-General Kolpakofski, however, either thought that the petitioners would undermine the loyalty of the children of Akmolinsk by teaching them revolutionary songs, or believed that destitution and misery are the natural and proper concomitants of administrative exile. He therefore replied to the letter by saying that teaching was an occupation forbidden by the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," and that if the administrative exiles in Akmolinsk needed work, in order to obtain the necessities of life, they might "hire themselves out to the Kirghis, who pay from five to seven cents a day for laborers." This was almost as cruel and insulting as it would be to tell post-graduate students of the Johns Hopkins University, who had been banished without trial to the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, that if they needed employment they might catch grasshoppers for the Digger Indians.

About the same time, the political exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk asked General Kolpakofski for permission to occupy and cultivate a tract of Government land near their place of banishment. They offered to improve the land, to pay rent for it as soon as it should become productive, and to leave all their improvements to the state, without reimbursement, at the expiration of their term of exile. This, again, was



a reasonable proposition, and, moreover, a proposition advantageous in every way to the state. The Governor-General, however, made to it the same reply that he had made to the petition of the administrative exiles in Akmolinsk, viz., that if they needed work they might hire themselves out as day laborers to the Cossacks.<sup>1</sup>

The "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" are not enforced with uniform strictness at all times, nor in all parts of Siberia, and the extent to which they debar exiles from employment is largely dependent upon the character of the officials who are intrusted with their enforcement. General Tseklinski, the late Governor of the province of Semipalatinsk, treated the exiles in his jurisdiction with humanity and consideration; not because he was in sympathy with their views, but simply because he was a gentleman and a humane and considerate officer. The same statement may justly be made, I think, with regard to Mr. Nathaniel Petukhof, who at the time of my visit was acting-governor of the province of Tomsk. In the province of Tobolsk, on the other hand, the administrative exiles have always been treated with harshness, and at times with brutal severity. As recently as April of the present year (1888) the political exiles in the town of Surgut,<sup>2</sup> to the number of nineteen men, addressed a respectful letter to the Minister of the Interior, protesting against the tyrannical cruelty of Mr. Troynitski, the present Governor of the province of Tobolsk, declaring that their situation had become insupportable, and solemnly giving notice that, whatever might be the consequences, they would no longer submit. A copy of this protest has been sent to me from Siberia and lies before me as I write. It is too long and circumstantial to be embodied in this article, but I hope to publish it, with other similar documents, at an early day. How desperate the situation of these exiles must have been appears from the fact that some of them had almost finished their terms of banishment, and had only to suffer a little longer without complaint in order to be free; but they could suffer *no* longer. There is a limit to human endurance, and that limit the Surgut exiles had reached. All that I know

of their fate, and of the result of their protest, I learn from a brief paragraph in the "Siberian Gazette," which announces that "nineteen audaciously impudent political exiles" in the town of Surgut "have been removed"; and that the ispravnik of Surgut and the chief of police of Tobolsk have been officially "thanked" by the provincial governor, Mr. Troynitski, for the distinguished services rendered by them on the occasion of this "removal." To what lonely and far-away corner of Siberia these nineteen unfortunate politicals have been sent for their "audaciously impudent" attempt to touch the heart and awaken the sympathies of Count Dmitri Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, I do not know. There are only a few "places of domiciliation" worse than Surgut. One of them is Berezof, near the mouth of the river Ob, 2700 miles from St. Petersburg; another is Turukhansk, a "town" of 32 houses and 181 inhabitants situated near the Arctic Circle, 4100 miles from St. Petersburg; and the third is the dreaded province of Yakutsk.<sup>3</sup>

The administrative exile who, upon reaching his place of banishment, finds himself within the jurisdiction of a governor like Mr. Troynitski is probably forced by imperious necessity to petition the Minister of the Interior for relief. He is without pecuniary means of his own; he cannot live on the allowance of three dollars a month made to him by the state; and the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance" are enforced by the Governor with such pitiless severity that a man who is subject to them cannot possibly earn his daily bread and at the same time keep out of jail. Under such circumstances the banished political offender, who perhaps is a physician, writes to the Minister of the Interior a statement of the facts, informs his Excellency that there is no physician in the town or village to which he (the exile) has been assigned, and asks if he cannot be allowed to resume the practice of his profession. This, apparently, is even more than a reasonable request. The petitioner is a trained and skillful physician. He is living perhaps in a district containing twenty thousand inhabitants, scattered over hundreds of square miles, and urgently in need of medical advice and

<sup>1</sup> These illustrations of official harshness and indifference were given to me in writing by a political exile in the province of Semipalatinsk whose statements I have every reason to trust. I did not meet General Kolpakofski while in Omsk, and I have no personal knowledge of his character; but I did meet there the Governor of the province of Akmolinsk, and he impressed me as a man who would be quite capable of preparing for the Governor-General's signature just such a letter as that which was sent to the Akmolinsk exiles in response to their petition for leave to teach music. In some parts of Eastern Siberia official acts even more

extraordinary and incredible than these came under my direct personal observation.

<sup>2</sup> Surgut is a small town of 1300 inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the river Ob, in the province of Tobolsk, about five degrees south of the Arctic Circle. It is 575 miles north-east of the city of Tobolsk, and 2500 miles from St. Petersburg.

<sup>3</sup> To these places are sent political offenders who, after their banishment to Siberia, manifest an insubordinate disposition, or, in other words, address "audaciously impudent" complaints of ill treatment to the Minister of the Interior.

help.<sup>1</sup> To an American it would seem as if the request of an exiled physician to be allowed to practice in such a country as this must not only be granted, but be welcomed with gratitude. Does the Minister of the Interior so treat it?

In 1883 the Medical Society of the city of Tver<sup>2</sup> sent a memorial to the Minister of the Interior setting forth the facts with regard to the lack of medical assistance and the urgent need of trained medical officers in Siberia, calling his Excellency's attention to the large number of physicians and medical students living in that part of the empire under sentence of banishment, and asking whether the Government would not consider favorably a suggestion that such physicians and medical students be exempted from the disabilities imposed by Section 27 of the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," and be allowed to practice in the provinces to which they had been banished. Nothing certainly could have been more wise and humane; nothing could have been more worthy of respectful consideration than such a suggestion from such a source. With what reception did it meet? I am sorry to say that it met with swift punishment. For sending this memorial to the Minister of the Interior—for venturing to intercede in behalf of physicians banished upon suspicion of political "untrustworthiness"—the Medical Society of Tver was closed and forbidden to hold further meetings, and two of its members, who happened to be in the service of the state as surgeons in the Tver hospital, were summarily dismissed from their places.<sup>3</sup>

If persons who merely suggest that exiled physicians be allowed to practice are punished in this way by the Minister of the Interior, one

can imagine how exiled physicians themselves who practice without permission are punished by that minister's subordinates.

In the year 1880 there was living in the city of Kharkoff a young medical student named Nifont Dólgopólof. He had finished his course of instruction in the medical faculty of the Kharkoff University, and was about to take his final examination, when there occurred one of the scenes of tumult and disorder that are so common in Russian universities, when a large number of students, excited by some real or fancied grievance, undertake to hold an indignation meeting in the street opposite the university buildings. In Kharkoff, on the occasion to which I refer, the disturbance became so serious that the university authorities were unable to deal with it, and a troop of mounted Cossacks was sent to break up the meeting and to disperse the mob of excited undergraduates. Irritated by the resistance that they encountered, and determined to clear the street at all hazards, the Cossacks rode through the crowd of hooting students, striking right and left at random with the short, hinged riding-whips known in Russia as "nagaikas."<sup>4</sup> Mr. Dólgopólof, who was not a revolutionist, nor even an "untrustworthy" person, had nothing to do with the disorder; but he happened to be present in the street as a spectator, and when the Cossacks began using their whips he turned to a chinovnik—an officer of the civil service—who stood near him and exclaimed indignantly, "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! It is cowardly and disgraceful to strike men with whips!" The chinovnik called the attention of the police to Mr. Dólgopólof, and caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison as a person who was aiding and abetting the dis-

<sup>1</sup> In a "secret" report made by the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia to the Tsar in 1881, a copy of which is in my possession, it is stated that "the number of physicians in the country is utterly insufficient. I shall not depart from the truth if I say that in the cities only is there any possibility of taking medical measures for the preservation of the health of the people. In every other part of Eastern Siberia physicians are almost wholly lacking, and the local population is left helpless in its struggle with diphtheria and other contagious diseases which desolate the country. The adoption of measures to prevent the spread of disease among cattle is out of the question. Immense numbers of cattle die every year from plague, causing the people incalculable loss." ("Secret" and hitherto unpublished report of Governor-General Anutchin to the Tsar; section entitled "The Construction and Medical Departments.")

<sup>2</sup> Tver is a city of European Russia, situated on the Nikolaievsk railroad a short distance from Moscow. It is the capital of the province of the same name.

<sup>3</sup> My authorities for the facts of this case are four or five citizens of Tver, including two members of the Tver Medical Society.

<sup>4</sup> There was nothing extraordinary in this method of breaking up a street meeting of indignant students.

It was common enough at that time, and it has often been resorted to since. Precisely in this way began, on the 26th of November, 1887, the notorious revolt of the students in Moscow, which led eventually to the closing of all the great universities in the empire. A peaceful meeting of students on the Strastnoi Boulevard had been broken up by a "sotnia" of Cossacks with whips, under circumstances that made the outrage absolutely intolerable. The sufferers sent a circular letter of complaint and protest to their fellow-students in St. Petersburg, Kazan, Kiev, Kharkoff, and Odessa; the excitement extended, with growing intensity, from university to university; and the agitation finally culminated in the "going out" of 10,000 students and the arrest, rustication, or exile of more than 1000. The Russian Government attributes the spread of "nihilism" in the empire to the efforts of a few desperate fanatics and assassins who seek to overthrow all existing institutions. It is, perhaps, pertinent to inquire whether the horse-whipping of university students in the streets may not have some remote bearing upon the distressing phenomenon, and whether it may not explain to some extent the lamentable state of affairs that forces a naturally benevolent government to send its erring subjects to Siberia without trial.

order. Some months later the young medical student, without even the pretense of a trial, was exiled by administrative process to the town of Kurgan, in Western Siberia. In March, 1881, he was required to take the oath of allegiance to the new Tsar, Alexander III., and as a punishment for refusing to do so was sent to the town of Tiukalinsk. At that time the *ispravnik* of Tiukalinsk was a hot-tempered, unscrupulous, and brutal man named Ilyin; and with this official the young medical student soon came into collision. The first skirmish grew out of Dr. Dólgopólof's failure to obey strictly the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." He was a man of generous and sympathetic disposition, as well as a skillful surgeon, and he found it extremely difficult at times to avoid acting in a professional capacity. He never sought practice, nor made it a means of support; but when a peasant in the incipient stage of typhus fever asked him for advice, or a man suffering from cataract came to him for relief, he gave the requisite advice, or performed the necessary operation, without pay, simply because he regarded the rendering of such service as a duty imposed upon him by humanity. The fame of Dr. Dólgopólof's cures soon reached the *ispravnik*, and that official, summoning the young surgeon to the police station, called his attention in an offensive manner to Section 27 of the "Rules," and forbade him thereafter, upon pain of arrest and imprisonment, to treat sick peasants under any circumstances, with pay or without pay. Dr. Dólgopólof, after some hot words, submitted, and discontinued entirely his irregular and unauthorized practice; but his relations with the *ispravnik* at once became hostile. At that time the mayor of Tiukalinsk was a prominent and wealthy merchant named Balákhin. In the autumn of 1883 Mr. Balákhin's son, while handling a revolver, accidentally shot his mother in the leg. The wound was a dangerous one, and the extraction of the ball would necessitate a difficult surgical operation. The only regular physician in the place, a nervous and rather timid man named Hull, was called in, and succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage from the cut artery; but he declined to undertake the operation for the removal of the ball, and advised Mr. Balákhin to send for Dr. Dólgopólof. "He is a skillful surgeon," said the local practitioner, "and I am not. He can do what is necessary far better than I can, and I don't like to undertake so serious an operation." Mr. Balákhin thereupon hastened to Dr. Dólgopólof and asked his aid.

"I am not allowed to practice," said the young surgeon.

"But this may be a case of life or death," urged Mr. Balákhin.

"I can't help it," replied Dr. Dólgopólof; "my relations with the *ispravnik* are strained. I have already been once in trouble for practicing without authority; and I have been strictly forbidden to act professionally, under any circumstances whatever, upon pain of imprisonment."

"You were exiled to Siberia," said Mr. Balákhin, desperately, "for your humanity—because you showed sympathy with people in distress. Have you not courage and humanity enough now to come to the help of a suffering woman, even though you may be imprisoned for it?"

"If you put the question in that way," replied Dr. Dólgopólof, "I have. I will perform the operation and take the punishment."

Upon making an examination, Dr. Dólgopólof found that Mrs. Balákhina was not in immediate danger, and he thereupon suggested that a telegram be sent to Governor Lissogorski, at Tobolsk, asking that Dr. Dólgopólof be authorized to perform a grave surgical operation which the local practitioner declined to undertake. The telegram was sent, and in an hour an answer came, saying that the case was not one over which the Governor had jurisdiction, and directing the mayor to apply for the desired permission to the Medical Department of the Ministry of the Interior.

"You see," said Dr. Dólgopólof contemptuously to Mr. Balákhin, "how much regard your rulers have for human life."

He then performed the operation, extracted the ball, tied up the artery, and left Mrs. Balákhina comfortable and out of danger. On the following day the *ispravnik*, Ilyin, caused the young surgeon to be arrested and thrown into prison, and began proceedings in a case which still stands on record in the archives of the province of Tobolsk as "The affair of the unauthorized extraction of a bullet, by the administrative exile Nifont Dólgopólof, from the leg of Madame Balákhina, wife of the mayor of Tiukalinsk." While these proceedings dragged along in the Circumlocution Office of the provincial administration at Tobolsk, Dr. Dólgopólof lay in the foul district prison at Tiukalinsk, where he finally contracted typhus fever.<sup>1</sup>

Of course the case of Dr. Dólgopólof excited intense feeling in the little provincial town, and when he was taken sick, people came to the prison every day to inquire about him and to bring him food or flowers. These manifestations of public sympathy were not without their effect even upon the *ispravnik*, and, in

<sup>1</sup> The sanitary condition of the Tiukalinsk prison in 1884 was such that thirty per cent. of its inmates were treated in the prison hospital. (Report of the Prison Department for 1885.)

view of them, that official finally ordered that the young surgeon be released and taken to his home. At the same time, however, he wrote officially to Governor Lissogorski that the administrative exile Nifont Dólgopólof, while awaiting trial upon a criminal charge, was exerting a very dangerous and pernicious influence in the town; that people were showing him sympathy by bringing him food and flowers; and that this sympathy would very likely go even to the extent of furnishing him with means of escape. Under such circumstances he (the *ispravnik*) felt burdened with a responsibility that he thought should not be laid upon him, and he begged leave to suggest to his Excellency that the prisoner be removed forthwith to the town of Surgut, or to some other part of the province where he would not be known, and where he might be more securely guarded. There was not an intimation in the letter that Dr. Dólgopólof was lying dangerously ill from typhus fever; and Governor Lissogorski, ignorant of this important fact, telegraphed the *ispravnik* to send the prisoner at once "by *étape*" to the town of Surgut. The *ispravnik* summoned the *nachalnik* of the local convoy command, acquainted him with the Governor's orders, and directed him to carry them into effect. The convoy officer, however, declined to do so, upon the ground that he was strictly forbidden to receive from the local authorities prisoners who were sick; that Dr. Dólgopólof was in a dangerous condition; that he would very likely die on the road; and that he himself (the convoy officer) might then be held to serious accountability for violation of law in taking charge of him. The *ispravnik*, determined not to be thwarted in his attempt to get rid of a man whom he hated, obtained a peasant's cart, detailed two or three of his own police officers to act as a convoy, and went with them to the young surgeon's house. Dr. Dólgopólof was lying in bed, and was so weak that he could not stand. His wife resisted forcibly the attempt to remove him, whereupon she was tied hand and foot, and her husband, clothed only in a night-shirt, was carried out in a sheet and put into the cart. This transaction occurred on the 24th of October, 1883. The weather was cold and raw, and Dr. Dólgopólof would almost certainly have perished from exposure had not a sympathetic bystander taken off and thrown over

him his own fur "shuba," or overcoat. In this condition the sick prisoner was carried to the circuit town of Ishim, a distance of 126 miles. In Ishim there were at that time eleven political exiles, including the well-known Russian novelist Machtet. Many of them knew Dr. Dólgopólof personally, all of them knew his history, and as soon as they discovered his condition they went to the Ishim *ispravnik* and declared that they would resist to the uttermost, with force, any attempt to carry the young surgeon on. They had him examined by the local medical officer; they induced the *ispravnik* to draw up a "protocol," or statement of the circumstances of the case; and they telegraphed Governor Lissogorski at Tobolsk, asking whether he had authorized the *ispravnik* of Tiukalinsk to send a dying man out on the road, at that season of the year, with no other covering than a night-shirt. As soon as the Governor learned that Dr. Dólgopólof was sick he telegraphed the *ispravnik* at Ishim to have the young surgeon taken to the hospital and properly cared for, and suspended the order for his removal to Surgut. It was currently reported in Ishim that his Excellency also availed himself of this favorable opportunity to "squeeze" five hundred rubles out of the *ispravnik* of Tiukalinsk as the price of immunity from prosecution on the charge of violating law by sending an exile out on the road while dangerously sick. The report may or may not have been well founded, but it was a notorious fact that the Governor sold to the highest bidder most of the provincial offices at his disposal, and that he received payment in money intentionally lost to him at cards by the office seekers.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Dólgopólof remained in the Ishim hospital until he recovered his health, and was then sent forward to his destination. He was eventually transferred to the province of Semipalatinsk, where his condition was greatly improved, and where, when I last heard of him, he was engaged in making craniological measurements and anthropological researches among the Kirghis.<sup>2</sup>

I have, perhaps, devoted a disproportionate amount of space to this "affair of the unauthorized extraction of a bullet, by the administrative exile Nifont Dólgopólof, from the leg of Madame Balákhina, wife of the mayor of Tiukalinsk"; but it is a typical case, and

<sup>1</sup> There were *ispravniks* in Siberia, at the time of my visit, against whom were pending as many as ten criminal charges. They had contrived, however, by means best known to themselves and their superiors, to stave off trial year after year, and I have no doubt that they are still holding their places.

<sup>2</sup> A fairly accurate account of the treatment of Dr. Dólgopólof by the *ispravnik* of Tiukalinsk was published in the "Siberian Gazette" at Tomsk, and the

substance of it was reprinted in the London "Times" of January 11, 1884 (weekly edition), under the head of "Russia." The Russian censor, however, would not allow the "Siberian Gazette" to say that the victim of this brutality was a political exile, and consequently the London "Times" was unaware of the fact. The circumstances that led to the final collision between the *ispravnik* and the young surgeon are now published for the first time.



not only illustrates the inherent defects of the Russian method of dealing with "untrustworthy" citizens, but shows clearly the specific nature of the grievances against which the Surgut exiles protested in their letter to the Minister of the Interior last April. In that case one of the politicals, the late Mr. Leo Ivanoff, had been virtually murdered by official cruelty and indifference, and two others had been reduced to such a physical condition that, to use their own word, they regarded themselves as "doomed." As these two sick men have since been "removed" to Berezof, Turukhansk, or some worse place, they are, perhaps, by this time dead and out of their misery.

When an administrative exile has succeeded in solving the problem of personal maintenance, and when he is relieved from anxiety with regard to the necessities of life, such as food, shelter, and clothing, he begins to feel the humiliating restraints of police surveillance and "controlled" correspondence. The officers whose duty it is to watch him are often men of degraded character and criminal antecedents. Many of the "zasedatels," or chiefs of police in the "volosts" or districts, and a still greater number of "pisars," or district police secretaries, are common malefactors, sent to Siberia for felony, and taken into the Government service under assumed names at the expiration of their terms of forced colonization. The initials and places of residence of at least a score of these felons in police uniform have been published in the liberal Siberian newspapers. To men of this character are intrusted, in many parts of Siberia, the health, the honor, and the lives of refined and highly educated political exiles of both sexes, and it is not a matter for surprise if the latter are sometimes outrageously insulted and brutally treated. I personally know police officers in Siberia—and I particularly remember now two, one of them the chief of police in Minusinsk—whom I should hesitate to meet anywhere at night unless I had a revolver. Even in a comparatively well-governed city like Tomsk, the history of the police has been a history stained with acts of violence, outrage, and crime, including the arrest and imprisonment of innocent citizens by the hundred, the taking of bribes from notorious criminals, the subornation of perjury, the use of torture, and the beating nearly to death of pregnant women. According to the "Tomsk Provincial Gazette," an official journal, one of the recently appointed governors of that province received, on the occasion of his very first visit of inspection to the city prisons, no less than three hundred complaints of unjust imprisonment. Upon investigation, two hundred of them were shown to

be well founded, and the complainants were set at liberty.<sup>1</sup> So boundless is the power of ispravniks and chiefs of police in the smaller Siberian towns and villages, that among the peasants the expression once became proverbial, "In heaven, God; in Okhotsk, Koch." How many Kochs there are among the ispravniks and zasedatels in the remoter parts of Siberia only God, the peasants, and the political exiles know. The nature of the surveillance maintained by such officers as these over the banished politicals varies in different parts of Siberia; but to what extent the supervision may go is shown by an extract from the letter of an administrative exile published in the "Juridical Messenger," the organ of the Moscow Bar Association. It is as follows:

The surveillance maintained over us is of the most unceremonious character. The police officers strive to earn distinction by surpassing one another in assiduous watchfulness. They enter our quarters repeatedly every day to see that we are at home, and that no one else is there, and they go through all our rooms. They walk past our houses constantly, looking in at the windows and listening at the doors. They post sentries at night on the corners of the streets where we reside, and they compel our landlords and our neighbors to watch our movements and report upon them to the local authorities.<sup>2</sup>

A young lady who was in exile at Tunka, a small East Siberian village on the frontier of Mongolia, told me that it was not an unusual thing to come back to her apartments after a short walk, or a call upon some other exile, and find a police officer in cap and boots asleep on her bed. Fear of insult or outrage has forced most of the banished women in Siberia to live in the same houses with the exiled men. Madame Dicheskula lived in one half of the house occupied by Mr. Lobonofski in Semipalatinsk; Madame Breshkofskaya occupied a room adjoining that of Mr. Shamarin in Selenginsk; and I found the same state of affairs existing in a dozen other parts of Siberia. In fact, it is inevitable. Among the political exiles are defenseless girls from sixteen to twenty years of age, and young married women whose husbands are in other parts of Siberia or in penal servitude at the mines. They cannot live entirely alone under a system of surveillance which authorizes a runaway convict, in the uniform of a police officer, to enter their apartments at any hour of the day or night.

Another feature of administrative exile life, which exasperates and embitters the politicals

<sup>1</sup> "Police Law in Siberia," *Eastern Review* (St. Petersburg, Oct. 13, 1883), No. 41, p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "Review of the 'Rules concerning Police Surveillance,'" *Juridical Messenger* (Moscow, December, 1882), Vol. XIV., No. 12, p. 361.

almost as much as surveillance, is the supervision of their correspondence. An exile whose correspondence is "under control" cannot send a letter to his wife without previously submitting it to the *ispravnik* for supervision and approval. The *ispravnik* may, in his discretion, forward it to its destination, destroy it, or send it to the Minister of the Interior. Letters for an exile received at the local post-office are turned over to the same official, who opens and reads them, crosses out anything that may seem to him objectionable, and delivers them, after such mutilation, at his leisure. If he wishes to torture or punish an exile who is personally obnoxious to him, or who has been "audaciously impudent," he may withhold such exile's letters altogether, and deprive him for months of all news from the wife and children whom he has been forced to leave uncared for in European Russia. The *ispravnik* of Tara, in the province of Tobolsk, used to take the letters of exiles to the local official club, read them aloud to his friends, and ask advice with regard to the erasure or "blacking out" of particular passages. More than one political in Tara heard of his letters for the first time on the street from some person to whom the *ispravnik* had shown them. The reader can perhaps imagine, without any assistance from me, the feelings of a political exile who knows that the sacred words of love and tenderness written to him with agony and tears by the unhappy wife who is dearer to him than his own soul have been read aloud by the *ispravnik* between drinks of vodka to a circle of boon companions at the club. Even when an exile, by a fortunate accident, has heard of a letter addressed to him, he may not be able to get it. The *ispravnik*, after reading it to his friends, may conclude that it contains a hidden cipher, and that delivery of it is inexpedient. I have seen exile letters that had been scorched with heat and treated with chemicals by suspicious officials who believed, or pretended to believe, that there was invisible writing in sympathetic ink between the lines. Such letters are frequently held by the *ispravnik* or the chief of police for months, and then, scorched or blistered by experimental tests, and with all of the suspiciously vague or ambiguous expressions carefully crossed out, they are finally delivered. Sometimes an exile is summoned to the police station and subjected to a searching examination with regard to the contents or the meaning of a letter that he has never seen and that is still in the possession of the *ispravnik*. How maddening such treatment of private correspondence must be to a man who has never been accused of crime, who has never been tried, who has never been legally deprived of his rights as a citizen, and who is already aflame

with just indignation, the reader can perhaps imagine.

Another source of exasperation to the administrative exile—and it is the last that I now have space to mention—is the anomalous position in which he is placed by virtue of banishment without trial and subjection to the "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." He is neither a citizen living under the protection of law, nor a criminal deprived of civil rights by law. He is subject to all the obligations of a citizen, and he does not enjoy even the rights of a criminal. He is, in short, completely at the mercy of irresponsible power. The peculiar situation, from a legal point of view, of a man who has been exiled by administrative process, is clearly shown in the following petition or memorial, sent by an administrative exile in the year 1881 to the "Governing Senate"—the Russian High Court of Appeals. Of course the petitioner did not expect by means of this document to improve his condition, or to secure any guaranty of rights. On the contrary, he was almost certain to render his situation worse by sending to the Governing Senate so "audaciously impudent" a communication. He had just been asked, however, to take the oath of allegiance to the new Tsar, Alexander III., and it relieved him, I presume, to give expression to his feelings in this half-satirical production. I do not personally know the petitioner, and it is not necessary to state how I became possessed of a copy of his petition. I can, however, vouch for the authenticity, not only of the document itself, but of the indorsement made upon it by the Governing Senate.

KURGAN, PROVINCE OF TOBOLSK,  
WESTERN SIBERIA, March 31, 1881.

TO THE GOVERNING SENATE OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE :  
On the 28th day of March, 1881, I [an administrative exile] received a notification from the police authorities of the town of Kurgan to appear at the police station and take the oath of allegiance to the present reigning Emperor of Russia, Alexander Alexandrovitch. This requirement seems to me to be inconsistent with the emperor's manifesto of March 1, 1881. The reason assigned in that manifesto for requiring the oath of allegiance from the peasants of the empire was that such peasants, by virtue of the decree of emancipation, had ceased to be serfs, had become free citizens, and were therefore subject to the laws made for the government of such citizens. I have all proper respect for these words, and I regard as perfectly just, not only the reasoning itself, but the conclusions that logically flow from that reasoning. One of these conclusions is, that if Russian peasants (and other Russians) had not been free citizens, and had not been subject to the general laws of the empire, they would not have been required to take the oath of allegiance. The imperial manifesto of March 1 exacts the oath of allegiance only from free citizens subject to the

operation of all the laws of the State. The question now arises, "What am I; am I a free citizen?" My father was an hereditary noble of the Russian Empire, and my mother was my father's legal wife. According to Russian law I must inherit the rank of my father, and consequently the rights of a free citizen. The most important rights guaranteed by law to a free citizen are, first, the right to personal liberty (so long as he does not commit a crime), and, second, the right to protection for his family and for his property. I myself, however, am deprived of liberty; my family has been broken up; my property has been confiscated by the Third Section,<sup>1</sup> and I am forbidden to engage in the lawful occupations for which I have been specially fitted. I am not allowed to go a step outside the limits of the town of Kurgan; I have been transported to a distance of 3000 kilometres from my family, and I cannot send a letter even to my wife without previously submitting it to strangers for inspection. In view of these facts it is clear that I am neither a nobleman nor a free citizen.

My forcible detention in Siberia, then, raises the question, "Have I not been deprived of all civil rights and sent hither as a forced colonist?" I turn to the laws of the empire relating to forced colonists deprived of all civil rights, and I find that their situation is precisely analogous to mine with one exception. A forced colonist may hope gradually to re-acquire, by successive steps, a part of the rights that have been taken away from him. He may, in time, recover the right to go from place to place within the limits of his province, or even within the limits of Siberia.<sup>2</sup> I, however, can indulge no such hope. I am interned in the town of Kurgan for an indefinite period. It is clear, therefore, that I am not a forced colonist, and this conclusion is confirmed by the fact that forced colonization is a punishment inflicted only by sentence of a court and for crime. What, then, am I? If I am neither a freeman, representing the highest grade of Russian citizenship, nor a criminal, representing the lowest grade, I am debarred from Russian citizenship altogether; or, in other words, I am a foreigner. Indeed I must be a foreigner—unquestionably a foreigner! The Russian state does not recognize me as a free citizen, nor does it put me on the level of a criminal whose rights as a citizen have been taken away. It has refused—and worse than refused—to protect my liberty, my family, and my property. I must, therefore, be regarded as a foreigner. But am I a free foreigner? No; I am not free. If I were a free foreigner I should have the right to leave Russia; and I trust that I could find a civilized country—perhaps more than one—that would receive and recognize me as an honest and loyal citizen. I am,

however, deprived of this right; consequently, if a foreigner, I must be a prisoner of war. But to what nation do I belong, where is my fatherland, and in what war was I captured? Has peace been concluded, and, if so, why have I not been returned to my countrymen with other prisoners of war? I am unable to answer these questions; but the situation of a prisoner of war is an intolerably hard one, and in that situation I have been for five years.

I most humbly beg the Russian Governing Senate to accept me as a Russian subject; *i. e.*, to declare me a free Russian citizen living under the protection of the laws. Then, having received all the rights of a citizen, I will gladly perform all a citizen's duties. If, however, the Governing Senate is not willing to accept me as a Russian subject, can it not allow me to leave the Russian Empire, in order that I may find for myself a fatherland?

It seems to me that the oath of allegiance not only imposes certain obligations, but recognizes, at the same time, certain rights. The exaction of that oath from me, therefore, is equivalent to a recognition of my free citizenship. Is not this assumption true? I await an answer. If the Governing Senate, the highest judicial tribunal in Russia, makes it clear to me that I am mistaken, or, in other words, shows me that I must perform all the duties of a Russian subject without enjoying any of a Russian subject's rights, then, as a prisoner of war, I must submit.

VASILII SIDORATSKI.

(INDORSEMENT ON THE ABOVE PETITION.)

On this the 4th day of June, 1881, the Governing Senate, having heard the within petition, orders: That since such petition does not bear the highest title,<sup>3</sup> and is not in the form prescribed by law (Article 205, part 2, Vol. X. of the Collection of Laws, edition of 1876), it shall be returned to the petitioner without consideration (in accordance with Article 225 of the same part and volume). An ukase to carry this resolution into effect will be sent the provincial administration of Tobolsk.

CHIEF SECRETARY N. BRUD—[remainder of name illegible in the original].

By Ass't CHIEF SECRETARY BARON BUKSHEVDEM.

I do not know what happened to Mr. Sidoratski as the result of the return of this petition, nor do I know whether he is living or dead. I trust that either on this side of the grave, or on the other side, he has at last found for himself "a fatherland."

George Kennan.

<sup>1</sup> The Third Section of the Tsar's chancellery formerly included the Department of Imperial Police. That department, however, has since been put under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior.

<sup>2</sup> The Russian law provides for an amelioration of the condition of "poselents," or forced colonists, who have, by continuous good conduct, shown a disposition to reform. After the lapse of more or less time they may obtain permission to move from place to place within certain prescribed limits, and may even

attach themselves eventually to rural Siberian communes, and recover some of their lost rights of citizenship. The point made by Mr. Sidoratski is that he cannot be a criminal colonist because he is denied even the privilege, which is granted to the latter, of improving his condition and re-acquiring civil rights. He is in an anomalous position not recognized or provided for by law.

<sup>3</sup> The meaning is that it is not addressed in the name of the Tsar.

## OLIN WARNER, SCULPTOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS WORK.

**I**NDIVIDUAL or nation, it is well to stop now and then to ask one's self candidly, Whither away? Not that man can more than guess the path that person or nation will tread; but it interests and sometimes profits to determine, so far as the signs permit, the goal towards which we tend. The experience of one artist cannot be said to settle definitely a matter so wide-reaching as the trend of sculpture in a community which outwardly is like those of Europe, but differs from them in many important respects. Still, it teaches something, and may direct us to the right view. In matters of the fine arts painting so takes the eye that we are hardly conscious of the extent to which the art of the statuary is called to play a part in the decoration of cities. Comparatively few persons heed the parks of Washington, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and those other cities where statues are amassed. By private efforts for the most part, and only to some degree by the aid of legislatures, our land is gradually becoming peopled with a nation of silent effigies in granite, bronze, and marble. The papers have paragraphs and notices, and faithful reports of ceremonies at the unveiling of memorials get into print; but most of us fail to note how frequent these have become, how large a factor in the landscape of our great cities is the statue. This is true of Great Britain and Ireland, and of France on a yet more comprehensive scale. In these lands the Government is more active than individuals; especially in France does the state actively engage in the support of schools and scholars, grant rewards to merit, and systematically encourage its sculptors and architects, while withholding nothing of these benefits from workmen of other nationalities in the largest and most intelligent way. Perhaps it is because with us the evolution of sculpture is more spontaneous and from the people, so far as it goes, that we are apt to misread the signs of what is too closely bound up with our lives, just as one is likely to be uncertain of the pictures of one's own face and character. This spontaneity, this unfostered quality in American work, should be borne in mind when we come to speak of the future of sculpture here. Meantime it is a truism to say that we cannot be too careful what is the grade of the statuary we put up. To cap it, let another truism be forgiven—the sculptor himself, how necessary

that we should understand and appreciate the man to whom such work is intrusted!

Olin Levi Warner was born somewhat more than forty years ago in Suffield, a little Connecticut town where deacons are powerful and where his descent from a hero of the Revolution is oftener heard of than it would be in the city of New York, once the town of Tories. His life has been uneventful in the picturesque sense; hard labor, disappointments, meager pay, and meager existence are not sensational matters to any one except him who suffers them. Artisan, telegraph operator, pupil, graduate of a fine-arts school, workman for trades, sculptor—Olin Warner has been each of these in succession, and in each case has done his duty manfully. Very difficult has it been for him to reach the point where recognition was possible; very slow but sure has been his evolution. The school-boy who astonished his mates by "whittling"—observe the trait which is now hardly more than a tradition of the stage Yankee—little figures out of wood, chalk, or plaster was succeeded by the youth of nineteen who determined to test his artistic force after a delightfully ignorant but robust method to decide therefrom whether or not he would devote himself to sculpture. He procured a barrel of plaster, set it solid, removed the staves, and set to work manfully to whittle from the ungrateful mass a portrait of his father. A medallion of his father and mother, made at a much later period, is given in the woodcut to recall this turning-point of his career. For on the success of this his future hung. Luckily for him, perhaps more luckily for us, it was voted a capital likeness; great was the sensation in the small circle in Vermont where his parents then lived. He was dubbed a genius, and a famous future was predicted for him. But nobody came forward with practical aid to enable him to study sculpture. In this dilemma Warner acted with a resolution characteristic of many Americans, and thereby assured himself of eventual success, though at the loss of precious years. He deferred his further education in art until by his own unaided efforts he could collect money with which to live abroad. By learning the trade of an operator on the telegraph he not only supported himself for six years, but laid aside enough to take him to Paris. The heroism of a struggle like that can never be measured, because artistic natures suffer more



than ordinary people from the little miseries of life and the great misery of that hope deferred which sickens the heart.

On his arrival in Paris, at the age of twenty-five, Olin Warner was lucky in meeting several generous young Frenchmen who counseled him wisely and put him in the way of an immediate practical acquaintance with tools, processes, and work. When he entered the *École des Beaux-Arts* he was already something of a modeler, and avoided a vast amount of routine through which the ordinary scholar wades without understanding why. He was three and a half years in Paris, and always speaks with gratitude of the aid he received there from French fellow-students and masters. While in Paris he modeled a slender girlish dancing figure called "May," which he was forced through poverty to sell to a firm of dealers in artistic gas-burners. Returning to America, he found New York the city most likely to help him, and here for five years more he struggled and starved until recognition came. During this dismal period he worked for manufacturers of silver and plated ware, bronze mantel ornaments, and such matters. Perhaps it is Mr. Daniel Cottier to whom we owe the fact that his courage was not completely overthrown and he forced to give up sculpture. By granting him the use of a room, and encouraging him with his cheery and acute criticism, Mr. Cottier in all probability saved Warner to the fine arts. Others also recognized his honest, earnest character, and among the young founders of the Society of American Artists none was better liked personally, none more esteemed for the quality of his workmanship, than this blunt young sculptor. The period of Indian statuary through which all our sculptors must pass with the regularity of a disease of children brought him no further harm than a statuette, conceived in no petty spirit, in which an Indian brave has a panther down which he is dispatching with his tomahawk in a position that leaves little hope of life to the victor. At the Centennial Exhibition a colossal medallion of Edwin Forrest made an impression, not entirely because it was spirited and because the name was still beloved and admired by old frequenters of the theater, but rather owing to its peculiar broadness and boldness in relief. The effect is anything but soft, nor is it pleasing,—it is almost brutal,—and the modeling makes one think of the French sculptor Rude. Only on remembering the nature and dramatic style of Forrest is one reconciled to such a portrait. But it is the real man. An opposite of opposites was the bust of President Hayes, ordered by Mr. McCormick, the chairman in the campaign that elected Mr. Hayes, and given to the Union League

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K.C. after O.L.W.

PORTRAIT BUST OF MISS MAUD MORGAN.

Club, where it now is. Indian heads and heads of beasts in high relief, medallion fashion, were made for the Long Island Historical Society and decorate the façades of the Brooklyn building. In vigorous modeling they recall the Forrest portrait. An order from Mr. I. T. Williams permitted Warner to attack quite another problem. "Twilight" is a half-draped ideal figure of a woman who holds her robe before her face. When this delicate and difficult piece of sculpture was put in marble

it caused no small sensation among those who can separate the fine from the commonplace in the handiwork of sculptors. Doubtless many who had settled in their minds that Mr. Warner was a robust, impressionistic, perhaps a theatrical, modeler, with few traces of refinement, were not a little surprised at the tenderness and grace of this figure. Instead of robust-

small circle of artists and amateurs. Other orders brought him into a line which is eagerly sought by the most inexperienced of the profession, but in their hands is for the most part sterile and productive of public contempt. To reach it there was no hurried bound forward; it came to him naturally under the pressure of regular business. In painting it is often held that



DRAWN BY WHITT EATEN FROM THE DESIGN BY OLIN L. WARNER

MEDALLION OF THE SCULPTOR'S PARENTS.

ness, there is refinement of contour; in place of theatrical effect to please on a distant view, there are restraint and loveliness fitted for close examination.

But the strong characteristic of movement is not lacking: the finely modeled legs and feet are in the expectancy of movement, as a dancer trembles almost imperceptibly on the eve of taking the step. Yet knowledge of these triumphs, though they may prove the most profitable of all, because they belong to the coming advance in sculpture, was restricted to a

the portrait is the summit test of an artist's power; if he has the talent to make a likeness and a piece of fine art at the same time, so that the friends of the sitter are not disappointed while others cherish the canvas for its intrinsic art, then indeed is he held a master capable of the highest flights. Among the artists Mr. Warner's bust of Mr. Cottier produced the greatest enthusiasm, for in that he seemed to hit the combination of breadth and delicacy that is classical, and yet neglected nothing essential in the likeness. On all sides one heard the praise

of this Greek work. It is, indeed, a genial thing, not without a suspicion of humor, as if Pan had touched his elbow as he wrought the clay and Bacchus and the Fauns had stood about. It was soon followed by the bust of a young performer on the harp. The sculptor appeared to wish to show that he was master of the feminine face as well as the masculine, and could combine dignity and simplicity with beauty in one rounded piece of art. A lovely grace bathed this figure with a charm that literally and without exaggeration recalled the great antiques. A plaster replica was bought by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Then came a charming bust of Miss Cottier and the virile, beautiful head of J. Alden Weir the painter, which Mr. Kenyon Cox has drawn. A series of bas-relief portraits belongs to this period, comprising his father and mother on one field in profile, likenesses of artist and writer friends, including the admirable medallion of Mr. Wyatt Eaton for which the sitter has supplied the pen-and-ink sketch, and—ghastly pot-boilers!—busts of the dead recalled from photographs to such poor life as we have to be content with when our dear ones are no more. Likenesses of one sort or another afford an income to the sculptor who neither lives in a country devoted passionately to the fine arts nor has yet won fame. It is so in France, which comes nearest to a land of art. Normally, and on this line, Warner has risen to his present eminence.

The war for the Union found in Connecticut a good, perhaps a great, governor. His face and figure have been reconstructed by the best of Connecticut sculptors, and Buckingham now sits in his curule chair surrounded by the battle flags held and won in that struggle of fratricides. Warner is at a high mark in this subject,—none too grateful, be it said, owing to the hideous clothes with which modern man disfigures himself,—for he brings out the solid worth of Buckingham, his massive proportions and not ignoble presence, and brings them out not coarsely or with melodrama, but soberly, plainly, discreetly. The civil war was precipitated by an agitator of agitators who made slavery his anathema: the statue of William Lloyd Garrison has now been added to the growing list of thorough works of art for which we have to thank Warner. It stands on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. Something in the ascetic face reminds one of Emerson and Wendell Phillips, as it leans slightly forward over the chest of a man the reverse of athletic—the chest of a type-setter—



PORTRAIT BUST.

while the right hand clutches a roll of paper forcibly, as if the man was inwardly moved, while self-control keeps the features calm, even benignant. The crushed paper represents that press which made possible his struggle with the slave interest at the North and the South. The pose is quiet, easy, dignified; the action pent-up, not gesticulatory; the head and face venerable and intelligent. Under the chair are bound volumes of "The Liberator," artfully adjusted so as to fill gaps, and to carry the eye over

the whole statue, the result sought being what is termed the monumental in statuary rather than the picturesque, which is more befitting to the statuette. Turning from the Buckingham to the Garrison one is more than ever impressed with the narrowness of the range to which the sculptor is restricted. Here are two elderly men of the same period, each wearing the same hideous garb, each seated, each bare-headed, each more connected with books than with weapons,—though in either case a belligerent position had to be taken,—each engaged

ular gaze. Without recourse to banalities that breed weariness, he has achieved the difficult task of making two quite distinct works of art on a plan which is nearly identical.

Nevertheless too much stress should not be put on these colossal portraits. For reasons about to be advanced, consider rather the five typical heads of human races which decorate the façade of the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Philadelphia, or an original, well-composed bas-relief of Venus leaning over to caress Cupid, the two figures managed so as to leave the



BRONZE MEDALLION OF WYATT EATON.

in the same general warfare as a non-combatant in the ordinary sense, yet each must be originally and individually managed. A separate stamp must be felt in each, so that they who know neither name nor fame of him should gain from the statue some inkling of the services for which he is honored. The picturesque way is to tell the story by accessories; for example, a printing-press for Garrison, a Hartford capitol in miniature for Buckingham. Or the fact that the latter was ex-officio commander of the Connecticut militia might warrant a uniform, while Garrison might have been picturesquely treated with a slave and fetters as accompaniment. But in both cases the strong feeling for the monumental as opposed to the picturesque caused Warner to waive such easy methods of capturing the pop-

least of the field unoccupied, after the fashion of ancient Greek coins, cameos, and intaglios. The past ten years of hard work for Mr. Warner have been lightened by one trip to the Mediterranean, Italy, and Spain, in company with the ideal colorist Albert Ryder and others of his intimacy. Few sketches were made, except a wax sketch of a Chioggia fisherwoman of the old Venetian peasant stock as she stands in the village street spinning yarn with her primitive spindle and bobbin. The impression must have been strong, for Warner is not a facile, ready sketcher, and the figure has certainly caught a vivid look that shines out through the apparently hopeless confusion of the bits of wax.

The latest work from Olin Warner has



crossed the continent without having had a proper showing here. The general view of the fountain at Portland, Oregon, reveals the fact that it is finer in parts than as a whole. The caryatids which keep the bowl from slipping from its central support are noble and exquisite maidens, who reduce the architectural part of the fountain to a minimum by their size and beauty instead of being subordinate to the architecture—like the Greek caryatid. The lip of the bowl is channeled so that thin streams of water form a veil round figures thus raised from the slavery of the caryatid to the more dignified position of Naiads. Observe in the woodcut the way in which the sculptor has filled the difficult gap where the straight shaft meets the round of the bowl. Bent head and arms with elbows forward give a mass analogous to the capital of a column, which also serves as a transition for the eye between the column proper and the entablature. To come on work like this in a new Western town must prove a charming surprise. Here is somebody, one might say, who has discovered in Asia Minor two beautiful draped figures and cleverly disposed of them to decorate a fountain in his town! The men of Portland may well be proud of their fountain, the gift of the late Mr. Skidmore and his friends, for there is nothing so beautiful in statuary westward from Chicago. San Francisco has costlier fountains, and Mr. Story's monument to Key, but nothing to compare with this. Other work completed recently is the portrait of Dr. Morgan for St. Thomas's Church, New York.

It will be seen from what has gone before that Olin Warner is still to a large extent an unknown quantity, for he has not yet obtained a commission sufficiently important to bring out all the power of which he gives promise. He excels in treating the nude in a way that elevates, having naturally chosen in France the dignified and noble side of French sculpture rather than that which obtains temporary notoriety by an odious suggestiveness. An essay for a Diana was shown at one of the Prize Fund exhibitions in the American Galleries which tested his power



PORTRAIT BUST OF J. ALDEN WEIR.

to model purity in the nude. It was a Diana with a crescent in her hair, rousing up at the approach of Actæon and holding an arrow in one hand. A little more than half the size of life, this statuette showed that thoroughness, that resolve to remain within the traditional limits of the sculptor's art which forms part of Mr. Warner's character. With all his good humor he is obstinate when it comes to a question of violating the principles of his pro-

fession. He knows that there is no demand here for nude figures, yet he puts his genial patience into a statuette that does not represent a commission with all the determination of the man who can afford to wait. Some day the silly embargo that effaces the highest work, because men are too dull to discriminate, will be lifted, and the labor he has spent on studies of this kind will bring him a rich harvest of power.

of the cold, stiff statues standing, sitting, and crouching in Central Park, on Boston Common, in Fairmount! How little we think of them, how seldom we so much as raise our eyes to them, if chance throws them in our way! Why is this? Why else, but that the movement to people squares with statues is only in part based on real love for art? Why else, but that, most humanly, we are anxious



STATUE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

Sturdiness is one characteristic of his work, and sturdiness is expressed by the man himself; but there comes a pleasant shock when extreme delicacy, reserve, and nobility of art expression are observed in one who seems ill fitted for the finer graces of sculpture. Such traits render him most proper for employment on some *magnum opus* which shall allow him to express his ideals in sculpture on a large scale unhampered by the amateur advice of those who control the purse-strings.

In talking of Warner's life and character we have wandered far from the point which was put at the beginning, namely, that it is well occasionally to ask, Whither away? But we have wandered designedly, in order to see whether in Warner's case it is not possible to detect a certain tendency in statuary. Good sculptors are few, and their excellence not readily acknowledged. Bad public statues are the rule, so that a good one is hailed with infinite relief. How remote from all our lives are most

for the glory of outsides before we know how to be decorative within? Why else, but that we are not ready for so many great statues and monuments, because we have not had time to cultivate widely an intimate love for and appreciation of that branch of the plastic arts? This is not Greece, not Italy at all, not even France. We live indoors far more than out-of-doors. Home, family life, and the association of the sexes not of one family only in sitting-rooms and parlors, are carried to a farther point than in any other country. Now, the decoration of our houses within and without seems destined to encourage a more sensible, well-founded, and healthy statuary than colossal or heroic Washingtons, statues of great men or effigies of little. Indeed, since a review of the public monuments reveals very few worth a regard, very many positively ugly and without redeeming trait, is it not our duty boldly to acknowledge that we have begun at the wrong end? It is manifestly impossible

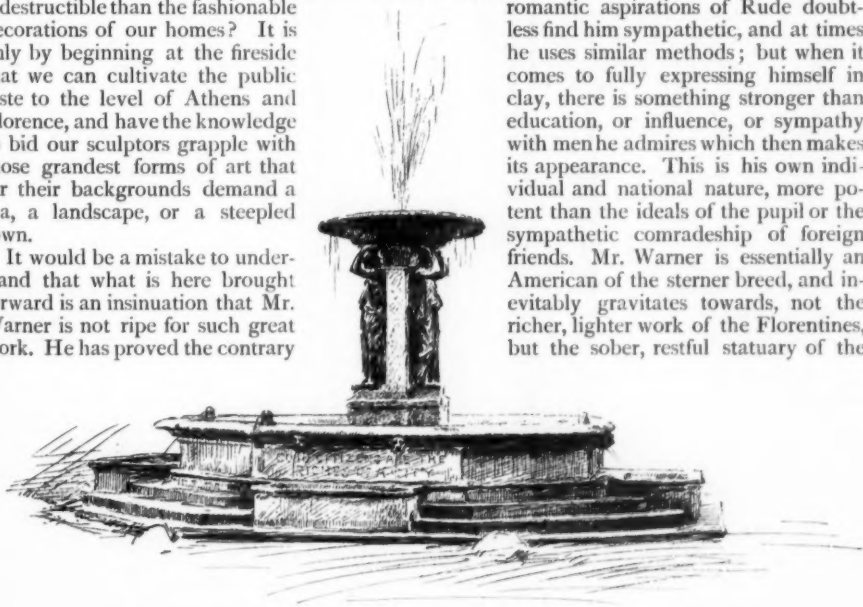
to expect any quick improvement in works the juries of award for which are of the ordinary kind. Amateurs, not committees who control monument funds, will continue to advance the art of the statuary. The house, not the public square, will be the scene of its triumphs. Fanciful, picturesque ideals and artistic portraiture, not large and costly figures of the dead in bronze on their elaborate pedestals, will be its topics. And to this end Warner, together with contemporaries good, bad, or indifferent, seems unconsciously moving. Sculpture must first be a commonplace, a fashionable necessity in the home life, before it can flourish greatly and nationally in a commonwealth like ours. The field of the sculptor as the rival of the painter in the daily affections of amateurs is practically unworked, scarcely suspected; yet the signs of its presence are on all sides. One straw is the removal of an old prejudice against plaster casts, used in lieu of costlier materials. As to what is now called sculpture — backed as it is by no large mass of trained, cultivated fosterers — the silent nation of marble and bronze statues which men think of when sculpture is mentioned becomes already oppressive. Our parks will soon offer the cluttered chaos of the cemetery and become a derision. But will not then a wider taste, wearying of easel pictures and pictures on the wall, carved woods and bric-à-brac, turn to statuary for agreeable, companionable forms of art, at once calmer in temperament and more indestructible than the fashionable decorations of our homes? It is only by beginning at the fireside that we can cultivate the public taste to the level of Athens and Florence, and have the knowledge to bid our sculptors grapple with those grandest forms of art that for their backgrounds demand a sea, a landscape, or a steeped town.

It would be a mistake to understand that what is here brought forward is an insinuation that Mr. Warner is not ripe for such great work. He has proved the contrary


so far as he has been allowed to, and I have pointed out how fitted he is for such work. It is the public that needs to study, not Warner and several other American sculptors of his rank. I ask in the interest of art that people use sculpture at the fireside, so that they may live with this noble branch of art and thus learn to understand statues and monuments and avoid the monstrosities that now infest our parks. When they do there will be work for twenty Warners, and the United States will lead the world in sculpture. But that moment seems far off.

In no time and no country have artists of the first rank abounded, and there is no reason why they should with us at the present time. The United States has a few that may fairly be placed among eminent sculptors and perhaps one day will be recognized as men of genius. Among the few stands Olin Warner.

On what grounds, may be asked, is Mr. Warner ranked among the foremost? Not by reason of the number or brilliancy of his achievements, it may be said. His large statues are not many, and his style is quite the reverse of a master's under whom he studied (Jouffroy), or of the master's master, Rude. There is nothing excited, melodramatic, or realistic in the sensational line about Warner's work. His style is almost severe compared with that of some of the men he most admired and most saw during his *burschenschaft*, such as Falguière and Carpeaux. The romantic aspirations of Rude doubtless find him sympathetic, and at times he uses similar methods; but when it comes to fully expressing himself in clay, there is something stronger than education, or influence, or sympathy with men he admires which then makes its appearance. This is his own individual and national nature, more potent than the ideals of the pupil or the sympathetic comradeship of foreign friends. Mr. Warner is essentially an American of the sterner breed, and inevitably gravitates towards, not the richer, lighter work of the Florentines, but the sober, restful statuary of the



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN IN PORTLAND, OREGON, PRESENTED BY THE LATE STEPHEN G. SKIDMORE.



KENYON COX.  
1888.

AFTER  
OLIN L. WARNER.

CARVATID, FROM THE FOUNTAIN IN PORTLAND, OREGON.



classical period; yet in how different a spirit from the old classicists of America who lived in Rome! The fashion of the day compels him to drape his portrait statues in modern clothes, but this is of small importance. Only superficial classicists are they who depend on togas and nudeness to show their classicism; failure to be classical is shown by much deeper

traits. And in Warner the instinct to pass by the French pseudo-classicism and the Italian Renaissance and to strike for the highest bloom of Greek statuary shows itself quite as much in the Buckingham as in the "Diana Aroused," in the "May" as in the bas-relief of "Venus consoling Cupid."

*Henry Eckford.*

## AN AMERICAN APPRENTICE SYSTEM.



Each year in the United States nearly six hundred thousand young men reach the age which separates the minor from the man. In this great host the idlers are few: the census states that the number of those who do not follow some "gainful calling" is too small to enumerate. A great difference exists in the way these young men are trained for the work they are to do. Health, strength, education, and the ability to do some one thing well is the outfit all require. For a small minority great efforts to secure this result have been made. To prepare them for their work scientific schools, schools of law, medicine, theology, and art, normal schools, and business colleges have been established. To give them a liberal education the land is dotted all over with colleges, while others are being founded in such numbers that their utility is questioned. To establish these schools and colleges, or to render them efficient, wealth has been bestowed with a lavish hand. The General Government, the State governments, and private liberality have provided funds of vast amount. In the year ending June, 1887, the gifts from private individuals for purposes of higher education amounted to the sum of \$12,507,000, and during the two preceding years to \$15,290,000. Unparalleled in history as these gifts for educational purposes are, they do not include the expenditures on the Stanford University in California, the amount of which has not been made public. Owing to their endowments, colleges and preparatory schools offer instruction at less than its cost. No less care is bestowed on physical development. Splendidly equipped gymnasiums are provided, where each student is given a carefully considered course of training. The young athlete, as well as the scholar, wins fame and brings credit to his alma mater.

For the many—for upward of eighty per cent. of these six hundred thousand young men—but little has been done. Hardly an endowment exists for their benefit. This lack of

care is owing not to indifference to their wants, but to the fact that until recently all that a young man starting in life required was a good education, which the public schools afforded; then with pluck, and belief in Horace Greeley's favorite advice, the West would provide for him. The West has still its openings, and there is also a new South, but in no part of this country are young men wanted unless they have a knowledge of some useful calling.

The demand for education to fit young men for their work has been gradually widening. Confined at first to a few professions, it is now deemed necessary in all. Business colleges were a novelty a short time ago; now they are attended each year by over forty thousand young men. Instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts suited to foremen and superintendents was next begun at the land-grant colleges, in conformity with the act of Congress under which they received their endowments. Preparatory education thus far had been confined to those who might be termed the brain workers; it was now wanted by a larger class—by the handicraftsmen. To state how this want is being supplied, and the difficulties to be encountered in this extension of special instruction, these few pages are written.

The first effort that was made was in the direction of manual instruction. Hand and eye were to be developed as well as the mind. Manual instruction, which was almost unheard of in the United States until the exhibit of the Moscow Technical School at the Centennial Exhibition attracted public attention to its capabilities, is now engrafted on the public-school system of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In nearly all the other large cities private liberality, by supporting manual training schools for a few, is showing what should be done for all. Manual training, however, is but the beginning. It makes a lad handy and observant; after that has been accomplished he needs to be prepared for some work by which he can earn a living. If he intends to be a mechanic, he must learn a trade.

From a remote period the master workman has been looked upon as the proper person to instruct the young in the mysteries of his trade. On him devolved the duty of transmitting all he knew to the next generation. There were until modern times no schools where the mechanic arts were taught and where a knowledge of them could be treasured up. The monasteries, which preserved letters and the fine arts through the dark ages, did little for the mechanic arts. Trade secrets were forgotten. During the middle ages the apprentice system was introduced. The apprentice of those days was a member of his master's family and worked under his supervision. In modern life and in modern industry this relation between the master workman and his apprentice has become impossible. The master mechanic seldom takes the tools in his own hands nor remains long enough in his workshop to teach his apprentice; neither does he want the lad in his family. In Germany and in France apprentice schools were established to supply the training the master mechanics could no longer give, where lads employed in the trades go in the evening or on certain days in the week. In this country no such precaution was taken. A lad simply got employment in a workshop for as long a time as his services were needed or he might deem it advisable to remain. He picked up his trade by observation and by such advice as might be bestowed upon him. He might acquire wrong instead of right methods, for there was no system, and his training was a matter of chance. Still, with American adaptability, it was possible even under such unfavorable conditions to become a good mechanic, and more of the high wages paid to skilled workmen would have gone to Americans had not the trades-unions interfered with the lads. In every large city, or wherever there were a sufficient number of workmen to form an association, the unions demanded that the number of lads should be so limited as practically to exclude them from the trades. Then the demand was made that the few who were allowed to learn how to work should serve a four or five years' apprenticeship, which still further reduced the number of mechanics an employer could graduate. To both of these demands the master mechanics agreed. As regards the first, they had no option; the second demand, compelling a lad to serve for a long term of years, was not distasteful to them.

To so great an extent has the exclusion of

lads from city workshops been carried, that had it not been for the country master mechanics, who, having no trades-unions to contend with, were free to employ boys, American workmen would have disappeared from some of the trades. The report for 1886 of the New York Bureau of Statistics of Labor states that there are large industrial establishments where there is not a single American at work.<sup>1</sup> Now a new power has arisen, and this claim of the trades-unions to fix the number of apprentices is disputed. The desire to regulate and meddle, which has been imported here, caused the union leaders to interfere with the business of the employers, until the latter were forced to forget their rivalries and form associations for mutual protection. These associations are stronger than the unions, and it is to their credit that as soon as they were formed the apprentice question became a prominent one. Young men were eagerly asking for work which the master mechanics were anxious to give them; but before incurring the hostility of the trades-unions, it seemed important to determine how the lads were to be trained and on what terms they were to be employed.

At first there was a very general desire to reestablish the apprentice system of the middle ages. The traditions of the past were still strong. The lad must "serve his time"; that is, be legally bound to remain with his master for a term of four or five years. The master mechanic looked for an ideal youth who would faithfully serve him until he was twenty-one years of age, on pay based not only on the work he could do, but also on the opportunity given him of learning a trade. Respectable parents, however, would not surrender the control of their sons to other men. They would not deprive them of the right to take a better place if one were offered, or to change their occupation if it should seem advantageous to do so. Apprenticeship, when an indenture is signed, is but a milder name for slavery. The sentence of two indentured apprentices in Philadelphia to a three-months' imprisonment for refusing to obey their master was a warning of the responsibilities incurred by both parties in such a contract. If the lad could be punished for disobedience, it was plain that the master could also be reached by the law for non-fulfillment of his part of the contract. The master mechanic was well aware that he could give little personal attention to his apprentice, and that in signing an indenture he assumed duties he must delegate to foremen or journey-

<sup>1</sup> When the census of 1880 was taken, thirty per cent. of the persons engaged in the trades in Philadelphia were of foreign birth; in Boston, forty per cent.; in New York, fifty-six per cent.; in Chicago, sixty per cent.; and in Brooklyn, sixty-nine per cent. Large as

was the proportion of foreign-born skilled workmen then, it is probably larger now. Since the census was taken, trades-union rules excluding boys from the trades have been strictly enforced and immigration has increased.

men; so, although a few indentures were made, chiefly in New York and Chicago, the attempt to revive the old apprentice system was not successful.

The Chicago master plumbers then devised what is known as the Chicago plan. The master still endeavored to retain the service of his apprentice for a term of years, but by association rules instead of by legal documents. The lad was to be discouraged from leaving his employer by placing difficulties in the way of his obtaining work from any other member of the association. The main feature of this plan, however, and its valuable one, was that it recognized the fact that, *owing to the modern subdivision of labor and to the impossibility of the master bestowing much care on his apprentice, the workshop was no longer the best place to learn a trade.* A plumbing school was therefore established. In this school the instruction was confined to lads who were employed by members of the association, the intention being to make trade-school instruction supplement workshop practice, as is done in Europe. The Chicago plan is still in operation in the plumbing trade in that city. It was a long step in the right direction, and it has proved beneficial to the trade; but it has also shown, as had been found to be the case at the trade school in New York, that if the course of instruction is thorough, a long or even a fixed term of apprenticeship is unnecessary. A long apprenticeship is objectionable because it necessitates putting a lad to a trade before it is known for what sort of work he is suited, and because it requires him to be taken from school at the time it is of the greatest importance to his future that he should remain there.

A simpler and what promises to be a better scheme was now proposed. The National Association of Builders, at a convention held in Cincinnati last February, recommended that a lad who wished to enter the building trades should go first to a trade school to learn the science and practice of his trade. When the trade-school course is finished and he has proved by an examination held by a committee of master mechanics that he has profited by it, he is to enter a workshop as a "junior." When old enough, and able to do a full day's work, he is to apply for a second examination, which, if passed, entitles him to be considered a journeyman. The name "apprentice" is to be abolished as misleading. No length of time is fixed during which the young mechanic shall serve as a junior. He may arrange to stay with one employer for a number of years, or he may work by the day. He is to pay for his instruction at the trade school, and is free to dispose of his services for what they are worth after he graduates from it. Proof of

ability, not length of service, is the test of what constitutes a mechanic in this system. The lad can take a high-school course, or even go to college, and yet not be too old to enter the trade school. The better educated the young man is, the more quickly he will be likely to learn his trade and the shorter his term as a junior will be. Trade schools, it was believed at the Cincinnati convention, might need fostering by the local associations; but when their value was appreciated, private liberality or private enterprise, as was the case with business colleges, would provide them.

This system recommended by the National Association of Builders differs from all others in its freedom from any attempt to give the employer control of the lad for a specified time, and also in ascertaining by means of examinations whether the young mechanic understands his trade. Arrangements are being made by the Builders' Exchange of Philadelphia to give it a trial in that city. If successful, it is likely to become the American apprentice system, as it is well suited to every calling in which manual skill combined with scientific knowledge is requisite. In this plan there is no need of a young man's asking the permission of a labor organization to learn how to work, or of finding an employer who has the time to teach him. He goes to the trade school to learn his trade, as the future lawyer or physician goes to the law or medical school to learn his profession. By means of the first examination those who are not likely to be good workmen are sifted out, and the second examination prevents any but competent workmen gaining admission to a trade. The value of this second examination, in making a standard of what constitutes a good workman, can hardly be overestimated. A certificate showing that it has been passed would secure the public against much of the loss now incurred through the employment of incompetent workmen.

The plan of beginning the training of the young mechanic at a trade school instead of in a workshop is not an untried one. The report which accompanies the recommendations of the National Association of Builders calls attention to the New York Trade Schools, where for some years the system has been followed of teaching young men the manual and scientific branches of their trade and letting them acquire experience and speed of execution at real work after leaving the school.

The trades-unions might wisely aid in establishing this new apprentice system. The policy of excluding lads from the trades cannot be maintained much longer. It has not accomplished its purpose of reducing the number of skilled workmen. Union men see with dissatisfaction the high wages their sons might have

earned paid, not only to foreigners who come to this country to live, but to "harvesters"—men who come from Europe each spring to work here during the busy season and return home with their savings in the autumn. The trades-unions have been built up with much labor and self-sacrifice. They are necessary for the protection of the wage-earner. They might accomplish much good and gain support where at present they excite hostility were it not for their disregard of private rights and their unwillingness or inability to consider anything but the amount of money it is possible to get from the employer. High wages are regarded as the sole test of prosperity. Five dollars a day is considered more desirable than four, even if the monthly earnings are less. The fact that the demand for an article usually diminishes as its production increases is ignored. Prices are forced up until work grows scarce, until \$4 a day does not mean \$1200 a year—hardly \$800. Then vexatious rules are made which still further increase the cost of the product. Journeymen are cautioned to work more slowly. It is argued that if five hours were made a day's work instead of ten, there would be work enough for twice as many workmen. Comment on such reasoning is unnecessary, yet it controls the actions of thousands of men. Living is made dearer, the poor are made poorer, by union rules. In nearly all callings where skilled labor is required it can safely be asserted that a journeyman receiving \$4 a day and working with a trade-school graduate at \$2 a day could produce as much as two journeymen now do for \$8, a saving in cost of twenty-five per cent. This reduction would do more to make work steady than shortening hours or closing the workshops to young men. At present each journeyman plumber has his "helper," which reduces the cost of plumbing, benefits the lad, and neither lowers wages nor makes work scarce.

In olden times the apprentices were a feature in city life. They were numerous enough to protect themselves. In 1517 the London apprentices drove from that city the foreign workmen, who they thought were monopolizing work Englishmen should have. The time may never come when it will be desirable to have American youths assert themselves in so vigorous a manner, but the time is not distant when the public schools, by means of manual-training classes, will graduate young men far better prepared to assert their rights than heretofore. Accustomed at school to the use of the wood-working and blacksmiths' tools usually employed in such classes, they can soon acquire the use of any other kind of tools. A very little instruction in a trade school or in a workshop will make their labor of consider-

able value. To obtain work, if difficulties are put in their way, they will work for low wages, and employers will be found. If such competition is as injurious to the trades as journeymen believe, it would be well for the unions to agree with the master mechanics on an apprenticeship system which will not shut the lads out of the trades, but which, like the one proposed by the National Association of Builders, will guard them from incompetent workmen. The competition of first-class workmen is not to be feared; the demand for good work is greater than the supply and is constantly increasing.

Although the chief aim of an apprenticeship system must be to turn a lad into a skilled workman, any system worthy of adoption in this country should also make sure that he is so educated as to be a good citizen. Mechanics talk of the necessity of elevating the trades. This can be accomplished only in the school-room. The well-educated lad is not only more likely to become a good workman than one who is ignorant, but he will make himself and his calling respected. The indifference of employers and the cupidity, more than the poverty, of parents are shortening the school years. It is not safe to make a liberal education the privilege of the few. The well educated may exert an influence far greater than is represented by the number of their votes, but that influence has its limit. While the learned are writing essays, the ignorant may try disastrous experiments. Every boy is entitled to a good common-school education, and as he grows to manhood opportunities should be given him to acquire a higher education. Young men eagerly make use of every chance to improve themselves, provided it is within their means and does not interfere with the work by which they must earn their living. The Chautauqua system in this country and the University Extension system in England prove that education can go hand in hand with work. American colleges by special courses and summer schools are showing a disregard of the couplet, once deemed indisputable, of the amount which should be imbibed at the Pierian spring. The land-grant colleges graduate men fitted to superintend farms and workshops. They, and even the older colleges, might also graduate mechanics and men who are to work on small farms. A special course of six months, in which a portion of each day could be given to mechanical or agricultural instruction and a portion could be passed in the lecture-room, would not only be a valuable preparation for work, but it would also make manual labor more respected than it is at present. Two classes, joint-heirs to a great heritage, who are now drawn far apart, would by such a college course be brought together. One of these



classes would find with surprise that worth was valued more than wealth ; the other, that their poorer friends have manners as good and ideas as high as their own.

The establishment of an apprentice system suitable to American wants concerns in no small degree the welfare of the nation. A brighter day will dawn on this country when the trades are controlled by American workmen. Labor

problems, which now seem threatening, will be solved. Well-educated, well-trained American workmen will not be likely to surrender any privilege, but while maintaining their own rights they will respect the rights of others. The education of the handicraftsman is a vast field as yet untilled, but which may be made to yield harvests the value of which cannot be estimated in coin.

*Richard T. Auchmuty.*

## AN OLD SERMON.

MAN, whoe'er thou be,  
Look well about and see  
How, on this mortal star,  
All things compounded are  
Of the four elements,  
Though, to thy baffled sense,  
Through many forms they range  
And are so swift to change.  
These, in their nature sure,  
Alone do still endure,  
And thou, from each in turn,  
Shalt a wise lesson learn.

First thou shalt view the soil,  
Given to thy patient toil :  
See how the teeming earth  
To all good things gives birth !  
Half the year cold she lies,  
Buried in snow and ice,  
But when the days of spring  
Back the warm sunshine bring,  
Meekly she smiles again,  
Forgetting all her pain,  
And when we wound her fields  
Harvest most rich she yields.  
So when God tries thy heart  
Keenly with ache and smart,  
When pain and peril stand,  
Threatening, at either hand,  
And when the rain of grief  
Brings thy spent soul relief,  
See that in songs of praise  
Still thy faint voice thou raise,  
And that thou yield brave deeds  
Although thy weak heart bleeds.

Regard thou then the sea,  
Which, though so seeming free,  
Yet a fixed law obeys  
Through all its errant ways.  
Hark ! how the breakers roar,  
Beating upon the shore !

The billows, mountain high,  
Threaten the very sky !  
Yet there 's no angry wave,  
Howe'er it foam and rave,  
Dare in rebellion try  
To pass its boundary.  
Hear'st thou the water teach,  
Louder than tongue can preach,  
So shall thy firm-set will  
Govern thy passions still ?  
Though a fierce war they wage,  
Yea, though they storm and rage,  
Not one least whit shall they  
Thy strong resolve dismay.

Consider then the air,  
Which, passing everywhere,  
Although 't is never seen,  
God's greatest boon hath been.  
So let thy charity  
Challenge no human eye,  
And, while itself doth hide,  
Unto none be denied,  
But both on good and ill  
Its constant grace distill,  
Bringing new life and cheer  
To thy sad fellows here.

Mark how the mounting flame,  
Returning whence it came,  
Ever doth burning rise  
To seek the starry skies.  
There 's no imperious force  
May stay its upward course ;  
This world holds naught so dear  
As can detain it here !  
So seek thy goal above,  
Unmoved by fear or love ;  
Thus shalt thou learn from fire  
Unswerving to aspire  
From this cold breast of earth  
To heaven that gave thee birth !

*Zoe Dana Underhill.*

## A PERVERTED FRANCHISE.



It was a hot campaign throughout the Shenandoah Valley. But the great battle about to be fought was one of ballots, not bullets. The civil war had been ended twenty-two years, and no shadow of the fierce conflict remained upon the face of the fertile valley. The garnered grain of a splendid harvest, the autumn corn in frequent shocks, the cattle and sheep in barn-yards and in grassy meadows, the plowman following the somber fields—all told of peace. Yet the politicians were very busy. To one simple sect, however, whose members were scattered here and there throughout the valley, the stirring political struggle gave but slight concern. The civic convulsions of more than two decades before had scarcely impinged upon their restrained and narrow existence, and the subsequent jar of battle on all sides of them for four years had only settled them at last more firmly in the artless modes of life which had characterized them before the war came. To industry and observance of law they yielded unquestioning reverence. Scrupulous regard for religious form and demeanor was to them a solemn duty, second only to that of a strict adherence to religious precepts. Their characteristic dislike to politics and its offspring, war, had been deeply intensified by the events which followed in the wake of the year 1860.

They tilled their acres and raised their crops, selling them to buy other acres and to raise other crops, absolutely ignoring the refinements and elegances of life which it is the function of wealth to foster, and with little care for the undefined and misty world that lay beyond the scope of their short vision. Within a circumscribed sphere of action, they practiced and exemplified many of the qualities of excellent citizenship, regarding debt with abhorrence, avoiding the clamor and bitterness of litigation, succoring each other in distress, and frowning down the extravagances of life which take shape in dress and display. Their simple existence revolved about a center which the friction of the political strife around them could not warm.

The candidates for the General Assembly were on their best mettle. There were lurid discussions from the hustings on court days at the county seat; and the country school-

houses and cross-roads groceries reverberated the eloquence of the briefless young lawyers of either party as they advertised their talents to the sovereign people.

But the personal domiciliary visits of the candidates to the voters were recognized as the most potent and effective method of canvassing. This system of party warfare, known in the vernacular as "bushwhacking," required on the part of its successful prosecutor great adroitness, considerable self-poise, and a glib tongue.

Perhaps no man who had ever run for office in the county combined these essential qualifications in so marked a degree as did David Exall. In consequence, the women were charmed with him, the children cried to go to him, and the men voted for him. He had served for several years as attorney for the commonwealth, in which office he had prosecuted criminals with a degree of success which evinced his skill as a lawyer; he had been judge of the county court long enough to acquire and keep the title, and he now aspired to a seat in the legislature of the State.

Accompanied by Reginald Cope, Esq., late from the region lying east of the Blue Ridge, whose newly painted "shingle" pronounced him "Attorney at Law," and who with commendable industry was making the canvass and acquaintances at the same time, Exall rode down the winding way that led through a remote part of the county which the biblical fancy of some long dead and forgotten denizen had quaintly dubbed "The Hill Country of Judea."

The autumn woods were changing to red and gold under the alchemy of the frost. The distant mountains glimmered through purple mists, and nuts and acorns were dropping from the trees. It was perhaps an hour before sunset.

In a turn of the road the two men came face to face with two other men, one of whom bestrode the "wheeler" of a four-horse team drawing a canvas-covered wagon, from the front opening of which peered the countenance of the other. A couple of large dogs of mongrel breed trotted leisurely along beneath the huge wagon, the canvas of which was old and mildewed. The horses were rawboned and angular. In the rear of the vehicle was stored provender for man and beast, while a trough swung from the back of it, and underneath hung a huge horse-bucket. The men were taking a load of game and peltry from the mountains to town for the purposes of barter.

"Evenin', gen'lemen," said Exall, affably,

accommodating himself with ready ease to the dialect of the mountains. "Fambles well?"

The driver, a tall, lank mountaineer in a butternut suit and a cap of skins, pulled up his team and stared at his interlocutor stolidly.

"Fyar ter middlin'," he said, after a brief pause.

"Wot 's the news in the mountings?" queried Exall, further.

"Thar ain't none," said the mountaineer. Then relaxing a little he asked, "Are thar any with you?"

"I 'm a-runnin' fur the legislatur, gen'lemen, on the Democrat ticket," responded Exall, "an' I 'd take it pow'ful proud ef ye 'd put my name in the box when the time comes."

"Wot mought yo' entitle be, stranger?" asked the man under the canvas, leaning forward with a show of interest. He was older and more grizzled than the driver.

"You know me, I reckon," answered the candidate. "My name 's Exall. Did n' I seen you when I was through here some time ago a-runnin' fur *Commonwealth*?"

"Yes," responded the man. "I voted fur ye, an' so did Jim. We whooped ye up, beca'se ye had sount Jack Linsper ter the penitench', when ye was *Commonwealth* afo', fur stealin' of Jim's roan mar'. That 's been severel year, but I 'lowed yer face looked kinder familiouse-like. I was a witness ter the trial, and so was Jim. Are ye arter *Commonwealth* ag'in?"

Now; I 'm for the legislatur now," said Exall, who had forgotten the men, but was delighted at the reminiscence.

"Wall, one good turn begits t' other," said Jim. "We 'll give ye a lif' when the time comes, honnuble. We ain't furgot whar ye put Jack Linsper."

"Thar 's Sprouse f'om up in the Holler a-comin' along back thar a piece," said the man in the wagon, with an interest that showed his recollection of Exall's "good turn" in convicting the horse thief to be as keen as Jim's. "He kin he'p ye right smart with them fellers up thar, ef he 's a min' ter. He 's a do-less kind of a devil, Sprouse is, but he 's some punkins with the gang in the Holler."

"Thankee, gen'lemen, thankee," said Exall, exuberantly; "my reegards ter yer fambles. I 'll talk ter Sprouse. Whar did ye mention he lived? An' how many chillun did ye say he 's got? An' what was the oldes' one's name?"

Sprouse lived in Wildcat Hollow. His progeny were five in number. The name of his first-born was "Mandy Jane."

"Evenin', gen'lemen," said Exall, waving his hand, and riding forward to meet Sprouse.

"You 're a pretty good one at it," said Cope, in admiration.

"I don't know how I shall pan out with

Sprouse. There he comes, I reckon," said Exall, as a frowsy mountaineer hove in sight, driving an ox-cart loaded with bark.

"Hello, Sprouse, old boy," called the candidate cheerily; "wot 's the racket up in the mountings 'bout Wilecat Holler?"

Sprouse was evidently surprised.

"Whoa! durn ye!" he called to his oxen; and as the lumbering cart stood still, he looked at Exall curiously.

"Ye got me, Cap'n," he said with ready frankness. "I 'low I orter know ye, but 'pears like I don't."

"Exall 's my name," said the politician. "I was 'roun' here some years ago a-runnin' fur *Commonwealth*. How 's 'Mandy Jane an' the boys? An' wot 's the old 'oman up ter these times?"

"They 's all well," said Sprouse, eying him with an expression of puzzled uncertainty.

"'Mandy Jane 's a gre't big gal now, ain't she, Sprouse?"

"Yes, she 's growed pow'ful." Then he continued apologetically, though with dubious intonation: "I think I sorter reecollec's ye now, mister. I had n' saw ye fur so long, I had smack disremembered ye."

"I 'm out fur the legislatur, on the same old Democrat ticket, Sprouse. I want ye ter he'p me through ag'in."

"I nuvver help ye through afo' on no sich ticket," said Sprouse, with offensive partisanship. "I ain't registered nuther, nor ain't been sence I moved f'om the Raggit Mountings over 'n Albemarle up ter this here durn kentry, 'long of a leetle misonderstan'in' with the neighbors over thar."

"Well, you go down ter Mount Salem an' git registered. Mr. Puffenbarger 'll fix up yer papers," said Exall, nothing abashed. "Don't forgit, Sprouse. An' you whoop up them boys in the mountings fur the Democrat ticket, Sprouse."

"I ain't nuvver whooped that a-way yit, mister," said Sprouse, with a twinkle in his eye; "but I mought do it fur you, bein' as how ye got so much slack-jaw."

Cope laughed.

"Who lives below here, Sprouse?" he queried.

"Morrow, half a mile ter the right."

"He 's a Dunkard," said Exall.

"He won't do ye no good," said the exiled mountaineer. "Heaps o' them Dunkards is like me—they ain't registered. They ain't none sich over in God's Kentry beyant the Ridge. Everybody votes over thar—niggers 'n' all. Folks tells me them Dunkards is agin war 'n' politics. They ain't none sich in the Raggit Mountings—leastways they all fights over thar, war times or peace."

"We might possibly stir him up," said Exall. "Suppose we try?"

"I'd like to see him," said Cope.

"Well, good-bye, Sprouse, old fellow," called the candidate, as the creaking ox-cart started off. "Don't forget Exall on the secon' Chewesday in November."

"I'll be thar," answered Sprouse with non-committal promptness, looking back over his shoulder, while an unmistakable smile illuminated his face.

"This was my old stamping-ground during the war," said Exall to his companion as they rode along. "I have n't been down this road, however, since I traveled it in a lieutenant's gray jacket."

They had entered one of the little "drafts," or narrow valleys, so common in that hilly country.

"That must be the place," said Cope, and he pointed to a house standing back a short distance from the main road and approached by a contracted lane.

It was a building of four rooms, constructed of hewn logs and weather-boarded at the joints. It had a little porch in front, with some vines from which the leaves were almost all gone. From each end of the house rose a brick chimney. The plank fence which surrounded the diminutive yard, and the trunks of the aspens, whose trembling branches hung over the lane, were alike vividly whitewashed. A few cherry and damson trees grew about the house, and in one corner of the yard was a tall pole on the top of which was perched a tiny bird-box. The barn, which stood to the right and almost on a line with the dwelling, was much larger and more pretentious than the latter, and was neatly painted. The place had a prosperous appearance, and the surrounding acres seemed well tilled and fertile.

"How're ye, Mr. Morrow?" called the candidate, as the two politicians rode up the narrow lane and drew rein at the stile.

The man who was thus addressed came across the little yard from the direction of the barn, where he had been feeding swill to his pigs. He held the empty bucket in his hand as he slowly approached the stile, eying his visitors searchingly meanwhile.

A woman of some twenty-eight years, with black eyes and regular features, betokening a former beauty that had now faded into sallow insignificance, appeared at the sound of Exall's voice and stood in the doorway. Her gown was of dark gray homespun, cut in a quaint fashion and surmounted by a short cape, but devoid of flounce or furbelow. Her hair, parted in the middle, and drawn back closely on each side of her narrow forehead, gave a bold and

startled expression to her face. Two small children tugged at her skirts and surveyed the strangers furtively.

"Evenin', marm," said Exall with a flourish, while his companion lifted his hat.

"You 'n' the chillun well?"

"Toluble peart, thankee, mister," she answered. "Won't ye 'light?"

"Thar comes Morrow now," she added, as the tall, rawboned Dunkard approached.

His countenance was grave even to sadness. Life was evidently a serious thing in his contemplation. His long hair, parted in the middle like his wife's, hung over his sloping shoulders. His garments were of dark gray homespun, the coat being a regulation "swallow tail," save that it was collarless and devoid of the twin buttons on the back, which in fashionable society serve to exemplify a sporadic instance of the survival of the useless. His upper lip was closely shaven, but he wore a bushy black beard several inches in length on his chin.

Exall, with an intuitive perception of the man's straightforwardness, did not disguise or defer the object of his visit.

"I'm 'lectioneerin', Mr. Morrow, fur the legislatur'. I'd be proud to have yer support."

The sad-faced man set the bucket down upon the ground, and, lifting one foot to the lower step of the stile, looked his visitor squarely in the face.

"Won't ye 'light, gen'lemen?" he queried; "supper's nigh ready."

"We have n't long ter 'bide, thankee," answered Exall. "We jes drapped by fur a minute on our way ter speakin' at Mossford."

"Ye're Jedge Exall, ef I mistake not," said Morrow. "I've saw ye in town."

"That's my name."

"I've heern tell ye was an able Commonwealth, an' a jes jedge," said the Dunkard.

"Obleeged," answered Exall.

"I'm a Dunkard, Jedge," continued Morrow.

"I know that, Mr. Morrow; but there are a few o' yo' folks that vote, an' I thought that mebbe ye might do likewise, sometimes."

"I almos' always do," he responded.

"Democrat ticket, I hope," ventured Exall.

The man for answer gravely shook his head in the negative.

"Now, Mr. Morrow," said the candidate, with no uncertain appreciation of his own skill as a debater of public questions, throwing one leg over the pommel of his saddle as he spoke, "I'd like fur ye ter give me the reason o' the faith that is in ye. Mebbe I can persuadage ye that ye're on the wrong side o' the fence with the Republicins."





"WON'T YE LIGHT, GEN'LEMEN?"

Exall's horse, conscious of a loosened rein, began to crop the grass that grew near the bottom of the fence. Cope listened to the conversation curiously.

"I ain't on that side nuther," said the beset suffragist.

"I've struck a blind ditch," observed Exall to Cope, "an' I don't see whar she en's."

"I ain't no politicianer, an' I allays votes the Whig ticket, like my daddy did afo' me," the Dunkard explained with some anxiety, anticipating the ridicule of his visitors. "Mebbe it looks foolish," he continued, "but it's my principles. That ticket tells the faith that's in me, Jedge Exall."

"But thar ain't no Whig ticket," argued Exall. "How kin ye vote what thar ain't?"

"I make it fur myse'f," the man answered. "My daddy useter 'low that ev'ry citizen orter vote. I can't reconcile my idees ter them other two; an' so I stick ter the old silvery

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gray Whig ticket, an' I pick out the names fur myse'f that go on it."

It seemed extremely ludicrous to Exall; he would have laughed aloud but for the fear of offending the Dunkard, whom he hoped to convince of his folly and to persuade to his support.

The woman with the faded face called to her husband:

"Saul, ast the men in ter supper."

"Git down, gen'lemen," he said; "supper's dished up."

Exall welcomed the opportunity for a further conversation with this abnormal voter, and his young companion was nothing loath to hear the interview to an end.

"Will ye ast a blessin', Jedge?" the Dunkard queried, as they stood about the long pine table, over which the evening sunlight shone through the little western window.

On it was spread a characteristic feast, and indigestion was the lord of it. Plates of hot biscuits flanked dishes of preserves. Hot meats were surrounded by pickles, both sweet and sour; and over all predominated the conventional apple-butter.

Cope looked up with an ill-concealed smile when the Dunkard proffered his request to Exall. But the politician was equal to any emergency. With reverent words and bowed head he besought the Divine blessing, and Morrow's respect for the man was increased fourfold.

"Draw up, reach, an' he'p yo'se'f," he said, uttering the current formula of hospitality, and his guests, to whom their ride had given the zest of a keen appetite, did full justice to all the viands spread before them; though, as Exall subsequently observed to Cope, it was a desperately dangerous venture on the part of one unaccustomed to such regimen.

The faded-faced woman literally "served" the tea and coffee, and waited upon the guests,

who sat on long wooden benches without backs, drawn up along the side of the table. This service was rendered in a silence on her part that was unbroken, save now and then by the interrogative words, "Coffee?" "Butter?" "Pickle?" as she proffered the article mentioned to one or the other.

When the meal was ended Exall produced cigars, and Mrs. Morrow busied herself about her household duties.

The Dunkard did not smoke, but Cope lighted one of the weeds to keep Exall company.

"Now let 's hear about that Whig ticket," said the latter, settling himself as comfortably as possible in a straight-backed splint chair, and smiling benignly at his host.

"Well, I 'll tell ye," said Morrow. "It was all along o' the old man that I tuk up agin the two other parties. It started way back yander in the winter o' sixty-fo', when I was a boy jes' fo'teen year' old. 'Thar had been big fightin' goin' on here in this valley, with the Union soldiers on top at one time, an' then ag'in the Cornfed'rits. The folks o' my faith are agin fightin', Mr. Cope, as mebbe the Jedge here has told ye. My daddy was a Union man afo' the war, like most o' the Dunkards, beca'se they were all agin sich doin's. They did n' take no part nor lot in sesaysion, an' they thought the abolitioners warn't no less wrong. They were in favor o' peace an' quiet. They wanted ter let good enough alone. They were agin breakin' up the Union, beca'se they did n' want ter see no row 'bout it."

"An' they warn't fur from right," observed Judge Exall, sitting with his legs crossed before the open autumn fire, and puffing clouds of smoke from his cigar.

"But when the war kim," continued Morrow, "he did n' go in when Linkhorn called fur them troops, like so many o' the t'other Union men in the county did, that had been Whigs, an' were agin the war. He believed that them who take the sword shall perish by the sword, an' he hated it fur the sin that comes o' spillin' human blood."

"I was a Whig in them days, myself," commented Exall; "still I went in ter the war."

The Dunkard paid no attention to the interruption, but continued, with his eyes set on vacancy. He was looking back into the irrevocable past.

"But when they got ter fightin' all aroun', an' the armies was a-movin' up an' down the valley, summer-time an' winter, he done many a good deed in the way o' he'pin' along the sick 'n' the cold 'n' the hongry. An' he done it like Hezekiah in Judah, with all his heart."

"That was right! that was right!" murmured Exall approvingly from behind his cloud of smoke.

"It did n' make no differ' ter him," continued the reminiscent Dunkard, "whether the man had on a blue jacket or a gray one, ef it kivered a hongry belly. He 'd give one as quick as t'other vittles an' drink an' a seat by the fire an' a bed fur the night. An' ef he did n' w'ar no coat at all,—as many a one did n' in them days,—the old man never pestered himself ter know ef he was f'om Pennsylvany or Georgy; but he clothed his nakedness.

"Still, he told 'em all, Yankees an' Rebels, that he was agin all wars, an' agin the politicians that permoted strife."

"I see," observed Cope, reflectively.

The chill of the autumn evening was coming on, and the Dunkard rose from his seat and left the room for wood to replenish the dying fire.

"I 'm just beginning to get my bearings," said Exall to Cope. "If I 'm not vastly mistaken, we 've struck a more promising trail than that of our friend Sprouse back yonder."

Before he could explain, the Dunkard returned.

Piling up the hickory logs upon the fire until it leaped and sparkled and lighted up resplendently the tall Dutch clock in the corner and flung strange shadows over the rag-carpeted floor, he resumed his seat and his story together.

"The soldiers let him be fur a long time, an' did n' interrupt him. He was old an' not overly strong, an' he thought they 'd suffer him to spen' his las' days in that peace my people love an' try ter live up ter.

"But in that year o' sixty-fo' men begun ter git scase in the Cornfed'rit army, an' things was a-lookin' kinder bilious fur the sesaysioners."

"Devilish scase! devilish bilious!" interrupted Exall, earnestly.

Then he proceeded to apologize amply to his host for the interruption and its unconventional language.

"The cornscript officers were a-goin' through the kentry, a-drafin' old an' young—a-ran-sackin' of the very cradle an' the grave, the women folks useter say in them times. I reecollect the day like it was this mornin' when they rid up to that thar stile an' called him out 'n' the house. When he kim, I follered him ter the do', boy fashion, an' I heern 'em tell him that he was cornscripted, an' had ter go with 'em ter jine Early's army."

Cope bent forward eagerly to listen, and a smile of pleased expectancy stole over Exall's keen features.

"Mammy kim an' begged 'em not ter take him away. She told 'em that he was her on-lies' mainstay and dependence, an' that purty much ev'rythin' else was gone f'om the place. She 'lowed thar warn't no one else ter work the farm or put in a crap an' make a livin' fur her but me—an' me jes a boy.

"But ter cut a long story short, they did n' pay no heed ter her, an' tuk him off."

He paused for a moment in the midst of his narrative and stirred the fire abstractedly. Judge Exall's cigar burned low. The twilight was not very far away, and Cope's mind began to grow distraught between his desire to hear the Dunkard's story to its end and his fear that the audience at Mossford would dwindle away before the arrival of the speakers, and his eloquent oration be, in consequence, lost to posterity.

"Somehow or 'nother," Morrow resumed, "we managed ter scratch through the balance o' that summer 'n' fall, with the neighbors he'p-in' us on; the most o' which were women an' chillun like us, an' nigh as bad off as we were. Ole Mis' Simpkins at the aidge o' the draft—she's dead this many a year, God bless her!—was the closes' an' the kindes'. She useter come over reg'lar ter see us, an' allays fotch her knittin' along. An' thar o' winter evenin's, when the snow was on the groun', an' the win' f'om the Shanado' Mountings was a-howlin' over the draft, them two ole women sot an' talked about the war, an' the foolishness of it."

"Did Mis' Simpkins belong to yo' folks?" queried Exall, sympathetically.

"Naw," he replied, "she was a Methody; but it looked like she did n' have no better opinion o' fightin' than my mammy did. Two o' her boys had been kilt down the valley, close ter Winchester, an' ole man Simpkins was too feeble ter tote a gun, or he 'd 'a' been in it too, she said—he allays actin' contraery-like, an' agin her, she 'lowed.

"Well, one day in December Mis' Simpkins driv her ole gray ter the stile, out thar, an' h'istin' of her coat-tails out o' the slush, tromped in here with a baskit o' things onder her arm, an' her knittin'."

"Allays toted her knittin', hey?" chimed in Exall. He was growing impatient, but gave no hint of it to his host.

"Yes," the latter went on. "An' after she 'd settled down by the fire, a-toastin' o' her feet with the yarn socks over her shoes, she says, says she:

"Rachel, they tells me that man Early's army is close ter Fishersville. Are it a fac'?"

"I've heern tell," says mammy.

"It went through me like a flash that ole Mis' Simpkins had come ter persuade us ter sen' arter daddy. An' so it turned out.

"I 'd have a word down thar ter Enoch afo' Saturday," she says, "an' tell him his wife an' his son is a-needin' of him badly at home."

"An' ef he comes, an' they ketch him?" says mammy, questionin' like.

"An' ef he don't come, an' them Yankees shoot him?" says ole Mis' Simpkins. "Do you

think a whole army is a-goin' ter turn out ter hunt one po' ole Dunkard, like a passel o' boys arter a skeered hyar in the snow?" she says.

"Mis' Simpkins's knittin' needles was fyarly a-flyin' 'bout then. Mammy nuvver said nothin'. She 'peared ter be wrasin' with her mind, an' cudden git the best of it. But two days later I was at Fishersville."

"You did n't try to make him desert?" asked Cope.

"He warn't a fightin' man, an' he jes kim home," responded the Dunkard simply. "Thar was no harm in that, ter his mind, though it did seem ter upset t' other folks powerful. But 't was like ole Mis' Simpkins said: thar were the abolitioners in the Northern army, in front, a-strivin' ter kill him; an' it seemed like the sesaysioners in the Southern army did n' think no mo' o' his life back here."

Exall's gaze was bent on the man's face with an expression of absorbed interest as he spoke.

"Ye orter seen mammy when we got home," he went on. "Her eyes were wet, but not with sorrow, Jedge. I heern her tell him her heart was like ter break—but I knowed it was only beca'se she was so glad ter git him back. Neither on 'em seemed ter look beyant that. An' me—why, sir, I was the happies' boy in the whole hill kentry; beca'se, ye see, I had tuk him the word ter Fishersville.

"But the happiness of it did n' bide long. We had been here not more 'n ten days when another batch o' gray soldiers rid up that lane. I went ter the do' with my heart a-thumpin' an' a-jumpin' onder my jacket like it was a-goin' ter pop out. They ast me ef this was Morrow's. I told 'em it was. They ast me ef Morrow was at home. I knowed daddy was up at the barn, but I suspicioned that they warn't a-lookin' fur him fur any good. Bein' powerful put ter it, I lied—God forgive me!

"He's in Early's army," said I.

"'Lookee here, bub,' said one o' the men, 'that won't do. He's a deserter in the face o' the enemy, an' I reckon he ain't fur off from jes here.'

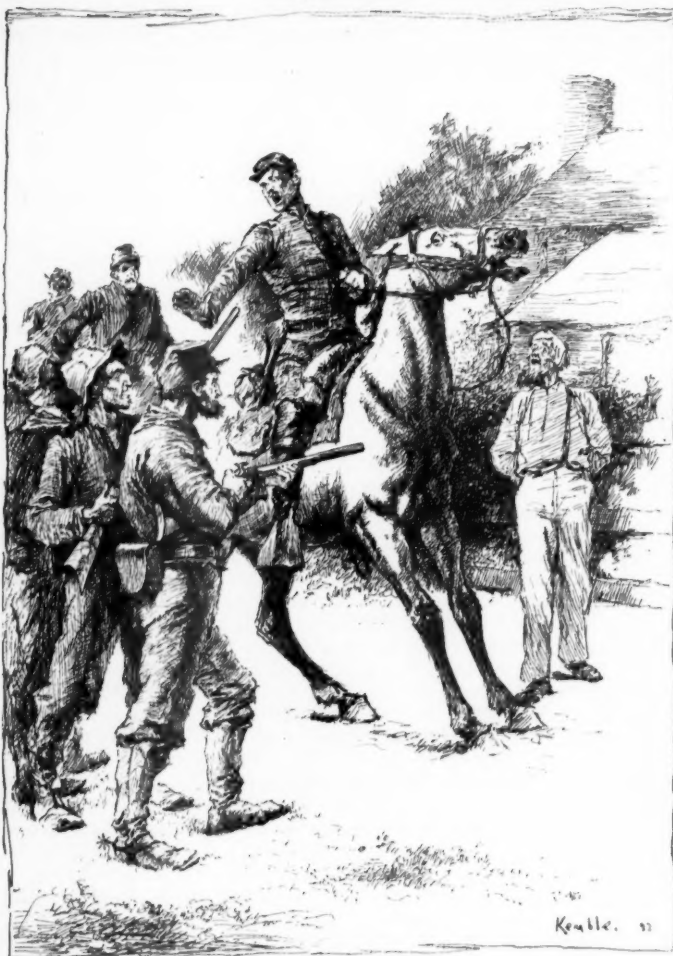
"They got down off 'n thar hosses an' commenced ter s'arch the place. They went to'ds the barn, 'n' seen the old army mule that had fotch' him an' me f'om Fishersville.

"We're on a hot trail," said another one of 'em, an' tuk the Lord's name in vain.

"Presen'ly I seen 'em a-fetchin' him along, an' he was as cool as I am now, Jedge, twel mammy kim a-cryin' an' a-wringin' her han's.

"Jim," said the cap'n ter one o' his men, 'this 'll nuvver do. We mus' send the old lady away. Hitch that mule ter the spring waggin onder the shed.'

"Then it come on me like a flash what they wanted with daddy. I reasoned that they



THE CAVALRY SQUAD.

wuddent ha' thought ter send her off ef they were only a-goin' ter take him back ter Early at Fishersville.

"'Thar 's Mis' Simpkins's house down the road on the aidge o' the draft,' said daddy ter the cap'n. It looked ter me like *he* knowed too. 'Saul, drive yer mammy over thar, son,' he said. Then I commenced ter tremble, an' mammy said, 'I won't leave him,' an' fell flat on the flo' in a faint. That was an awful day, Jedge. That day had a heap ter do with makin' me stick ter the straight Whig ticket agin all others."

Exall arose from his seat and flung the stump of his cigar into the fire. His abrupt manner startled the Dunkard, who paused a moment in his narrative.

"Go on," said the candidate. "I 'm a-listenin'."

"They picked her up an' put her in the bottom o' the waggin, an' I driv her ter Simpkins's as fast as I could git that mule ter travel; an' he did appear ter be powerful slow that day. I wore a hickory stick ter frazzles on him afo' we got thar. At last we lifted her inter the house — Mis' Simpkins an' ole man Simpkins an' me. Soon as I seen Mis' Simpkins a-flutterin' round, burnin' feathers an' sich, I said, 'I mus' look arter the mule,' an' I went back out o' the front do'. But I did n' interrupt the beast. I let him stand whar he was, an' I run home the short cut acrost the frozen fields. I crope up the back way out o' breath, an' dodged roun' the cornder o' the house. I knowed the men were thar still, beca'se you could see thar hosses pick-

eted ter the barn-

yard fence from the hill this side o' Simpkins's.

"Jes as I turned that cornder, I come acrost a sight that fyarly froze me up. I sometimes see it now in my sleep, Jedge. Six on 'em were a-standin' tergether, with thar guns in thar hands, out thar by the stile, an' on the t' other side o' the lane was daddy a-facin' o' 'em, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms twisted behind his back."

The politician's eye kindled and his crest rose. He stepped forward as he would have done to address a great audience.

"I remember it like yesterday," he said. "I have dreamed of it too."

"You?" queried Morrow in wonder.

"Yes; I can see now the cavalry squad under the young lieutenant that galloped up



the lane from behind that hill out yonder, and halted between those leveled guns and that old gray-headed man. It scarcely seems so many years ago."

The Dunkard stood up pale and trembling.

"Were you one o' the men that saved his life, Jedge?" he queried with faltering tongue. "I've been a-hopin' ter see some on 'em ever sence that day."

"I was in command," answered Exall. "We were just in the nick of time."

Tears gathered in Morrow's eyes. He stepped forward with outstretched hand, and the quaver had not left the voice that said:

"Was it you, Jedge? Was it ralely you? He nuvver knowed ter his dyin' day the name o' the man that saved him. Howsomever, he did n' forgit ye in his pra'rs, Jedge—no mo' have I, God bless ye!"

The sun had long since set behind the Shendoah Mountains. It was the moment of the twilight which the valley folk call "the aide

o' the dark." As Exall and Cope stepped from the little porch some cows came from an adjacent pasture-field through bars a short distance away that had been let down by Morrow's eldest boy, a tow-headed urchin of eight or ten years. They filed up the narrow lane, past the stile, and entered the barn-yard.

"The middle class, that is neither too rich nor too poor, is the great conservative class of our country," commented Cope, reflectively, as they emerged from the little lane into the Mossford road. "That man clings to his Whig ticket with a characteristic love for the old landmarks."

But the candidate for the legislature was calculating how many votes his fortunate visit was worth.

"He'll not cling to it any longer," Exall replied exultantly. "Saul Morrow'll wake the Dunkards for twenty miles between this and election day."

And they rode away into the dark.

*A. C. Gordon.*

## ROUND ABOUT GALILEE.

**T**HE Bedouins of to-day live in very much the same way as the Bible tells us that the patriarchs did. One need not travel over the whole country for proofs of this. The towns and villages are much alike in their general characteristics, and in all parts of the open country the habits of

the nomadic population are the same. It is true that Tiberias boasts of having the most fleas and "the king" thereof; Jericho yields the most persistent crop of beggars; Shechem vies with Jerusalem in presenting the worst cases of leprosy; there is no end to the blind people in Hebron; Bethlehem claims to have the cleanest streets, although I confess I did not



EARLY MORNING, NAZARETH.

miss any of the dirt when I visited it; and the Bethany children are the loveliest of all. Yet in all or any one of these places substantial illustrations of the Bible record rise up on every side.

Nazareth is undoubtedly the most important town in the region of Galilee. It is not very far from Jezreel or Shunem or Nain; Mount Tabor can always be seen from the neighboring hills; a few hours of rough travel brings one to where the ruins of Capernaum receive the whispered messages and the hoarse warnings of the Sea of Galilee. In the general itinerary the approach to Nazareth is from the south. The last day before reaching it Mount Gilboa is passed; then villages near the plains of Jezreel and of Esdraelon are visited, and the effort is made to spend the last two hours in crossing over to the west in the hope of reaching Nazareth by evening. A more enjoyable way is to halt for the night on the western border of the Plain of Esdraelon:

feet, and rough enough to test the mettle of an expert and ambitious Alpine climber. At the early morning hour the curtains of mist hang low. Sometimes these veils are so thin as to reveal softly and clearly the modeling of the scenes beyond them. The breath of wind that comes and goes is so soft that the deep silence is not disturbed.

Now as the morning glow comes on, the little cultivated terraces are seen hanging upon the sides of the hills, like orchids upon a wall. Some shepherd's home is sure to be near them, and occasionally the tinkling bell of a nervous sheep or goat is heard, followed by the reassuring tones of his wakeful guardian. But that is all that disturbs until Nazareth is very near. Then, crossing the ridge already referred to, there, as its last incline reaches by sharp pitches into a narrow plain, is Nazareth. Fifteen rounded peaks close it in on all sides but one, and there Nature has made the ap-



THE WOOD-MARKET.

then, next morning, long before daylight, to make the climb up to Nazareth on foot. Such a walk will ever be remembered as a delightful trance. If the undertaking occurs at the proper season, the bright stars shimmering overhead will keep hope sustained, while the moon, falling lower and lower and moving backward seemingly, holds out its golden torch and indicates the way by kindling beacons upon the mountains ahead, or by tipping the crags with tender light and sending a tremulous glow through the ravines to cheer the traveler and to rest his heart.

The way is scarcely more than a bridle-path sometimes, and often it is so steep as to cause even the sure-footed Syrian horse to falter a moment while he chooses the way. Through miniature valleys and along narrow passes it goes, until the precipitous ridge which protects Nazareth on the east is gained. The ascent from the plain is about one thousand

proach impregnable by a series of lofty, abrupt precipices. The early morning view is made grander by the wildness of the surroundings. The soil is so rocky that the vegetation, such as it is, must have a hard time to win life. In some places the soil has been driven away by the descending torrents, and the bald spots thus exposed are as white as Alpine snow.

Groves of trees of many varieties, dotted here and there, spread out their roots and entangle the soil which is washed down from above until a luxurious growth is presented. When first looking upon Nazareth from the south the stranger is not impressed with its true Oriental character. It seems too new in appearance; too clean. This illusion, like that which strikes one when looking upon Milan Cathedral or the noble group of structures at Pisa, is due to the whiteness of the building-stone. When one goes down into its details,

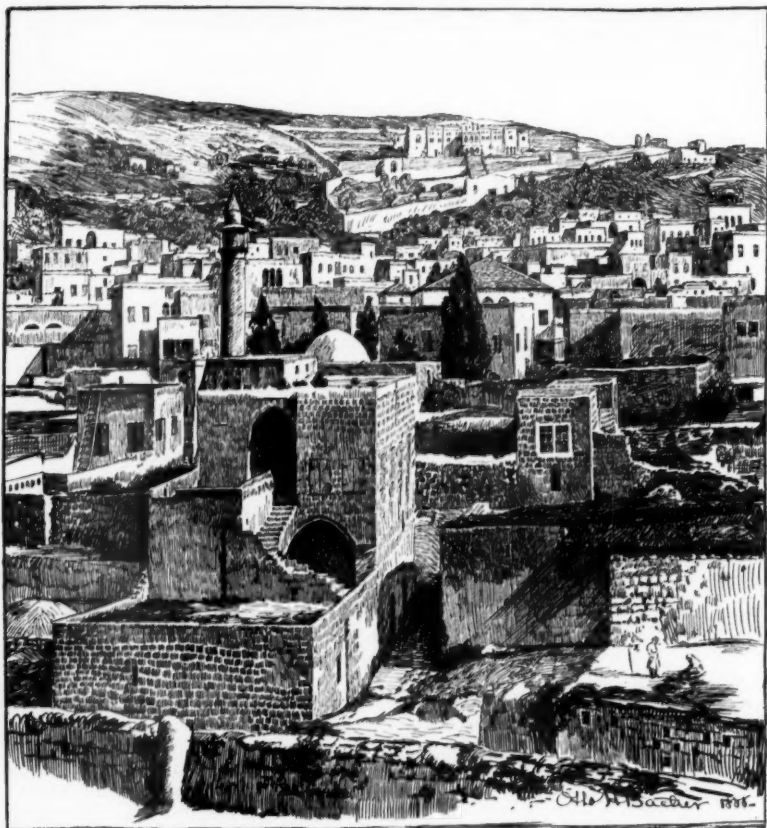


BEGGARS BY THE ROADSIDE.

however, Nazareth, like Brussels, is found to have its old quarter as well as a modern one.

Now, as the moon sinks out of sight, and the stars are one by one silently eclipsed by the warm rosy light of the eastern sun, the day-book opens, and the grand drama of life in a Palestine town is recorded page after page. The tall minaret of the mosque and the shapely campanile of the Latin church catch the first glimmer of the coming sun. The masterless dogs see the signal and by their tumultuous howls startle the sleepers in the town. Then the light lingers a moment upon the broad segments of the domes of mosque and church alike before creeping down and down until each white house is in a glare and every street is illuminated and warmed into life by the flood of golden color which springs into them. Then the sounds of languages strange and loud fall upon the ear. They come from the drivers of the cattle, and from the street merchant who would draw first attention to the wares he has for sale. The Nazarene of to-day is as turbulent as he was when all Palestine hated him and declared that no good could come out of Nazareth. Once the streets are fairly entered it will be seen that the town is as full of busy life as a hornet's nest. The dark-eyed women are among the first who appear to start the business of the day. They come from the oak-tangles of the environing hills, where

they have gathered the bundles of twigs for which there is a ready sale. They squat in the market-place with their snaggy merchandise and timidly await the coming of their patrons. These women have but little sunshine in their lives. There is not much color-cheerfulness in such early morning pictures, except in the orange and crimson and blue face-veils which the women wear, and in their bright eyes, which can be seen sparkling through the veils. The scene brightens when the tall, slender fellows, girt in white "abbas" and many-colored "kufeyehs," flock along, bare-legged, and topped by turbans of white or tarbooshes of red. They are the bread-sellers, the water-carriers, and the fruit-venders. As they go they sidle their toes into the ribs of the night-watchman, who turns over on his face and begins his slumbers simultaneously with the awakening of the sun. Oh, the chattering and the jabbering of such a discordant crowd! Incipient quarrels often occur, but no bloodshed follows. The brown-calved autocrats long ago learned that the howadji regards them as sublimely picturesque, and there is a tacit agreement among them to deck their stage with their most brilliant tints. Sometimes it seems like Naples here in the narrow, dark, dirty streets; and indeed year by year Nazareth grows more and more like an Italian town. Its white hills do not soar so loftily into the blueness of the



NAZARETH FROM THE CAMPANILE OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

air distance as do the pale volcanic piles which environ Naples; neither are they turreted here and there with ruined castles. But it is true that the parti-colored campanile and the white convent are no longer a rarity at Nazareth, and each day is opened and closed with the solemn gamut of the monastery bells, rung in strange dissonance with the muezzin call.

Each turn in the streets brings a change of scene. Everybody who can manages to be there. The dealers in dates, figs, beans, barley, lentils, oranges, cheese, and vegetables ooze out from their bazars and spread their merchandise around them upon the muddy highway in front; the tailor, the cobbler, the copper-smith, the coffee-grinder, and the carpenter all occupy as much of the narrow thoroughfares as the crowd will allow. The dogs scavenge along undisturbed; the lumbering camel sways from side to side with his back full of limestone blocks or cedar logs three times as long as himself, and commands sufficient respect from every one to enable him to have the right of way;

the chickens stroll everywhere freely; the children swarm around every stranger begging for backsheesh, and the cosmopolitan donkey brays assent to everything except the blows and tail-twisting he receives from his driver.

There are quieter ones than all these in Nazareth on market day. Seated by the side of the gateway flanked on each side by towers connected by a well-shaped Roman arch flung from one to the other, sits a modern Bartimeus with his companion, blind, and begging, not for the Divine touch which healed, but hopelessly blind and abandoned to that art of the modern Arab, the taking of alms. Picturesque though they are, such groups are always pathetic. They are all too plenty in Palestine. Blindness is so common there that to find a person with two perfect, healthy eyes is the exception rather than the rule. I have frequently been attracted by a pair of expressive eyes peering over a horrid face-veil as their owner came towards me, only to learn with a pang as we met that one of them was white in the



center and the pupil of the other being encroached upon by the fatal blue of ophthalmia. The trouble begins in babyhood. The Arab mother refuses to drive away the flies which swarm around the diseased eyes of the poor little child, seated upon her shoulder, lest "the evil eye of the stranger" fall upon her offspring. But what she imagines is protection from a fatal evil breeds a disease far more dreadful. That, with the sudden climatic changes, makes blindness a scourge in the East. In the olden time the scribes declared almsgiving to be "a grace." For one farthing given to the poor, said they, a man will receive heaven. It is good for the blind man of modern times that this ancient belief still prevails somewhat, for if it did not it would go hard with him.

But the attractions of Nazareth are not all of the marketplace. The Latin Church of the Annunciation, built, it is claimed, over the spot where the interview between the angel and the Virgin occurred, is a place of much interest. It reminds one of Italy because of its architecture, because of its campanile, and because of the services held there. On one side of the aisle I saw a Franciscan monk teaching about fifty children. It was 7 o'clock in the morning. I thought I never had seen sweeter child faces, and their little voices were as musical as the bird songs which come up from the meadows in the morning. On the other side of the aisle the pharmacy and the apartments of the monks are located. Descending the fifteen steps which lead underneath the altar, "The Place of the Annunciation" is reached. The apartment is about twenty feet both in length and width and ten feet high. It is lined with white marble on all sides. The altar, which is also of marble, is decorated with vases of artificial flowers. The silver lamps which hang from the roof of the cave are never allowed to go out. A fine oil-painting behind the altar, a gift of the Emperor of Austria, represents the Annunciation.

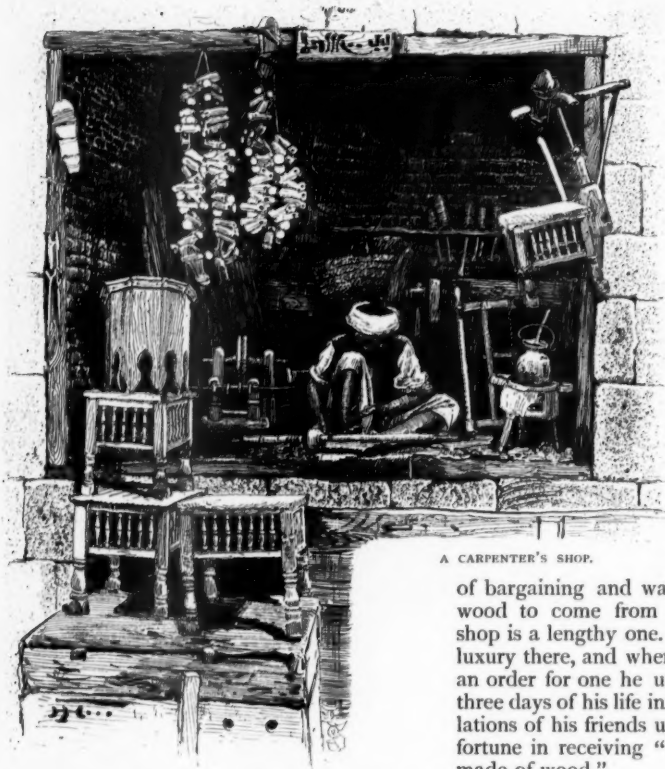
At the right of the altar is a low door which leads to a second portion of the grotto, which is left in its natural state. From this annex a stairway leads up into a low cave called "The Virgin Mary's Kitchen." The monks hold that the house of Mary stood over this grotto. There are a hundred such places underneath the hills which surround Nazareth. Coming up from the

grotto into the morning services of the church, one meets a strange composition amid sense-involving accessories. The singing priests; the waving censers; the tender music of the organ; the responses of the motley congregation, made up from all quarters of the globe; the glittering lights coming in from the stained windows and meeting athwart the long aisle; the kneeling women; the impatient children; the inquisitive tourist—all contribute to the understanding of the great painting which hangs upon the wall. This work of some fervid old master represents Gabriel and Mary—the latter kneeling at the feet of the angel, while he addresses her and comforts her with his message of glad tidings.



A GALILEAN HOUSE.

One of the best views of the city is to be had from the campanile of the Church of the Annunciation. In the distance is the brow of the hill to which Jesus was led by the enraged multitude who attempted to throw him from it. A modern house in the foreground brings to mind the time when they uncovered a roof and let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. This must be very much the same kind of house as that historical one at Capernaum. There is the peculiar roof, and there are the outside stairs leading to the roof. The Eastern householder makes his roof serve for more than a protection from the weather. It is the piazza, the quiet place of the dweller, and



A CARPENTER'S SHOP.

sometimes it becomes his summer residence. As a rule it is not very heavy or very strong. Rafters are thrown across from wall to wall, say a yard apart; then the whole space is covered with twigs such as we saw the women selling in the market-place. On these the slender limbs of trees are thrown and thickly coated with mortar. Lastly, a thick spread of earth is thrown on, rolled to a level, and oftentimes sown with grass-seed. Thus by care many of the roofs become as smooth and soft as a machine-mown lawn. They may be easily broken up and anything lowered inside from above. By some such process the four bearers of the poor palsied man managed to enlist the attention of the Great Physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard to understand it all when viewing such a house as this one at Nazareth. It would not be difficult for four men to carry a lame friend in a hammock by the outer stairway up to the roof, and, breaking through, let him down into the apartment or court below. Not far from this same house, in a narrow street, is a little chapel erected upon the site of Joseph's carpenter-shop. Over the altar is a picture representing Mary and Joseph in-

structing Jesus, and finding that he knew more than they. Another painting represents the lad Jesus assisting his father at work. It contains no accessories of the carpenter's shop, but there are enough of them in the shops close by. The web-saw, the glue-pot, the plane, and the hammer are the principal tools used in such shops, all without the modern improvements. Yet whatever the Palestine carpenter produces is from the fragrant cedars of Lebanon or from the eccentrically knotted and gnarled olive-wood. The operation

of bargaining and waiting for any article of wood to come from a Palestine carpenter's shop is a lengthy one. Articles of wood are a luxury there, and when the carpenter receives an order for one he usually employs the next three days of his life in soliciting the congratulations of his friends upon his wonderful good fortune in receiving "an order for something made of wood."

Ever since the time that Naaman, the Syrian leper, came to Samaria to be cured, the horrid woes of leprosy have clung to some parts of Palestine. One day a dozen or more of its poor victims came limping and leaping after me, begging alms. Every one held out a tiny tin vessel to receive the coin, that his offensive person might not be touched by the almsgiver. They were willing to group themselves for the camera backed by the grim accessories of the lepers' hospital. Eyes, noses, fingers, hands, feet, faces, and even throats were gone in some cases. Their cry was pitiful and strangely varied as well—"Bakees!" "Bah-heez!" "Back-siz!" "Ba-ish!" "Bah-ee!" "Zees, howadji!" they wailed. Some of them would have been puzzled to pronounce either the "shibboleth" of the Gileadites or the "sibboleth" of the Ephraimites had they been challenged after the battle at the passage of the Jordan. It seemed as though pebbles were rattling down their dried bronchial tubes, or else that their throats were torn anew at every utterance. One is glad enough to purchase release from such a loathsome sight by a liberal backsheesh. It is not a wonder that a man so

afflicted would dare the law by entering the synagogue in order to reach the Healer with his cry of faith, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Nor was it strange that Jesus, moved with compassion, set aside Judaism by touching the leper and saying, "I will; be thou clean."

Turning from the excitement of the town for a while, a visit to the hill at the west, whence the people tried to thrust Jesus after his sermon in the synagogue, will be worth while. It is about five hundred feet in height, and the ascent is rather difficult. It will repay the traveler, however; for the views obtained from the summit, when the air is clear, are among the finest in all Palestine. Nearest is Mount Tabor, from whose oak groves the

sense which reduces all things until the combination seems to present a miniature world. The rocks, the woods, the torrents, the sloping sides of the hills, the villages and towns, are distinctly visible, small but clearly defined; and the summits of the mountains, which seem so threatening from below, now appear like the furrows of a plowed field or the terraced sides of an individual neighboring hill. Not until the bell of the old gray convent disturbs the illusion can this strange sense be shaken off.

Any one walking from Nazareth to Capernaum will come upon two reminders of the days when Jesus "preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee." One of these is the present Jewish population; the other, the remains of some of the very synagogues referred



A GROUP OF LEPEES AND THE LEPEES' HOSPITAL.

women of the market-place gather their twigs. The mountains of Gilead; the broad, undulating Plain of Esdraelon, with the villages which top the adjoining hills; the fertile hills of Samaria; the long Mount Carmel range on the left, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean beyond; the extended ridges of the Galilean hills; the rolling country intervening, and snow-capped Mount Hebron away beyond—all are discernible in one grand prospect.

Peculiar sensations play upon the mind in such a place as this. It does not seem as though the view could always be so grand. It must be that Nature has arranged to make the scene unusually beautiful, entrancing, and overpowering for the occasion. A feeling arises that a special visual angle has been given to one's eyes to enable them to take in such a wide view. More than this, a diminishing power seems to be given to the optical

to. The Palestine Jew wears a long, dark coat and a fur-lined cap of peculiar form, not unlike the modern "Tam o' Shanter" in shape. His lovelocks are long at each temple, his brows bushy, his hair and beard frequently red, his eyes as often blue, his skin pale, and his flesh looks bloodless. He appears to be almost as much a ruin as the synagogues are. How different all was when Jesus touched the leper; and how like a torch that touch served to set afire the inflammable hatred of the Pharisee, causing it to burst into furious flames of imprecation and accusation! Then how soon the "blasphemer" became the topic of general conversation—this man who had never attended a house of instruction, and who had not even asked for a certificate showing the right to teach. People of all classes congregated upon their roofs or in their courts then, and disputed about the Great Healer. Even



the yoke of the godless Roman. Then when Jesus entered their synagogues they hastened, as in a race, to secure places where they could be near him, hear his addresses, and feed their curiosity or gather comfort from his revelations. Only their ruined synagogues remain to prove the turmoil.

One of the most picturesque synagogues in Galilee is found at Kef'r Bir'im. It is the larger of two, and is located among the houses of the village. Its splen-

in the khans travelers to and fro were involved in the popular discussion while they sipped their Italian wine and questioned the natives as to the prospect of the grape-crop in Lebanon and east of the Jordan. Even Herod became so forgotten that he grew alarmed, more than he was when first he heard "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Already the Pharisee had been heard to hiss when he saw the image of the Roman emperor upon the golden coin which he dropped into the synagogue treasury. When a copper coin bearing the name of the hated emperor was ostentatiously thrown at the despised leper it was done with a gesture of contempt that made his own blood feverish, and oftentimes puzzled him to decide whom he most hated, Jesus or Herod. More than this: men whom Jesus had won preached more zeal for a nation whose people were only the slaves and mercenaries of Herod, and advised the lifting of Israel's banners with the breaking of

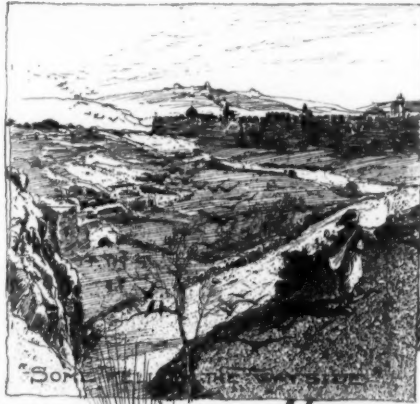
did arched doorway is preserved entire. Some of its columns are also standing; and its size, sixty feet long by fifty feet broad, can be proved by the remains of the walls. The true age of the structure is also found by the "chiseled in" stones set with mortar. Here doubtless was one of their synagogues where Jesus preached. It may have been here that more than one poor sufferer was cured—more than one Pharisee stricken with the disease of hate from which he never recovered.

Do not they tell of the feverish excitement inflamed by the political and religious passion of the Jews, of the chafing Roman yoke, of the racking hate of the foreigner, of the galling helplessness of the Israelites, of the "waiting for the consolation of Israel"? Revolt hung over all like a thunderbolt, ready to burst at any time and send destruction and dismay along its merciless track. Religious fanaticism turned the heads of men and made them demons. It was not the lack of desire for "Mes-



sias to come" which caused men to dwell in tombs, cut themselves with stones and cry out, "I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not." It was the leper without the leper's faith. So things went on balancing up and down from outbreak to riot, from deeds of violence to horrid massacre, from the blood of the sacrificed brutes to that of the ill-fated slaves of Rome, from the charge of the Sanhedrim to the Cross of Calvary. Thereafter, on and on, until Kef'r Bir'im and all "their synagogues throughout all Galilee" lay ruined and deserted.

It is worth while to climb to the highest part of these old relics and survey the country. You can always see much farther than you can walk in a day. I prefer the close of the day for such an enterprise, when the shadows of evening send forth as their heralds the cool breezes which cause the fields of grain and grass to undulate like the whispering waves of a summer sea. Then the birds chirp a welcome as they flock together overhead, while the noisy night-bird, perched upon the highest tree, signals the night to come on. It is not all loneliness hereabouts, for even a part of Kef'r Bir'im is inhabited, and the neighboring country is well cultivated. Over on the left is a well, or "fountain," where the women come every night for water, and where the flocks drink — just as it was when the miraculous healings which had taken place in the synagogue were discussed by the frequenters of the same fountain. On the other side the mountain ranges may be seen forming a great aerial circle, broken only by the deep ravines. There, too, is the vast amphitheater which they form, filled by the mist and sunbeams which shimmer over the Sea of Galilee. The air is balmy, and there are a thousand forms of



SOME FIELDS UPON STONY PLACES



SOME FIELDS UPON STONY PLACES



AND SOME FIELDS AMONG THORNS



BUT OTHER FIELDS ARE ALSO TO BE SEEN

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER



THE CAVE AND SHRINES OF PAN AT CAESAREA PHILIPPI.

beauty revealed by the sun as it thrusts its long rays, like Arab lances, through the landscape. The shadows are driven away from the sparkling fountains, and their shining reveals the whereabouts of the rocky cascades whose monotones have excited our wonder all day; for there they are leaping from their rugged heights, now a hundred feet, now twenty, now ten, and now, widely diffused, rolling over the bare rock for a hundred yards or more until they come on to their last leap; then, plunging into the jungle, they send up the spray above the tree-tops, where it breaks into rainbow circles and, falling, disappears. Never do the olive groves look so well as at the evening hours, when the lowering sun shines through their irregular enfildes and illumines the green-gray glossy details of their horny leaves. The gnarled and split and twisted trunks of these caverned veterans, with their long extended arms breaking into hundreds of branches, are also best seen from above in the evening light; then every branch is discernible with its feathered lichens and its knotted stems. Thus the nearer groves appear. Those in the distance look more hoary and soft, as though a veil of light cunningly woven by the shuttling of the rays hung over them,

until the herald breezes touch them and push their branches all one way. Then they ripple like a sea of silver or a field of grain with its beard just full grown.

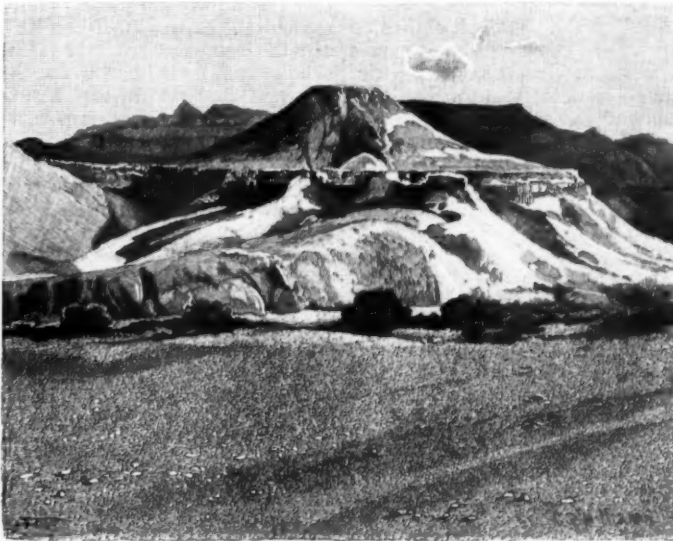
Evening is not the time, though, to see the lovely wild-flowers which seek the protecting shadows of the olive grove; for their eyes are closed then and their little sleepy heads are bowed for the night. Neither is it worth while to climb to a height to see them. Go down in the morning, when the dew is trickling along their slender stalks and the sun is calling them to do their part towards making the world beautiful; then you will see myriads of flowers in endless variety. And how, like the persistent track of one of our own mountain railways, the pathways wind and "loop" here and there among the ravines and around the mountain shoulders, over the spurs and about the hills with ruined cities yet upon them—through the "field of the sower." When the sun has set, and the birds have hidden their heads under their wings and the olive groves become shadow masses, then the mist rises and everything above it seems to be hanging and hovering in the sky. The white-topped hills become snowy peaks, and the houses of the

villages are like islands in the sea. In no part of Palestine is the vegetation more luxuriant than in Galilee. But Galilee is thinly populated, and the people are indifferent as to what goes on in the outer world. If the minions of Antony and Augustus could lead a host through the Plain of Esdraelon now they would meet no foe; the golden eagle might be set upon the dome of the Mosque of Omar, but the modern Galilean would not resent it; the husbandman of Galilee does not own the land he tills, and cares nothing for the fanaticism of those who do; a thousand crucifixions might take place at Jerusalem and the creaking olive-presses of Galilee would not be stopped a moment to listen to the story. You would think the brown-faced farmer here had no soul unless you happened to offer him backsheesh to show you the way, or your dragoman pushed your horses through the grain-fields. Then he would rise to the occasion and try to take care of himself. Varied indeed are the sights presented as one walks along even over the land controlled by a single sheik. There at the left you may see a hill topped by a squalid modern village and the remnants of one more antique—composite illustrations of history. A tortuous path, with the stones thrown off at each side, leads from the summit down into the valley. At right and left are "fields of the sower," and "by the wayside" are plenty of spots where the seed has fallen: hence the marauder is more than likely to glean it for his own use ere it is barely ready for the sickle. There are other sections in the great field which look well, but the



THE JORDAN — THE PILGRIMS' BATHING-PLACE.

ground is stony and the waving stalks have no root. They grow and seem to show promise for both ear and corn, but when the first very hot days come they wilt and waste on the stony ground which could not sustain life in them. Such spots are quickly revealed to the traveler if he attempts to cross a wheat-field in Galilee before the grain is ripe. In the neighborhood of some of these stony places the prickly-pear bush with its millions of spikes



THE WILDERNESS.



SYRIAN GIRLS—NAZLEH AND MERMION.

and thorns abounds. It is often a great trouble to the husbandman. Frequently, however, he turns it to good account for fence and hedge. I have seen entire villages inclosed by this sturdy plant, and the avenues leading to the houses of the villages lined with it. Surely it chokes all the seed which falls about it, and it causes woe enough to the luckless traveler who tries to break through its dense growth. Ordinary thorns also abound and grow to great heights. A field of "good ground" is a pleasant sight. When it has been freshly plowed and its furrows incline towards the morning sun, it looks like a carpet lately swept. Sometimes a single olive tree breaks the monotony and serves to lead the eye forward until it meets the wall of an ancient city, or a temple, or a tower, forming the distant background of the prospect.

It has been said by many Oriental travelers that in the East the usages of life do not vary—that the East is stationary. It is true that many of the customs of Palestine have survived all the terrible convulsions through which the country has passed, as well as the change in population. The Arabs of to-day retain many of the practices of the Jews of old. But in one very important direction the seed sown by the Jews seems to have fallen in stony ground, for there is not much to show for its sowing now.

I mean the education of the children. In Christ's day the youthful Jew was taught to read, either at home or in the schools connected with the synagogue. At twelve years of age he was expected to recite the "Shema" in the temple. Those who were precocious, and who respected their teachers, were permitted to enter the higher schools, where the rabbis taught the Law from the books of Moses. The social position of the rabbis was the very highest and their dignity was of the stateliest. At the age of thirteen a young Jew became "a son of the Law," and was bound to reverence and practice all its moral and ritual exactions. Josephus declared that Moses commanded that the children be taught to read and to walk in the ways of the Law. They were also required to know the deeds of their fathers, that they might imitate them and neither transgress the Law nor have the excuse of ignorance. Boastingly he added: "We interest ourselves more about the education of our children than about anything else, and hold the observance of the laws and rules of piety they inculcate as the weightiest business of our whole lives." One of the apt family sayings of their day was: "Seeking wisdom

when you are old is like writing on water; seeking it when you are young is like graving on a stone." At an early age the parents brought the children to the synagogue that they might have the prayers and blessings of the elders. "After the father of the child," says the Talmud, "had laid his hands on his child's head, he led him to the elders, one by one, and they also blessed him and prayed that he might grow up famous in the Law, faithful in marriage, and abundant in good works." Jesus, having been accepted as a rabbi by many of the people, was frequently appealed to for the rabbi's blessing. More than this, he gave it voluntarily. He enjoined a child-like spirit. The children were also taught to honor their parents. This child-like spirit meant something more than it does now. Jesus was a Jew, and enjoined the careful consideration of the children. May he not have had in mind, too, the occasion when Herod massacred all the little ones of Bethlehem in order to make sure of the death of the Sacred Babe? At any rate he enjoined that all "become as little children." All this has changed, however. The children of Palestine are very lovely and beautiful—in character oftentimes as well as in looks. They are taught to be kindly and polite in their home duties; but,



alas! the only opportunities for their education are afforded by the missions and their schools. In these Syria is particularly fortunate. Frequently a European tourist provides for the education of a tiny Arab at one of the schools of Beyrouth, Joppa, Damascus, Nazareth, or Jerusalem. Such good fortune befell the tiny Nazleh and her larger companion Mermon—fair specimens of the little brown-skinned who put their hands in yours and win your hearts. Little girls are never very welcome in an Arab home. To be the father of a young Achmed, or Mohammed, or Ali, however, is to be called the honored title of "father of Achmed," or "father of Mohammed," or "father of Ali," for it is considered a great honor to have a son. When the children of a household are at play and a cry is heard, the mother runs quickly to the rescue if the sound of distress comes from her boy. I am not sure, however, but that this sort of treatment causes the faces of the little girls to be all the sweeter and their great black eyes all the more melting.

Again we turn from the concerns of the rural householder and go back to the busy city—this time on a feast day. The mountain track is crowded with donkeys and mules and camels laden with all sorts of produce, attended by their drivers and their owners. It is all picturesque, but it is not all peaceable. If a luckless donkey grazes the ribs of a camel even at their lower extremities, the respective owners of the beasts begin at once a duel of words. Watching the opportunity, the donkey lies down for a roll in the dust, and the camel, drawing up his great joints to his body, squats down regardless in the way of all comers. A crowd then gathers, and soon the way is barricaded. The scene grows interesting, and some fine specimens of modern Arabic are scattered to the four winds. Yousef to El Wafi screams: "Fellow there! We wish to reach the mosque before the evening muezzin. You will enable us to praise God the more if you will start your camels a little out of our way and allow us to pass by." El Wafi: "Hold your peace! Do not you see that the street is crowded?" Yousef: "I see a lot of dull and stupid idlers before me. Lend me your camel-goad, and I will soon give you a lift towards Nazareth." El Wafi: "Take my advice and go back to Shunem or Nain, wherever you come from; and take my curse along with you, for there is no room for such as you in the crowded city."

All such converse goes on amid much gesticulation and the fierce snapping of eyes, but it is not often that any one is hurt. There is a sense of high relief physically when one at last gains freedom from such a crowd and reaches the street where the principal bazars are located. The crush is somewhat less—at

least there is no blockade; but the bedlam seems to have increased. It is the place for bargains. Figs and dates, mixed with almonds and stuffed in skins like Bologna sausages, sliced off in quantity to suit purchasers, are offered at a booth next to which a merchant in red pepper and spices holds forth. The merry whirl of the potter's wheel is balanced by the deafening hammer of the coppersmith next door; while the weaver and the saddle-maker occupy one bazar in peaceful concord. As strange as any of them is the grand display of the handkerchief-seller, whose merchandise from the mills of Manchester makes a grand color display. The individual pieces are sometimes covered with playing-cards, and again bordered with Arabic passages from the Koran. You put down the backsheesh, and if satisfactory to the vender you are permitted to follow the courage of your convictions and carry away your choice. This is not always successful, however. Once upon a time it was not until the third day that I could persuade one Oriental nabob to part with a yellow handkerchief which on the first day he keenly discerned I was bound to add to my collection. But when one wanders among these people and sees the slowly creeping, cringing Jew among them, how he longs for a look at the ancient Levites who once mingled with the populace with their odd head-dresses and the broad outside pockets, barely deep enough to keep the large scroll of the Law which they contained from overbalancing into the street. Where now are the Pharisees with their arms strapped with broad phylacteries, wearing massive fringes running around each individual edge of their garments? There are now no meek Essenes here clothed in white, in contrast with the haughty Roman officials accoutered in gorgeous apparel. The pilgrims in the costumes of every land are plenty, though, and seem to be all that resemble the crowds who assembled in the days of old.

History tells us that the age in which Jesus Christ lived was a transitory one—an age of doubt and uncertainty. Jesus himself called it a "wicked and adulterous generation." The broken columns and half-buried capitals which one stumbles over when walking in Galilee tell how the Idumean tetrarch robbed the Jew of his scepter, how the Roman procurator tampered with the priesthood, how the Sanhedrim fell into the toils of the subtle Herodian and heartless Sadducee. The shrines at Cæsarea Philippi and elsewhere prove how Jesus, as was his custom, drew upon facts for his assertions; how paganism misled the faithful by its hideous excesses. All along the line of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea are the caves where the wearied and worn Essenes

hid and waited for Messias to come. Atheism wrestled with Philosophy; Crime captured Remorse and blindfolded it; hearts grew so stony that even the heathen began to feel that the second flood was impending. Insolence, cruelty, extortion, massacre, the destruction of the synagogues and the erection of heathen temples in their places, maddened a people already wild with fanaticism. The sects were subdivided until there was no hope for any. It was a dark day for the children of Israel, and they caught at any straw which offered them the least hope of freedom. Among their subdivisions the strictest sect was the Essenes. They seemed to supply the only sound segment in the whole rotting Jewish circle. Sadducees they were not, of course. Neither were they content with the loose observance of the Law winked at by the Pharisees. To avoid the responsibilities of an active life, they fled to the caves of the oases and the desert and led a purely religious and contemplative life. For further purification they were addicted to much bathing; they let a little light into their lives by nursing the sick, but they drew down a screen over them by a mysterious silence. To them the synagogue became "the world"—of the earth earthy; to be avoided. Therefore they built convents and became monks. They abandoned sacrifices, for they detested them. They never went up to Jerusalem, but held themselves aloof from all who were not "pure" like themselves. They were the extreme religionists, the "perfectionists," of their day—"perfect Jews fulfilling the whole law." They were communists. If one fell ill, the others cared for him at the common expense. All were supported from the general purse. Sober, virtuous, and unselfish, their conduct was exemplary. They went out from each other only to heal and to help. Jesus was not an Essene, but he evidently knew of them and met them. If John was not an Essene he was moved by similar desires to be free from the world, and when the time came he spoke. Then suddenly a ray of light came to Israel—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." The frantic people came like an avalanche to catch the warnings of this "voice." The Roman tax-gatherer

trembled, the hired soldiers called upon their gods for protection, Pharisees and Sadducees listened and threatened, and thousands of the populace found rest in a new hope.

"And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan." Then began the healing of the blind, the restoration of the palsied, the cessation of the leper's cry, the blessing of the little children, the driving out of the money-changers, the preaching in the synagogues of Galilee, and the denunciation of the "wicked and adulterous generation." The corrupt rulers and the wicked priests who perverted the Law grew afraid, the hands which became full by grinding the widow and the orphan to dust held back, and the roaring voices of the Pharisees were lowered in the market-places. But these changes were followed by evil machinations to make the "blasphemer" unpopular and to kill him. They knew that their downfall would follow if sincerity, contentment, gentleness, chastity, and kindness ruled and Jesus reigned. They *wished* wars and contentions. The soft delights of peace and justice and mutual deeds of love, the sincere worship of God, and the fulfillment of the Mosaic Law were all contrary to their desires. And the followers of Jesus also began to waver. The seed had fallen among thorns. They had followed Jesus long enough, and they had seen miracles enough, to be assured of his goodness and of his fitness to be their king. But he was not the sort of king they wanted. The Christ of God he might be, but he was not the Jesus to out-Herod Herod. Worse than all, he did not seem to agree with the prophets. They would not receive him as a redeemer of mankind from sin. They wanted a king to reign over them on the throne of Israel. So they gave him up to his enemies and he was destroyed. It was an age of strange contrasts, and the strangeness is not all over with. For every year hundreds go to Palestine to end their days that they may be buried in the scanty soil, hundreds go down into the "wilderness" to see the place whence came the "voice," and each year thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims come from all lands to bathe where "Jesus . . . was baptized of John in Jordan."

Edward L. Wilson.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

### THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF EMANCIPATION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

#### POPE'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

**I**N order to understand the unfortunate consequence of the long delay of McClellan in moving his army from the James to the Potomac, a few words of retrospect are here necessary. On

June 26, 1862, General John Pope was appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia, consisting of the corps of Frémont, Banks, and McDowell. Frémont, having refused to serve under his junior, was relieved of his command, and his place taken by General Franz Sigel. McDowell and Banks, who might with much more reason have objected to the arrangement, accepted it with soldierly and patriotic promptness. General Pope, though still a young man, was a veteran soldier. He was a graduate of the class of 1842 at West Point, had served with distinction in the Mexican War, and had had a great success in the capture of Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River in the spring of 1862. He had made a very favorable impression, not only upon the President but upon most members of the Cabinet. He remained in Washington for several weeks after having been assigned to his new command, awaiting the arrival of General Halleck, the new General-in-Chief, and only left there to put himself at the head of his troops on the 29th of July.

In the latter part of June the President, being deeply anxious in regard to the military situation, and desiring to obtain the best advice in his power, had made as privately as possible a visit to General Scott in his retirement to ask his counsel. The only record of this visit is a memorandum from Scott approving the President's own plan of sending McDowell's command to reinforce McClellan before Richmond, a plan the execution of which was prevented by Lee's attack. It is probable that at this same interview the appointment of Halleck as General-in-Chief was again suggested by General Scott. Secretary Chase says in his diary that so far as he knew no member of the Cabinet was consulted in regard to it.<sup>2</sup> The appointment when made

was received with general approval. Halleck was not McClellan, which was sufficient for the more vehement opponents of that general; and he was not a Republican, which pleased the other party. In fact he shocked the Secretary of the Treasury by saying at the first Cabinet meeting he attended, "I confess I do not think much of the negro." If Halleck never fulfilled the high expectations at first entertained of him, he at least discharged the duties of his great office with intelligence and fidelity. His integrity and his ability were alike undoubted. His deficiencies were rather those of temperament. In great crises he lacked determination and self-confidence, and was always more ready to avoid than to assume embarrassing responsibility.

General Halleck had arrived from the West, had taken command of all the armies of the Republic on July 23, and started at once on a visit to the Army of the Potomac. After his return from the James the question of McClellan's removal from command of the Army of the Potomac was much discussed in Administration circles. The President himself was averse to it. Secretary Chase was the most prominent member of the Government in its favor. He urged it strongly upon General Halleck, thinking it necessary to the revival of the credit of the country. Halleck agreed with him in condemning McClellan's military operations, but thought that "under his orders" McClellan "would do very well." Pope, in conversation with the Secretary of the Treasury, said he had warned the President that he could not safely command the Army of Virginia if its success was to depend on the co-operation of McClellan, for he felt assured that his co-operation would fail at some time when it would be most important. But the resolution was taken, upon Halleck's report, to withdraw McClellan with his army. On the 30th, as we have seen, McClellan was ordered to send away his sick. On the 3d of August he was directed to move his army to Aquia Creek. Reiterated orders, entreaties, arguments, and reproaches were all powerless to hasten his

<sup>2</sup> Secretary Welles says Scott, Stanton, and Pope favored Halleck's appointment.—*Lincoln and Seward*.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

movements or to bring him to the Potomac in less than three weeks. His first troops, Reynolds's division, joined the Army of Virginia on the 23d of August.

In the mean time Pope had begun his campaign with an error of taste more serious than any error of conduct he ever committed. He had issued an address to his army containing a few expressions which had made almost all the officers of the Army of the Potomac his enemies.<sup>1</sup>

This address, which had no other purpose than to encourage and inspire his men, was received, to Pope's amazement, with a storm of angry ridicule which lasted as long as he remained in command of the Army of Virginia, and very seriously weakened his hold upon the confidence of his troops and the respect of the public. As a matter of course it rendered impossible any sincere sympathy and support from General McClellan and those nearest to him. It may even be doubted whether there had been from the beginning any probability of a good understanding between them. From the moment Pope arrived from the West he was regarded with jealousy by the friends of McClellan as a certain rival and possible successor.

In the last days of June, when McClellan made his first intimation of a change of base, Pope had suggested, and the President had conveyed his suggestion to McClellan, that it would be better for the latter, if forced to leave the line of the Chickahominy, to fall back on the Pamunkey. The source from which the suggestion came was sufficient to insure its rejection if there had been no other reason. Pope had taken great pains to establish friendly relations with McClellan, writing him, as soon as he assumed command, a long and cordial letter giving him a full account of his situation and intentions, and inviting his confidence and sympathy in return. McClellan answered a few days later in a briefer letter, in which he clearly foreshadowed an intention to resist the withdrawal of his army from its present position. Handicapped by this lack of cordial sympathy for him in the Army of the Potomac, Pope left Washington on the 29th of July to begin his work, the first object of which was to make a demonstration in the direction of Gordonsville to assist in the withdrawal of

McClellan's army from the James. In pursuance of this intention Generals Banks and Sigel were ordered to move to Culpeper Court House. Banks promptly obeyed his orders, arriving there shortly before midnight on the 8th of August. Sigel, from some mistake as to the road, did not get there until the evening of the next day. By that time Banks had gone forward to Cedar Mountain, and at that point, with a force of less than 8000 men of all arms, he attacked the army corps of Stonewall Jackson, consisting of Ewell's, Hill's, and Jackson's divisions, with such vigor and impetuosity that he came near defeating them. He inflicted such a blow upon Jackson as to give him an exaggerated idea of his numbers; and hearing two days afterwards that Banks had been reinforced, Jackson thought best to retire to the Rapidan.

By this time General Lee, having become convinced that McClellan was about to leave the Peninsula, concluded to concentrate a large force upon Pope's advance, to attack and if possible to destroy it. On the 13th of August General Longstreet was ordered to the Rapidan with the divisions of Longstreet and Jackson, and Stuart's cavalry corps. General Lee disposed of an army of about 55,000 men. Pope, finding himself so greatly outnumbered, wisely retreated behind the Rappahannock, where he established himself without loss on the 20th of August.

Thus far Pope had made no mistake. He had succeeded in checking the advance of Jackson, in withdrawing such a force of the enemy from Richmond as to leave McClellan's retreat unmolested, and had established his army in good condition on the north bank of the Rappahannock. Under orders from General Halleck he held the line of this river for eight days, repulsing several attempts of the enemy to cross, in hope, as the General-in-Chief said, "that during this time sufficient forces from the Army of the Potomac would reach Aquia Creek to enable us to prevent any further advance of Lee, and eventually, with the combined armies, to drive him back upon Richmond."<sup>2</sup> Baffled in his repeated attempts to cross the Rappahannock in front of Pope's position, General Lee resolved upon a flank movement to the left and intrusted it to Stone-

1 . . . I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when found—whose policy has been attack, and not defense. . . . I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy; and it is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. . . . I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions, and holding them;

of lines of retreat, and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position that a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us, and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance; disaster and shame lurk in the rear. . . . [Pope's address "To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia," July 14, 1862.]

<sup>2</sup> Halleck, Report of Nov. 25, 1862. War Records.



wall Jackson. The latter executed the task with amazing audacity and swiftness, marching round the left and rear of the Union army through the villages of Amisville, Orlean, and Salem, pouring his forces through Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains and striking Pope's line of communication and a valuable depot of supplies at Manassas Junction. Jackson retired from this place and took up his position in the morning of the 28th of August just north of the Warrenton Turnpike, near the old battlefield of Bull Run. Longstreet's corps was so far behind Jackson that a rapid change of front and concentration of all the troops at Pope's and Halleck's disposal ought to have destroyed Jackson, isolated as he was from the rest of Lee's army. But his position was not ascertained as soon as it should have been. Owing to causes which have led to infinite controversy, the Union forces were not brought together with the energy and celerity required, and therefore it came about that in the morning of August 29 Pope's main army confronted Jackson on the Warrenton Pike at Groveton; Porter was some three miles on the left near the Manassas Gap Railroad, and Longstreet was on the march from Thoroughfare Gap to effect his junction with Jackson's right. There was still an opportunity to win a great victory.

General Fitz John Porter, when at Warrenton Junction on the evening of the 27th of August, had received an order from General Pope to march at 1 A. M. to Bristoe Station; but, in the exercise of his own discretion, he did not march until dawn. This delay, however, had as yet no specially disastrous results, and would probably never have been brought into such prominence as it afterwards assumed had it not been for the light which it was supposed to cast upon subsequent events. Porter was, however, in his place on the morning of the 29th, with his splendid corps in fighting trim some distance from General Pope's left and a little in rear of his line of battle. He had been ordered to Centreville the night before, but his orders had been changed, early in the morning, to proceed to Gainesville instead. No time had been lost by this change, as his new order found him, on his march, at Manassas Junction, whence he pushed out his column on the Gainesville road to a little stream called Dawkins Branch, where he halted.

About 9 o'clock General Pope issued to McDowell and Porter a joint order<sup>1</sup> directing them to move their commands towards Gainesville, and to establish communication between themselves and the main body on the Warrenton Turnpike. General McDowell relates in his testimony before the general court-martial of Fitz John Porter that he met General Porter

near the little stream just mentioned, about five miles from Manassas Junction and three miles from Gainesville. They had some conversation in regard to the joint order, and McDowell communicated to Porter a dispatch he had just received from General Buford, to the effect that a considerable body of Confederate troops was approaching from the direction of Gainesville. Concluding from this and other circumstances that there was immediate need of the presence of one of them on the left flank of the main body of the Union army then engaged with the enemy at Groveton, McDowell resolved to take his troops in that direction. On leaving General Porter he said to him, "You put your force in here and I will take mine up the Sudley Springs road on the left of the troops engaged at that point." McDowell reached Pope about 5 P. M. and reported to him with King's division, commanded by Hatch, as King was suffering from a severe illness.

The battle which had raged all day between Pope's and Jackson's armies was ebbing to its close, neither side having gained any decided advantage. McDowell's men were put in at the left of the line for the last sharp hour of fighting; they lost heavily, but fought with the greatest gallantry. They finally retired in good order, leaving one gun in the hands of the enemy, which had "continued to fire," says the Confederate Colonel Law, "until my men were so near it as to have their faces burnt by its discharges." At 4:30 Pope, who had waited all day for Porter's flanking attack upon Jackson's right and rear, sent Porter a peremptory order directing him to push forward into action, keeping his right in communication with Pope's left.

There is much discussion whether this order was delivered at 5 or 6 o'clock. Captain Douglas Pope, who bore it, says it was delivered at the earlier hour; General Porter claims that it was an hour later; but, at all events, Porter, who had found indications of a strong force in his front, waited in position till it grew dark and then retired in the direction of Manassas Junction. That night General Pope in deep exasperation sent an order to Porter, couched in harsh and peremptory terms, directing him to report in person with his command on the field for orders. Early next morning, August 30, Porter reported with all of his command but one brigade; and on this day one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war, the second battle of Bull Run, was fought. It was a battle which General Pope was under no necessity of fighting. He might easily have retired behind Bull Run and waited until Franklin's corps, which had been moving from Alexandria with inexplicable slowness, had joined him and replenished his supplies. But the reports of a retreat by the enemy, the

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

admirable fighting qualities of his troops displayed on the 29th before his eyes, and the fact that on the 30th he had Porter's magnificent corps under his immediate orders, and more than all perhaps the temperament of the man, who was always ready to fight when there was a fair chance for him, determined him to stay where he was and to risk a new battle on that historic field. He made a mistake in supposing that the principal force against him was north of the Warrenton Turnpike. He placed, therefore, the bulk of his own army on that side and attacked with great energy early in the afternoon. Porter's corps fought with its old-time bravery; but his troops having come within the range of the enfilading fire of Longstreet's guns, the attack failed on the left. Later, Longstreet advanced on the Confederate right. A furious struggle took place for the position of Bald Hill, west of the Sudley Springs road; and later Sykes's regulars, successfully defending into the night the Henry House Hill from the assault of the Confederates, covered the retreat of the Union army across the Stone bridge to Centreville. On both sides it was one of the hardest fought battles of the war.

The day after the battle General Lee made no attempt to pursue or molest Pope's army; but on the evening of the 1st of September he essayed his usual flanking experiment with Jackson's corps upon the Union right wing at Chantilly. Pope had foreseen this, and prepared for it, and a very severe action took place, beginning at sunset and terminating in the darkness, in the midst of a furious thunder-storm. Jackson had gone too fast and too far. He was readily repulsed, but the Union army met with a heavy loss in the death of Generals Philip Kearny and Isaac I. Stevens. There were few men in the service more able, industrious, modest, and faithful than Stevens; and Kearny was an ideal soldier—brave, cool, patient, and loyal.

On the morning of the 1st, Pope, who seemed far more dispirited and discouraged by the evident hostility towards him existing among

the officers of the Army of the Potomac than by any of his losses in battle, had telegraphed to General Halleck his opinion that the army should be withdrawn to the intrenchments in front of Washington, and in that secure place reorganized and rearranged. "When there is no heart in their leaders," he says, "and every disposition to hang back, much cannot be expected from the men."<sup>1</sup> These orders were given the next day, and the army was brought back without molestation.

General Pope attributed the failure of this campaign to General Porter's inaction and his disobedience of orders upon the 27th and 29th, and in this opinion many officers of the highest rank and integrity agreed. The general court-martial by which the charges were considered found General Porter guilty and sentenced him to be cashiered. He, assured of his own integrity, persistently protested against the injustice of this sentence and sought in every possible way to have it reversed.<sup>2</sup> It became in a certain sense a political question; and when, a quarter of a century later, the Democratic party had gained control of the House of Representatives and the Presidency, General Porter was restored to his former position in the army. With all the testimony adduced, it is probable that Porter would not have been convicted had it not been for his own letters written during the progress of the campaign. These show a spirit of contempt and scorn for his superior officer which go far to explain his behavior on this occasion.<sup>3</sup> It was these letters which furnished the theory of the prosecution of Porter: that he sincerely felt the good of the army and of the country required that Pope should be deposed from the command for which he honestly believed him unfit, and that McClellan should have his old army back again. His magnificent courage and conduct on other fields have a tendency to blind the eyes of just criticism in this matter; but there seems no resemblance between this languid soldier of the 29th of August and that son of thunder who at Beaver Dam and Gaines's Mill withstood the

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

<sup>2</sup> A board of three general officers appointed by President Hayes to reexamine the case acquitted General Porter of all blame except for indiscreet and unkind criticism of his superior officer. A bill was passed by Congress restoring him to the army, but it was vetoed by President Arthur, who, however, removed Porter's continuing disabilities by an Executive order. After the accession of President Cleveland the bill was once more passed and this time approved by the President, and General Porter was restored to his place in the army and honorably retired.

<sup>3</sup> In a letter of August 27th to Burnside from Warrenton Junction he says: "I find a vast difference between these troops and ours. . . . I hear that they are much demoralized, and need some good troops to give heart and, I think, head. We are working now to get behind Bull Run, and I presume will be there in a

few days if strategy does not use us up. The strategy is magnificent, and tactics in an inverse proportion. . . . I would like to be ordered to return to Fredericksburg. . . . I do not doubt the enemy have a large amount of supplies provided for them, and believe they have a contempt for the Army of Virginia. I wish myself away from it with all our old Army of the Potomac, and so do our companions. . . . If you can get me away, please do so." Later he indulges in a pardonable pleasantries at the expense of his commander's magniloquent address to his troops: "Our line of communication is taking care of itself, in compliance with orders." On the morning of the 29th he wrote: "I hope Mac is at work and we shall soon be ordered out of this. It would seem, from proper statements of the enemy, that he was wandering round loose; but I expect they know what they are doing, which is more than any one here or anywhere knows."

onset of Lee and his army from noon to night of a long summer's day, with the same men and guns who were idling in the shade that afternoon by Dawkins Branch. What he gallantly and gladly did for the glory and honor of a commander he loved and admired he was incapable of doing when the glory and honor was to inure to the benefit of a commander whom he hated and despised.

General Pope regarded the inefficiency of McClellan in forwarding reinforcements to him from Alexandria as another important factor in his failure. He says in his report that Reynolds's division, which joined him on the 23d of August at Rappahannock station, and the corps of Heintzelman and Porter, about 18,000 between them, which arrived on the 26th and 27th at Warrenton Junction, were "all of the 91,000 veteran troops from Harrison's Landing which ever drew trigger under my command." Franklin and Sumner with 20,000 effectives reported to him at Centreville too late to redeem the campaign. It is a fact not without significance that the last troops which joined him before the hard fighting began did so before McClellan took charge at Alexandria. General Sumner, that brave old warrior who considered it a personal injury to be kept from any battlefield within his reach, broke out in hot anger when he learned that McClellan had said his corps was not in a condition for fighting. "If I had been ordered to advance right on," he said afterwards,<sup>1</sup> "from Alexandria by the Little River Turnpike, I should have been in that Second Bull Run battle with my whole force." He was made to waste forty-eight hours in camp and in a fruitless march to the Aqueduct bridge.

In the matter of Franklin's corps the correspondence of General McClellan himself furnishes the most undeniable evidence that he did not think best to hurry matters in reinforcing Pope. Halleck on the 27th had telegraphed him the probability of a general battle. "Franklin's corps," he said, "should move out by forced marches, carrying three or four days' provisions." This order was repeated later in the day in more urgent terms, that "Franklin's corps should move in the direction of Manassas as soon as possible." McClellan answered, not that Franklin had started, but that he had sent orders to him to "prepare to march." He afterwards discovered that Franklin was in Washington, and gave orders to place the corps in "readiness to move." In the afternoon he sent dispatches indicating his belief that it might be better for Franklin not to go, and questioning whether

Washington was safe; and in the evening of the same day this conviction had gained such strength in his mind that he squarely recommended that the troops in hand be held for the defense of the capital. On the morning of the 28th Halleck telegraphed direct an order to Franklin to move towards Manassas, but at 1 o'clock in the afternoon General McClellan replied, "The moment Franklin can be started with a reasonable amount of artillery, he shall go." At 4:10 o'clock he added: "General Franklin is with me here. I will know in a few minutes the condition of artillery and cavalry. We are not yet in a condition to move; may be by to-morrow morning." Halleck, in despair at this inertia, had telegraphed at 3:30 o'clock: "Not a moment must be lost in pushing as large a force as possible towards Manassas so as to communicate with Pope before the enemy is reinforced." To this, after the lapse of an hour, McClellan answered:

Your dispatch received. Neither Franklin or Sumner's corps is now in condition to move and fight a battle. It would be a sacrifice to send them now. . . .

At night General Halleck, with vehement earnestness, ordered —

There must be no further delay in moving Franklin's corps towards Manassas. They must go to-morrow morning, ready or not ready. If we delay too long, there will be no necessity to go at all; for Pope will either be defeated or be victorious without our aid. If there is a want of wagons, the men must carry provisions with them till the wagons can come to their relief.

At last McClellan answered that he had ordered Franklin to march at 6 in the morning of the 29th. He then enumerated the force he had in hand, amounting to about thirty thousand men, and added, with a naïveté which in view of Halleck's urgent telegrams for two days would be comical if the consequences had not been so serious, "If you wish any of them to move towards Manassas, please inform me."

On the 29th of August he got Franklin started, but still protested against the order to move him, and continually through the day sent dispatches suggesting that Franklin should go no farther, until at last Halleck, even his excessive patience giving way, replied at 3 o'clock, "I want Franklin's corps to go far enough to find out something about the enemy. . . . I am tired of guesses." At a quarter before 3 in the afternoon of the 29th, General McClellan sent the following extraordinary dispatch to Mr. Lincoln, which to do him justice must be given entire:

The last news I received from the direction of Manassas was from stragglers, to the effect that the enemy were evacuating Centreville and retiring

<sup>1</sup> Sumner's testimony. Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

towards Thoroughfare Gap. This by no means reliable. I am clear that one of two courses should be adopted: first, to concentrate all our available forces to open communications with Pope; second, to leave Pope to get out of his scrape, and at once use all our means to make the capital perfectly safe.

No middle ground will now answer. Tell me what you wish me to do and I will do all in my power to accomplish it. I wish to know what my orders and authority are. I ask for nothing, but will obey whatever orders you give. I only ask a prompt decision, that I may at once give the necessary orders. It will not do to delay longer.

There can be no mistaking the transparent menace of this dispatch. Of the alternatives he suggested, he meant but one. By his protests of the last three days, as well as by his actions, he had clearly shown his disinclination to attempt to open communication with Pope. There is but one course, therefore, left which commends itself to his judgment; that is, to leave the Army of Virginia to its fate. This dispatch was sent directly to the President in answer to a request from him for news, and the President replied, one must confess, with more of magnanimity than of dignity:

I think your first alternative, "to concentrate all our available forces to open communication with Pope," is the right one, but I wish not to control. That I now leave to General Halleck, aided by your counsels.

During the two entire days, the 29th and 30th, while Pope was engaged in his desperate struggle at Bull Run with the whole of Lee's army, the singular interchange of telegrams between Halleck and McClellan continued—the one giving orders growing more and more peremptory every hour, and the other giving excuses more or less unsatisfactory for not obeying them. But late at night of the 31st of August, when the fighting was virtually over, General Halleck, upon whom the fatigue and excitement of the past week had had a most depressing effect, suddenly betrayed that weakness of character which so often surprised his friends, and sent to McClellan a dispatch breathing discouragement in every word, in which, saying that he was "utterly tired out," he begged McClellan "to assist him in this crisis with his ability and experience." To this General McClellan replied with unusual promptness a few minutes after receiving it, asking for an interview to settle his position. In a letter an hour later he gave his decided opinion that Pope had been totally defeated and that everything available should be drawn in at once: he thinks such orders should be sent immediately; he has no confidence in Pope's dispositions; "to speak frankly," he says,— "and the occasion requires it,—there appears to be a total absence of brains, and

I fear a total destruction of the army." He falls back again into his sententious strain:

The occasion is grave and demands grave measures. The question is the salvation of the country. . . . It is my deliberate opinion that the interests of the nation demand that Pope shall fall back to-night if possible, and not one moment is to be lost.

The same advice was repeated by Pope the next morning, and Halleck at once gave the necessary orders. On September 1, General McClellan visited Washington and conversed with Halleck and the President. Mr. Lincoln had been greatly distressed and shocked by the account Pope had given of the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac, which in his opinion proceeded from the spirit of hostility and insubordination displayed openly by some of its most prominent officers. He requested McClellan to use his great personal influence with his immediate friends in that army to correct this evil. McClellan, while not crediting the report of Pope, nevertheless complied with the request of the President, and sent a letter to Porter urging him and all his friends, for his sake, to extend to General Pope the same support they had always given him, to which Porter replied in loyal and soldierly terms. On the next day (September 2), Mr. Lincoln placed the defenses of Washington and the command of the troops as they arrived from the front in the hands of General McClellan. There is no other official act of his life for which he has been more severely criticised, but we need not go far to find a motive for it.

The restoration of McClellan to command was Mr. Lincoln's own act. The majority of the Cabinet were strongly opposed to it. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury agreed, upon the 29th of August, in a remonstrance against McClellan's continuance in command of any army of the Union. They reduced it to writing; it was signed by themselves and the Attorney-General, and afterwards by the Secretary of the Interior. The Secretary of the Navy concurred in the judgment of his colleagues, but declined to sign it, on the ground that it might seem unfriendly to the President. In the Cabinet meeting of the 2d of September the whole subject was freely discussed. The Secretary of War disclaimed any responsibility for the action taken, saying that the order to McClellan was given him directly by the President and that General Halleck considered himself relieved from responsibility by it, although he acquiesced and approved the order. He thought that McClellan was now in a position where he could shirk all responsibility, shielding himself under Halleck, while Halleck would shield himself under the President. Mr. Lincoln took a dif-



ferent view of the transaction, saying that he considered General Halleck as much in command of the army as ever, and that General McClellan had been charged with special functions, to command the troops for the defense of Washington, and that he placed him there because he could see no one who could do so well the work required.<sup>1</sup> The Secretary of the Treasury in recording this proceeding does not disguise his scorn for the lack of spirit displayed by the President, and on a later date he adds:

It is indeed humiliating, but prompted I believe by a sincere desire to serve the country, and a fear that should he supersede McClellan by any other commander no advantage would be gained in leadership, but much harm in the disaffection of officers and troops.

Mr. Lincoln certainly had the defects of his great qualities. His unbounded magnanimity made him incapable sometimes even of just resentments. In regard to offenses committed against himself he used laughingly to say, "I am in favor of short statutes of limitations." General McClellan's worst offenses had been committed against the President in person. The insulting dispatch from Savage's Station and the letter from Harrison's Landing, in which he took the President to task for the whole course of his civil and military administration, would probably have been pardoned by no other ruler that ever lived; yet Mr. Lincoln never appeared to bear the slightest ill-will to the general on account of these affronts. He did feel deeply the conduct of McClellan towards Pope. He was outraged at McClellan's suggestion to leave Pope to his fate. He said to one of his household on the 30th of August, "He has acted badly towards Pope; he really wanted him to fail";<sup>2</sup> and after he had placed him again in command of the Army of the Potomac he repeated this severe judgment, but he added, "There is no one in the army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half as well as he can." Again he said, "We must use the tools we have; if he cannot fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight." In the interests of the country he condoned the offenses against Pope as readily as those against himself.

It may perhaps even be said that McClellan, so far from suffering at the President's hands for his unbecoming conduct towards him, gained a positive advantage by it. It was not alone for his undoubted talents as an organizer and drill-master that he was restored to his command. It was a time of gloom and doubt in the political as well as in the military situa-

tion. The factious spirit was stronger among the politicians and the press of the Democratic party than at any other time during the war. Not only in the States of the border, but in many Northern States, there were signs of sullen discontent among a large body of the people that could not escape the notice of a statesman so vigilant as Lincoln. It was of the greatest importance, not only in the interest of recruiting, but also in the interest of that wider support which a popular government requires from the general body of its citizens, that causes of offense against any large portion of the community should be sedulously avoided by those in power. General McClellan had made himself, by his demonstration against the President's policy, the leader of the Democratic party. Mr. Lincoln, for these reasons, was especially anxious to take no action against McClellan which might seem to be dictated by personal jealousy or pique; and besides, as General Pope had himself reported, there was a personal devotion to McClellan among those in high command in the Army of the Potomac which rendered it almost impossible for any other general to get its best work out of it. General Hitchcock, one of the most accomplished officers of the old army, gave this as the reason for his declining the command of that army.

It is difficult to regard without indignation the treatment, however necessary and justifiable, which the principal actors in this great transaction received. McClellan, whose conduct from beginning to end can only be condemned, received command of a great army, reorganized and reinforced, and with it a chance for magnificent achievement, if he had been able to improve it, which no officer before or since ever enjoyed on this continent. Pope, who had fought with the greatest bravery and perseverance a losing battle against Lee's entire army all the way from the Rappahannock to the Potomac, encouraged at every point with the hope of reinforcements which only reached him too late, and finally by his misfortunes adding a new illustration to the prestige of his rival and enemy, received simply the compliments and congratulations of his superiors and was then removed to a distant department of the frontier, to take no further part in the stirring scenes of a war in which he was so well qualified to bear an honorable part. McDowell, a perfect soldier, among the bravest, ablest, and most loyal officers of the army, who had done his whole duty and much more, who zealously went before and beyond the orders of his superiors, always seeking the post of utmost danger and toil, was found at the close of this campaign, of which he was the true hero, with his reputa-

<sup>1</sup> Chase's Diary. Warden, p. 456 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> J. H., Diary.

tion so smirched and tarnished by senseless and malignant calumny that he was never after during the war considered available for those high and important employments for which he was better equipped than almost any of his comrades. A court of inquiry, it is true, vindicated him completely from every charge that malice or ignorance had invented against him; but the two disasters of Bull Run, in successive summers, for neither of which he was to blame, remained in the general mind inseparably connected with his name.

General McClellan himself never appreciated the magnanimity with which he had been treated. In fact, he thought the magnanimity was all upon his side. As time wore on he continually exaggerated in his own mind the services he had rendered and the needs of the Government at the time he had been placed in command, until he created for himself the fantastic delusion that he had saved the Administration from despair! In the last lines he ever wrote, shortly before his death, he gives this absolutely new and most remarkable account of the visit which Lincoln and Halleck made to him on the 2d of September:

He [the President] then said that he regarded Washington as lost, and asked me if I would, under the circumstances, as a favor to him, resume command and do the best that could be done. Without one moment's hesitation, and without making any conditions whatever, I at once said that I would accept the command and would stake my life that I would save the city. Both the President and Halleck again asserted that it was impossible to save the city, and I repeated my firm conviction that I could and would save it. They then left, the President verbally placing me in entire command of the city and of the troops falling back upon it from the front.<sup>1</sup>

It is possible that in the lapse of twenty years General McClellan's memory had become so distorted by constant dwelling upon imagined wrongs that he was at last capable of believing this absurd fiction. It was a fancy adopted in the last years of his life. A year after his removal from command he wrote a voluminous report of his entire military history, filling an octavo volume. He was then the acknowledged favorite of the Democratic party, the predestined candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Lincoln. He embodied in that report every incident or argument he could think of to justify his own conduct and to condemn that of the Government. Yet in this interminable document there is no hint that Lincoln or Halleck thought the capital was lost. He apparently never dreamed of such a thing while Lincoln lived; he gave no

intimation of such a charge while Halleck survived, although their relations were frankly hostile. Only after both these witnesses had passed away, and a direct contradiction was thus rendered impossible, did it occur to him to report this conversation between his patriotic heroism and their craven despair!

There is another proof that this story was an after-thought. In a letter to his family, written on the 2d, the very morning of this pretended conversation, he merely says:

I was surprised this morning, when at breakfast, by a visit from the President and Halleck, in which the former expressed the opinion that the troubles now impending could be overcome better by me than by any one else. Pope is ordered to fall back upon Washington, and as he reenters everything is to come under my command again.

When we consider that in these private letters he never omits an opportunity for heroic posturing, it is impossible to believe that if Lincoln and Halleck an hour or two before had been imploring him to save the capital, he would not have mentioned it. The truth is, McClellan himself has left evidence of the fact that he thought Washington in danger. He wrote to his wife:

I do not regard Washington as safe against the rebels. If I can quietly slip over there I will send your silver off.

If it was worth while to cumber these pages with the refutation of a calumny so transparently false, we could bring the testimony of a score of witnesses to show that Mr. Lincoln, during the first days of September, was unusually cool and determined. Grieved and disappointed as he was at the failure of Pope's campaign, his principal preoccupation was not at any time the safety of Washington. It was that Lee's army, as he frequently expressed it, "should not get away without being hurt." On Monday morning he said: "They must be whipped here and now. Pope must fight them; and if they are too strong for him, he can gradually get back to these fortifications." At the time McClellan falsely represents him as hopeless of saving Washington he had no thought of the safety of that place in his mind, except as a secondary and permanent consideration. He was making ready a force to attack the enemy. On the 3d of September he wrote with his own hand this order, which sufficiently shows the mood he was in:

*Ordered*, that the General-in-Chief, Major-General Halleck, immediately commence and proceed with all possible dispatch to organize an army for active operations from all the material within and coming within his control, independent of the forces he may deem necessary for the defense of Washington, when such active army shall take the field.

<sup>1</sup> THE CENTURY, May, 1886, "McClellan's Own Story," p. 535.

This order, countersigned by the Secretary of War, was delivered to Halleck by General Townsend, and the work of preparing the army for the offensive was at once begun. McClellan, under Halleck's direction, went heartily to work to execute these orders of the President. He had none of the protecting airs he gives himself in his memoirs; his conduct was exemplary. "McClellan," said Lincoln on the 5th, "is working like a beaver. He seems to be aroused to doing something by the sort of snubbing he got last week." The work he was now engaged upon was congenial staff work, and he performed it with great zeal and efficiency. It suited him in after years to pretend that he was acting without orders and without communication with the Government. It was his favorite phrase that he went to Antietam with a "halter about his neck." But his letters written at the time contradict those assertions. He wrote from Washington, on the 7th of September:

I leave here this afternoon to take command of the troops in the field. The feeling of the Government towards me, I am sure, is kind and trusting.

#### ANTIETAM.

AS SOON as General McClellan was replaced in command of the Army of the Potomac he began to put the forces in order; and the ease and rapidity with which this was accomplished show that both he and General Pope, with very different intentions, had equally exaggerated the state of their demoralization. The troops were not in so bad a condition at Centreville as Pope imagined, and the army that Mr. Lincoln handed over to McClellan at Washington was both in numbers and morale a formidable host. Its morning returns show an aggregate of over 100,000 men, and General McClellan himself reports that he had at Antietam 87,000. But the vast discrepancy between the force on paper and the effectives in battle gives a margin of which writers sometimes avail themselves according to their prejudices or prepossessions. General Palfrey, who took part in the campaign and who has since examined the reports on both sides with scrupulous care, says that in this single instance McClellan overstated the number of his troops in action, and that 70,000 would be nearer the mark. It is true he could afford it, as in the same estimate he very nearly doubled the number of the enemy. The Confederate rosters show some forty-five brigades of infantry, exclusive of cavalry and artillery. Lee says in his report that he commanded at Antietam about 40,000 troops.<sup>1</sup>

McClellan's time for training and drilling

<sup>1</sup> War Records.

his recovered army was brief; for within a few days the news came that Lee had crossed the Potomac into Maryland. There was no time now for indecision, and Lincoln's stern and constantly repeated injunction, "You must find and hurt this enemy now," had to be obeyed.

General Lee has given in his own report a sufficiently clear statement of what he hoped to accomplish by his invasion of Maryland. The supplies of rich and productive districts were thus made accessible to his army, and he wished to "prolong this state of affairs in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy." He also makes an acknowledgment which shows that he, in common with others at Richmond, had been grossly deceived by the accounts which rebel refugees from Maryland, and their sympathizing correspondents at home, had given of the oppressive tyranny of Lincoln, and the resentment it had caused in that commonwealth. He says:

The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington Government to retain all its available force to provide against contingencies which its course towards the people of that State had given it reason to apprehend. At the same time it was hoped that military success might afford us an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might be disposed to make to recover their liberties. The difficulties that surrounded them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington Government than from active demonstration on the part of the people, unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

In a hasty note he informed the Richmond Government of his purpose, and took the initial steps to execute it with great promptness. He crossed his entire army between the 4th and 7th of September near Leesburg, and camped in the vicinity of Frederick. He took it for granted that our force at Harper's Ferry would be at once withdrawn; thereafter he intended to move the army into western Maryland, establish his communications with Richmond through the Shenandoah Valley, and then to move into Pennsylvania and draw McClellan from his base to fight in a field of his own selection. If all his surmises had been correct, if Miles had been withdrawn from Harper's Ferry, if Maryland had risen in revolt, if McClellan had allowed him to range through western Maryland at his leisure, the plan would have been an admirable one and the results of it most fruitful; but all these expectations failed. After two days at Frederick he found that Maryland was contented

with the oppressor's yoke, and that Miles remained at Harper's Ferry. He therefore considered it necessary to detach a large portion of his force under Jackson, McLaws, and Walker to surround and capture the garrison at that place: the rest of the army withdrew from Frederick to Boonsboro'.

Meantime McClellan was slowly approaching. He felt, of course, the need of more troops. With an army about him so enormous that, as he says in his report,<sup>1</sup> it would occupy fifty miles of road in marching order, he still paused on the 11th to write to General Halleck, begging for reinforcements. He first assures him that the capital is in no danger and that all the troops there may safely be sent to him; but in order to guard against any possible rejoinder he adds, "Even if Washington should be taken while these armies are confronting each other this would not, in my judgment, bear comparison with the ruin and disaster which would follow the defeat of this army," an opinion which has no especial value except as showing what General McClellan's judgment was worth in such a matter. Except when he was in Washington, he always regarded its possible capture as a trifling affair. But his demand was complied with: Porter's corps was ordered to join him, with a kind message from the President, which he acknowledged courteously, and then — asked for Keyes's corps! He was in no haste; he ordered his officers beforehand to avoid collisions. He attempts in his report to account for his tardy marching on the ground that the authorities at Washington wished him not to go too far from the capital. General Halleck says that no order capable of bearing this construction was ever given. He says:

I telegraphed him that he was going too far, not from Washington, but from the Potomac. . . . I thought he should keep more upon the Potomac and press forward his left rather than his right, so as more readily to relieve Harper's Ferry, which was the point then in most danger.<sup>2</sup>

But two days after the above-mentioned letter asking for reinforcements, McClellan received information which was enough to put a soul of enterprise into the veriest laggard that ever breathed. There never was a gen-

eral so fruitlessly favored by fortune as McClellan, and never was such a piece of good luck offered, even to him, as that which fell into his hands on the 13th of September. He had been advancing in his leisurely manner from Washington on parallel roads, making only about six miles a day, when on the 13th he arrived at Frederick and one of his officers brought to him Lee's special order of the 9th, that a private soldier had found, containing his entire plan of campaign. By this he learned that his enemy was before him, a day's march away; that his whole force was inferior to his own; and that it was divided into two portions, one in camp near Boonsboro' and the other besieging Miles at Harper's Ferry. It is not too much to say that his enemy had been delivered into his hands. After he had read this order the contest between him and Lee, other things being equal, would have been like a fight between a man blindfolded and one having use of his eyes. He not only knew of the division of his enemy's army in half, but he knew where his trains, his rear-guard, his cavalry, were to march and to halt, and where the detached commands were to join the main body.<sup>3</sup>

He seemed to appreciate the importance of his discovery,<sup>4</sup> but it was not in his nature to act promptly enough. Franklin was at Buckeystown, about twelve miles east of South Mountain, a prolongation northward of the Blue Ridge, beyond which Lee's army lay. Instead of giving him immediate orders to march with all possible speed to Harper's Ferry, he wrote at his leisure a long and judicious instruction directing him to march to that point the next day. The weather was perfect; the roads were in good order. McClellan knew there was no enemy between him and Crampton's Gap. Every possible consideration urged him to make use of every instant of time.<sup>5</sup> The precious opportunity was neglected, and it was noon the next day, the 14th of September, when Franklin stormed the crest of the mountain after a brilliant and easy victory over General Cobb's detachment of McLaws's division, which had been left to guard the pass. The Union right wing spent the whole of the same day in a stubborn fight for the position of Fox's and Turner's Gaps, some six miles farther north.

<sup>1</sup> McClellan, "Army of the Potomac," p. 188.

<sup>2</sup> Halleck's testimony. Report Committee on Conduct of the War.

<sup>3</sup> Palfrey, "The Antietam and Fredericksburg," p. 20 et seq.

<sup>4</sup> He telegraphed to the President: "I have the whole rebel force in front of me, but am confident, and no time shall be lost. . . . I think Lee has made a gross mistake, and that he will be severely punished for it. . . . I have all the plans of the rebels, and will catch them in their own trap if my men are equal to the emergency." [War Records.]

<sup>5</sup> If he had thrown forward his army with the vigor

used by Jackson in his advance on Harper's Ferry, the passes of South Mountain would have been carried before the evening of the 13th, at which time they were very feebly guarded; and then, debouching into Pleasant Valley, the Union commander might next morning have fallen upon the rear of McLaws at Maryland Heights and relieved Harper's Ferry, which did not surrender till the morning of the 15th. But he did not arrive at South Mountain until the morning of the 14th, and by that time the Confederates, forewarned of his approach, had recalled a considerable force to dispute the passage. [Swinton, "Army of the Potomac," p. 202.]



After sharp fighting, in which General Reno, an officer of the highest merit, was killed, and Colonel Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, was wounded, advanced positions were secured. At neither Crampton's nor Turner's was the victory pushed to advantage. Franklin did nothing to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Harper's Ferry, and the force at Turner's Gap rested on the ground that they had won until, when the mists of the morning cleared away on the 15th, they saw the enemy had retreated from their front. Much valuable time had been lost, and more than time; for early on the morning of the 15th the blundering and bewildered defense of Harper's Ferry had ceased by the surrender of the garrison, its unhappy commander having been killed after he had displayed the white flag.

But McClellan had not yet lost all his advantage; and the sacrifice of Harper's Ferry would have been amply compensated if he had moved at once with all possible speed upon Lee, who, with only Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's troops, had taken up his position at Sharpsburg. Jackson was still south of the Potomac. He had no fear of night marches, and was making all possible speed to join Lee through the day and night of the 15th. The force of McLaws got away from in front of Franklin, and, though making a long *détour* and crossing the Potomac twice, still joined the main army at Sharpsburg on the 17th. All this time, while the scattered detachments of Lee were moving with the utmost expedition to join their main body, making two or three times the distance which separated Lee from McClellan, the latter made his preparations for an attack, as if, to quote Johnston again, "time was of no especial value to him." On the 15th he marched down to Antietam Creek and placed his soldiers in position. He rode from end to end of his line, enjoying one of the grandest greetings ever given by an army to its commander. The thunder of cheers which met him at every point showed that there was no lack of morale in that mighty army, and that they were equal to any service their beloved commander might choose to require of them.

It seems almost incredible, as we write it, and it will appear inexplicable to such readers as may come after us, that McClellan made no movement during the afternoon<sup>1</sup> of Monday, the 15th, and did nothing during the entire day of the 16th but to advance a portion of his right wing across Antietam Creek, and this while the ragged legions of Lee were streaming in from across the Potomac to take up their positions for the impending conflict.

<sup>1</sup> McClellan in his memoirs, p. 586, blames Burnside for the slowness of the march on the 15th.

<sup>2</sup> Lee to Davis, September 18, 1862. War Records.

Every minute which he thus let slip was paid for in the blood of Union soldiers next day. Never had McClellan's habit of procrastination served him so ill a turn as during the whole day of the 16th. Lee's error of dividing his army would have been fatal to him if even on the morning of the 16th McClellan had advanced upon him in force. The loss of the afternoon of the 15th in that case would scarcely have been felt. The reduction of Harper's Ferry had taken a day longer than Lee expected, and when night fell the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, A. P. Hill, and Walker were still beyond the Potomac.<sup>2</sup> He would have been compelled to withstand the attack of McClellan's whole army with nothing but the divisions of D. R. Jones and D. H. Hill on the right and center, and of Hood, Ewell, and J. R. Jones on the left. But before noon of the 17th most of Lee's forces were on the ground, and the rest arrived during the battle. McClellan had rejected the proffered favors of fortune. His delay had given back to Lee all the advantages afforded McClellan by the separation of Lee's army and the discovery of his plan of campaign. Lee had had unbroken leisure for forty-eight hours to study his ground and the dispositions of his antagonist, which had been made in plain view under his eyes. Lee's advantage of position was fully equal to McClellan's advantage of numbers; and it was therefore on even terms between the two armies that the battle of Antietam began.

The ground was highly favorable to Lee. In front of him was Antietam Creek, the high wooded ground affording an advantageous position and cover for his batteries. There was little field for maneuvering, and little was attempted. From daylight till dark of the 17th the battle went on. There was nothing of it but sheer, persistent, brutal slaughter. McClellan's plan was to throw forward his right wing, the corps of Hooker leading, supported by that of Mansfield, and by those of Sumner and Franklin if necessary; when the battle became well engaged on the right, the left wing, under Burnside, was to cross the lower bridge to try to turn the enemy's right. On this simple plan the battle was contested. Hooker advanced early in the morning and fought until his corps, giving and receiving about equal injuries, was shattered to pieces, and himself borne from the field, severely wounded. General Meade succeeding him in command, Mansfield came to his assistance. His corps also did heroic service, and its veteran commander was killed in the front of his foremost line. His corps was led during the rest of the day by General A. S. Williams. As our left remained entirely inactive, Lee was able to use most of his force

on our right, and his resistance was so obstinate that Sumner's corps was drawn into the conflict, where it met with heavy losses; Richardson, one of the best division commanders in the army, received a mortal hurt, and Sedgwick was twice wounded. Before the battle ended on the right even Franklin's corps, which it had been intended to hold in reserve, was drawn into the whirlpool of blood and fire. Corps by corps, division by division, one might almost say brigade by brigade, those brave and devoted troops were hurled in succession, without intelligent plan, without any special concert of action, against Lee's left. The carnage was frightful, the result in no proportion to the terrible expense. It was afternoon before the left wing, under Burnside, began its part of the work. The lower bridge was crossed about 1 o'clock and the west bank gained, but no farther advance was made by Burnside until after 3. He then moved forward his forces, under General Cox's command, upon the enemy's right, making good progress, until, late in the afternoon, as if good fortune, weary of having her favors rejected by General McClellan, had turned to the other side, the Light Division of A. P. Hill, which had marched seventeen miles in seven hours, arrived on the field from Harper's Ferry and made a vigorous attack upon our extreme left, killed General Rodman, and threw his division into some disorder. This unlooked-for demonstration checked the advance of the Federal column, and it fell back a little distance to the hills on the west of the Antietam. Night came on, and the long, desperate battle was at an end. The tactical advantage was with General McClellan. On his left, his center, and his right he had gained a little ground. Both armies had suffered losses which it shocks the sense to contemplate. They were almost equal — over 12,000 killed and wounded on the Union side, over 11,000 on the Confederate;<sup>1</sup> but Lee's loss was more than one-fourth of his army, while McClellan's was only one-sixth of his. In his report General McClellan says:

The night brought with it grave responsibilities. Whether to renew the attack on the 18th or to defer it, even with the risk of the enemy's retirement, was the question before me.

There could be little doubt of his decision of the question. He was keenly alive to the

sufferings of his army. He loved them, and was loved by them in return. The piled heaps of the slain, the thousands of wounded and dying, the wreck and havoc of the conquered field, all impressed his imagination so powerfully that he was unable to conceive the worse condition of the enemy. There rose before his mind also an appalling picture of the consequences that would ensue if he risked another battle and lost it. He saw Lee's army marching in triumph on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, the country ravaged, the cause lost.<sup>2</sup> Every impulse of his heart and conscience forbade him to assume so enormous a responsibility. He would not absolutely decide which course to adopt, but, after his habit, concluded to wait until the 19th before making a final decision.<sup>3</sup>

The occasion, however, would not wait for him. General Lee knew, if McClellan did not, that his army was in no condition to risk another battle. The straggling of McClellan's force was one of the reasons that induced him to delay. No doubt there was a great deal of it in his command. One day President Lincoln, exasperated at the discrepancy between the aggregate of troops he had sent to McClellan and the number McClellan reported as having been received, exclaimed in a simile of concise grotesqueness, "Sending men to that army is like shoveling fleas across a barnyard; not half of them get there." But the case on the other side was worse still. Lee reported to Jefferson Davis on the 21st of September that the efficiency of his army was "paralyzed by the loss to its ranks of the numerous stragglers."<sup>4</sup> "On the morning after the battle," he says, "General Evans reported to me on the field, where he was holding the front position, that he had but 120 of his brigade present, and that the next brigade to his, that of General Garnett, consisted of but 100 men. General Pendleton reported that the brigades of Generals Lawton and Armistead, left to guard the ford at Shepherdstown, together contained but 600 men. This," he adds feelingly, "is a woful condition of affairs." But of course General McClellan had no personal knowledge of this; and, as we have seen in the course of this narrative, he was utterly destitute of those intuitions of the situation and the intention of his enemy which we find in all great commanders. The fight of the day before had been so terri-

<sup>1</sup> On the Union side 12,410 at Antietam and 15,203 in the campaign, not including the losses at Harper's Ferry, which were 12,737. The closest estimate that can be made shows a loss of about 11,172 to the Confederates at Antietam, and of 13,964 during the campaign.

<sup>2</sup> McClellan, "Army of the Potomac," p. 211.

<sup>3</sup> It is hard to say whether these words, from a letter written by General McClellan on the 18th, are more comic or pathetic: "Those in whose judgment I rely

tell me that I fought the battle splendidly and that it was a masterpiece of art. . . . God has been good in sparing the lives of all my staff. Generals Hooker, Sedgwick, Dana, Richardson, and Hartsuff, and several other general officers, wounded. Mansfield is dead, I fear." On the 20th he wrote: "I feel that I have done all that can be asked in twice saving the country." ["McClellan's Own Story," p. 612.]

<sup>4</sup> War Records.

ble in the struggle and carnage, he had made his personal influence so little felt on the field,<sup>1</sup> he had gained so little advantage in comparison with his frightful losses, that it would be unjust to expect to find in him on the morning of the 18th that alacrity and elation of victory which would have impelled him in pursuit of his shattered enemy. Beaten as Lee was, his promising campaign brought to a disastrous failure by his own error, he was still less affected by it than was McClellan by his victory. He even thought for the moment, before twilight had settled on the battle on the 17th, of executing with his usual instrument his usual movement, of sending Stonewall Jackson by the left to attack the right flank of McClellan's army.<sup>2</sup> He opposed a bold front to his ill fortune, and closes his description of the battle by saying that he deemed it injudicious to push his advantage further.

McClellan was almost alone in his decision not to continue the battle on the 18th. General Burnside, who commanded on the left, testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War<sup>3</sup> that he thought the attack should be renewed at early dawn, and gave this opinion to McClellan the night of the battle. General McClellan said he would think the matter over and make up his mind before morning, and a staff-officer of Burnside's was kept in waiting through the night at McClellan's headquarters to learn his decision.

General Franklin, in command of the center, also testified that he showed McClellan a position on our right of great importance, and advised an attack on that place in the morning. He says there was no doubt that we could carry it, as we had plenty of artillery bearing on it. He thought that by this means the whole left flank of the enemy would have been uncovered. When asked what reasons were given for rejecting this plan,<sup>4</sup> he repeated McClellan's customary fatal excuse for delay, that he would prefer to wait for reinforcements. Hooker, who had commanded the right wing, was also of the opinion that the attack should be resumed, although his wounds would have prevented his taking part in it.

But it was too much to expect of General McClellan that he should follow such advice.

He had had, it is true, a moment of elation on the morning of the 15th after the engagement at South Mountain. To attack an enemy in position, and drive him, was to McClellan so new a sensation that he was evidently greatly exhilarated by his success at Turner's Gap. He reported Lee as admitting "that he had been shockingly whipped" and "making for Shepherdstown in a perfect panic."<sup>5</sup> But after the terrible conflict at Antietam the cold fit came on, and his only dispatches to Washington were of his heavy losses and of holding what he had gained. He evidently thought more of being attacked on that day than of attacking. "The battle," he says, "will probably be renewed to-day. Send all the troops you can, by the most expeditious route."<sup>6</sup> It was therefore with feelings of the greatest relief that he saw Lee's rear-guard disappear across the Potomac, and in the forenoon of the 19th he joyfully telegraphed to Washington, "Our victory was complete. The enemy is driven back into Virginia. Maryland and Pennsylvania are now safe."<sup>7</sup>

The President received this news, as was natural, with mingled gratitude and disappointment. He was glad and thankful for the measure of success which had been achieved, but the high hope he had entertained of destroying Lee's army before it recrossed the Potomac was baffled. His constant entreaty to McClellan, from the time he put him in command of the army up to the day of the battle, was, "Please do not let him get off without being hurt."<sup>8</sup> It was with this hope and purpose that he had given McClellan everything he asked for, infusing his own indomitable spirit into all the details of work at the War Department and the headquarters of the army. It was by his order that McClellan had been pushed forward, that Porter had been detached from the defense of Washington, that the militia of Pennsylvania had been hurried down to the border. He did not share General McClellan's illusion as to the monstrous number of the enemy opposed to him; and when he looked at the vast aggregate of the Army of the Potomac by the morning report on the 20th of September, "93,149 present for duty," he could not but feel that the result was not commensurate with the efforts made and the resources employed.

<sup>1</sup> He did very little in the way of compelling the execution of the orders which he did give. He passed the whole day till towards the middle of the afternoon, when all the fighting was over, on the high ground near Fry's house, where he had some glasses strapped to the fence. . . . He made absolutely no use of the magnificent enthusiasm which the army then felt for him. [Palfrey, "The Antietam and Fredericksburg," p. 119.]

<sup>2</sup> While the attack on our center was progressing, General Jackson had been directed to endeavor to turn the enemy's right, but found it extending nearly to the Potomac, and so strongly defended with artillery that

the attempt had to be abandoned. [Report of General Lee. War Records.]

<sup>3</sup> General McClellan in his memoirs contradicts this testimony.

<sup>4</sup> Franklin, testimony. Report Committee on Conduct of the War.

<sup>5</sup> War Records.

<sup>6</sup> McClellan to Halleck, Sept. 18, 1862. War Records.

<sup>7</sup> McClellan to Halleck. War Records.

<sup>8</sup> Lincoln to McClellan, Sept. 12, 1862. War Records.

## EMANCIPATION ANNOUNCED.

WHEN, on the 22d of July, after full Cabinet discussion, President Lincoln decided to postpone the proclamation of emancipation which he had first prepared, in order to wait for a victory, all indications afforded a reasonable hope that the delay would not be a long one. The union of the armies of McClellan and Pope had been ordered, and once combined they would outnumber any force they were likely to meet. Halleck had been called to Washington to exercise chief command and secure unity of orders and movements. The new call for volunteers was expected to bring quick reinforcements.

We have seen through what deplorable shortcomings of McClellan and some of his officers this reasonable hope was frustrated, and how, instead of an expected victory, an unnecessary and most disheartening defeat augmented President Lincoln's difficulties and responsibilities; how the combined armies were forced back upon Washington in such disaster and discouragement that the President felt compelled to intrust their reorganization to the very man whose weakness and jealousy had been the main cause of the result.

The damaging effect of these reverses extended beyond mere military results; they gave a new and serious character to the political conditions and complications which were an inseparable part of the President's great task. They sharpened anew the underlying prejudice and distrust between the two factions of his supporters—radicals and conservatives, as they began to be called; or, more properly speaking, those who were anxious to destroy and those who were willing to preserve slavery. Each faction loudly charged the other with being the cause of failure, and clamored vehemently for a change of policy to conform to their own views. Outside of both was the important faction of those Democrats who either yielded the war only a sullen support or opposed it as openly as they safely might, and who, on the slavery issue, directed their denunciations wholly against the radicals. It may be safely said that at no time were political questions so critical and embarrassing to Mr. Lincoln as during this period. His own decision had been reached; his own course was clearly and unalterably marked out. But the circumstances surrounding him did not permit his making it known, and he was compelled to keep up an appearance of indecision which only brought upon him a greater flood of importunities. During no part of his administration were his acts and words so persistently misconstrued as in this interim by men who gave his words the color and meaning of their own eager desires and ex-

pectations. To interpret properly Mr. Lincoln's language it must be constantly borne in mind that its single object was to curb and restrain the impatience of zealots from either faction. If we group together his several letters and addresses of this period, we may see that his admonitions and rebukes were given to both with equal earnestness and impartiality. Occasions were not wanting; for all request and advice which came to him was warped to one side or the other by the culminating contest, in which he alone could give the final and deciding word. On the 26th of July, 1862, he wrote the following letter to Reverdy Johnson, then on public business at New Orleans, who had made communications touching affairs in the Department of the Gulf:

Yours of the 16th, by the hand of Governor Shepley, is received. It seems the Union feeling in Louisiana is being crushed out by the course of General Phelps. Please pardon me for believing that it is a false pretense. The people of Louisiana—all intelligent people everywhere—know full well that I never had a wish to touch the foundations of their society, or any right of theirs. With perfect knowledge of this they forced a necessity upon me to send armies among them, and it is their own fault, not mine, that they are annoyed by the presence of General Phelps. They also know the remedy—know how to be cured of General Phelps. Remove the necessity of his presence. And might it not be well for them to consider whether they have not already had time enough to do this? If they can conceive of anything worse than General Phelps within my power, would they not better be looking out for it? They very well know the way to avert all this is simply to take their place in the Union upon the old terms. If they will not do this, should they not receive harder blows rather than lighter ones? You are ready to say I apply to friends what is due only to enemies. I distrust the wisdom if not the sincerity of friends who would hold my hands while my enemies stab me. This appeal of professed friends has paralyzed me more in this struggle than any other one thing. You remember telling me the day after the Baltimore mob in April, 1861, that it would crush all Union feeling in Maryland for me to attempt bringing troops over Maryland soil to Washington. I brought the troops notwithstanding, and yet there was Union feeling enough left to elect a legislature the next autumn, which in turn elected a very excellent Union United States Senator!<sup>1</sup> I am a patient man—always willing to forgive on the Christian terms of repentance, and also to give ample time for repentance. Still, I must save this Government, if possible. What I cannot do, of course I will not do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed.<sup>2</sup>

Two days later to a citizen of Louisiana he sent another letter, full of phrases quite as positive and significant. He wrote:

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Reverdy Johnson himself.

<sup>2</sup> Unpublished MS.



Mr. Durant complains that in various ways the relation of master and slave is disturbed by the presence of our army, and he considers it particularly vexatious that this, in part, is done under cover of an act of Congress, while constitutional guaranties are suspended on the plea of military necessity. The truth is, that what is done and omitted about slaves is done and omitted on the same military necessity. It is a military necessity to have men and money; and we can get neither, in sufficient numbers or amounts, if we keep from, or drive from, our lines slaves coming to them. . . . He speaks of no duty—apparently thinks of none—resting upon Union men. He even thinks it injurious to the Union cause that they should be restrained in trade and passage without taking sides. They are to touch neither a sail nor a pump, but to be merely passengers,—dead-heads at that,—to be carried snug and dry throughout the storm, and safely landed, right side up. Nay, more; even a mutineer is to go untouched, lest these sacred passengers receive an accidental wound. Of course the rebellion will never be suppressed in Louisiana if the professed Union men there will neither help to do it nor permit the Government to do it without their help. Now, I think the true remedy is very different from what is suggested by Mr. Durant. It does not lie in rounding the rough angles of the war, but in removing the necessity for the war. . . . If they will not do this, if they prefer to hazard all for the sake of destroying the Government, it is for them to consider whether it is probable I will surrender the Government to save them from losing all. If they decline what I suggest, you scarcely need to ask what I will do. What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is? Or would you prosecute it in future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier ones? Would you give up the contest, leaving any available means unapplied? I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can, and I shall do all I can to save the Government, which is my sworn duty as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing.<sup>1</sup>

In these two letters the President's reproof was addressed to conservatives to correct ill-timed complaints that the interests of slaveholders were allowed to suffer in the rude necessities of military operations and administration. But complaints equally unreasonable were assailing him from the other side. Mr. Greeley of the "New York Tribune" was criticising the President for exactly the alleged fault of not doing more of that which had brought these complaints from Louisiana. In his paper of August 20 he addressed a long open letter to Mr. Lincoln, accusing him of failure to execute the Confiscation Act "from

mistaken deference to rebel slavery," and alleging that he was "unduly influenced by the counsels, the representations, the menaces of certain fossil politicians hailing from the border slave-States." "We complain," he continued, "that a large proportion of our regular army officers, with many of the volunteers, evince far more solicitude to uphold slavery than to put down the rebellion." These phrases are samples of two columns or more of equally unjust censure. Mr. Lincoln always sought, and generally with success, to turn a dilemma into an advantage; and shrewdly seizing the opportunity which Mr. Greeley had created, he in turn addressed him the following open letter through the newspapers in reply, by which he not merely warded off his present personal accusation, but skillfully laid the foundation in public sentiment for the very radical step he was about to take on the slavery question.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, August 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the "New York Tribune." If there be in it any statements, or assumptions of fact, which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right. As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be—"the Union as it was."<sup>2</sup> If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery, and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors,

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln to Bullitt, July 28, 1862. MS.; also incorrectly printed in several works.

<sup>2</sup> This letter was first printed in the "National Intelligencer" of August 23, 1862. As originally written it contained after the words, "the Union as it was," the phrase, "Broken eggs can never be mended, and the

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longer the breaking proceeds the more will be broken," which "was erased, with some reluctance, by the President, on the representation, made to him by the editors, that it seemed somewhat exceptionable, on rhetorical grounds, in a paper of such dignity." [Welling in "North American Review," February, 1880, p. 168.]

and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

When Mr. Lincoln wrote the foregoing letter the defeat of General Pope at the second battle of Bull Run had not yet taken place; on the contrary, every probability pointed to an easy victory for the Union troops in the battle which was plainly seen to be impending. We may therefore infer that he hoped soon to be able to supplement the above declarations by issuing his postponed proclamation, which would give the country knowledge of his final designs respecting the slavery question. But instead of the expected victory came a sad and demoralizing defeat, which prolonged, instead of shortening, the anxiety and uncertainty hanging over the intentions of the Administration. Under this enforced necessity for further postponement of his fixed purpose, in addition to his many other perplexities, the President grew sensitive and even irritable upon this point. He was by nature so frank and direct, he was so conscientious in all his official responsibilities, that he made the complaints and implied reproaches of even his humblest petitioner his own. The severe impartiality of his self-judgment sometimes became almost a feeling of self-accusation, from which he relieved himself only by a most searching analysis and review of his own motives in self-justification. In the period under review this state of feeling was several times manifested. Individuals and delegations came to him to urge one side or the other of a decision, which, though already made in his own mind, forced upon him a re-examination of its justness and its possibilities for good or evil. Imperceptibly these mental processes became a species of self-torment, and well-meaning inquirers or advisers affected his overstrung nerves like so many persecuting inquisitors. A phlegmatic nature would have turned them away in sullen silence, or at most with an evasive commonplace. But Lincoln felt himself under compulsion, which he could not resist, to state somewhat precisely the difficulties and perplexities under which he was acting, or, rather, apparently refusing to act; and in such statements his public argument, upon hypothesis assumed for illustration, was liable to outrun his private conclusions upon facts which had controlled his judgment.

It is in the light of this mental condition that we must judge the well-known reply made by him on the 13th of September to a deputation from the religious denominations of Chicago requesting him to issue at once a proclamation of universal emancipation. He said:

The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps in some respects both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is, I will do it. These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right. . . . What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet. Would my word free the slaves, when I cannot even enforce the Constitution in the rebel States? Is there a single court, or magistrate, or individual that would be influenced by it there? And what reason is there to think it would have any greater effect upon the slaves than the late law of Congress, which I approved, and which offers protection and freedom to the slaves of rebel masters who come within our lines? Yet I cannot learn that that law has caused a single slave to come over to us. . . . Now, then, tell me, if you please, what possible result of good would follow the issuing of such a proclamation as you desire? Understand, I raise no objections against it on legal or constitutional grounds, for, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, in time of war I suppose I have a right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy; nor do I urge objections of a moral nature, in view of possible consequences of insurrection and massacre at the South. I view this matter as a practical war measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion. . . . Do not misunderstand me because I have mentioned these objections. They indicate the difficulties that have thus far prevented my action in some such way as you desire. I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind, by day and night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do. I trust that in the freedom with which I have canvassed your views I have not in any respect injured your feelings.

This interview of the Chicago delegation with the President lasted more than an hour, during which a long memorial was read, interspersed with much discursive conversation and interchange of questions and replies. The report of his remarks, which was written out and published by the delegation after their return home, is not a verbatim reproduction, but merely a

condensed abstract of what was said on the occasion.<sup>1</sup> Much adverse criticism has been indulged in because of his assumed declaration that an emancipation proclamation would be as inoperative as "the Pope's bull against the comet," and that he nevertheless issued so preposterous a document within two weeks after the interview. The error lies in the assumption that his words were literally reported. To measure rightly his utterance as a whole, the conditions under which the interview occurred must continually be kept in mind. The Administration and the country were still in the shadow of the great disasters of the Peninsula and of the second Bull Run. With corresponding elation the rebels had taken the aggressive and crossed the Potomac to invade Maryland. A new campaign was opening, and a new battle-cloud was gathering. Whether victory or fresh defeat was enfolded in its gloom was a question of uncertainty and of fearful anxiety to the President, straining his thought and imagination to an abnormal and almost unendurable tension. It was at such a moment that the Chicago delegation had appeared with a repetition of a request which seemed to him inopportune. Habitually open and patient to every appeal, he was nevertheless becoming restive under the unremitting and unreasoning pressure regarding this single point. Could no one exercise patience but himself? Could antislavery people not realize and rest content with the undreamed-of progress their cause had already made—slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, the Territories restored to freedom, almost wholesale emancipation provided through the Confiscation Act? Had he not aided these measures, signed these laws, ordered their enforcement, and was he not, day and night, laboring to secure compensated emancipation in the border States? Had he not the very proclamation they sought lying written in his desk, waiting only the favorable moment when he might announce it? Why must they push him to the wall, and compel him to an avowal which might blight the ripening public sentiment and imperil the desired consummation? We may infer that with some such feelings he listened to the dogmatic memorial of the delegation; for his whole answer is in the nature of a friendly protest and polite rebuke against their impolitic urgency, and the impressive rhetorical figure he employs was not intended to foreshadow his decision, but to illustrate the absurdity of attempting to pluck the fruit before it was ripe. The great pith and point of the interview is his strong and unqualified declaration that he held the sub-

ject under advisement, and that he regarded his military authority clear and ample. He said:

Understand, I raise no objections against it on legal or constitutional grounds, for, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, in time of war I suppose I have a right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy.

Three days after this interview the great battle of Antietam was begun, which resulted in a victory for the Union forces. The events of war had abruptly changed political conditions, and the President seized the earliest possible opportunity to announce the policy which he had decided upon exactly two months before. His manner and language on this momentous occasion have been minutely recorded in the diaries of two members of the Cabinet, and liberal quotations from both will form the most valuable historical presentation of the event that can be made. The diary of Secretary Chase reads as follows:

MONDAY, Sept. 22, 1862.

To Department about 9. State Department messenger came with notice to heads of Departments to meet at 12. Received sundry callers. Went to the White House. All the members of the Cabinet were in attendance. There was some general talk, and the President mentioned that Artemus Ward had sent him his book. Proposed to read a chapter which he thought very funny. Read it, and seemed to 'enjoy it very much; the heads also (except Stanton), of course. The chapter was "High-handed Outrage at Utica." The President then took a graver tone, and said, "Gentlemen, I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one; but I made the promise to myself, and [hesitating a little] to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in

<sup>1</sup> "Chicago Tribune," Sept. 23, 1862, and "National Intelligencer," Sept. 26, 1862.

the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any one of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here. I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."<sup>1</sup>

The foregoing account written by Mr. Chase is fully corroborated by the following extract from the diary of Secretary Welles, in which the same event is described:

SEPTEMBER 22.

A special Cabinet meeting. The subject was the proclamation for emancipating the slaves, after a certain date, in States that shall then be in rebellion. For several weeks the subject has been suspended, but the President says never lost sight of. When it was submitted, and now in taking up the proclamation, the President stated that the question was finally decided,—the act and the consequences were his,—but that he felt it due to us to make us acquainted with the fact and to invite criticisms on the paper which he had prepared. There were, he had found, not unexpectedly, some differences in the Cabinet; but he had, after ascertaining in his own way the views of each and all, individually and collectively, formed his own conclusions and made his own decisions. In the course of the discussion on this paper, which was long, earnest, and, on the general principle involved, harmonious, he remarked that he had made a vow—a covenant—that if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle he would consider it an indication of Divine will, and that it was duty to move forward in the cause of emancipation. It might be thought strange, he said, that he had in this way submitted the disposal of matters when the way was not clear to his mind what he should do. God had decided this question in favor of the slaves. He was satisfied it was right—was confirmed and strengthened in his action by the vow and results. His mind was fixed, his decision made, but he wished his paper announcing his course as correct in terms as it could be made without any change in his determination.<sup>2</sup>

In addition to its record of the President's language, the diary of Secretary Chase proceeds with the following account of what was said by several members of the Cabinet:

<sup>1</sup> Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," pp. 481, 482.

<sup>2</sup> Welles, Diary. Unpublished MS.

<sup>3</sup> Hay's Diary (MS.) contains the following record: "September 23, 1862. The President rewrote the proclamation on Sunday morning carefully. He called the Cabinet together on Monday, made a little talk to them, and read the momentous document. Mr. Blair and Mr.

The President then proceeded to read his Emancipation Proclamation, making remarks on the several parts as he went on, and showing that he had fully considered the whole subject, in all the lights under which it had been presented to him. After he had closed, Governor Seward said: "The general question having been decided, nothing can be said farther about that. Would it not, however, make the proclamation more clear and decided to leave out all reference to the act being sustained during the incumbency of the present President; and not merely say that the Government 'recognizes,' but that it will maintain, the freedom it proclaims?" I followed, saying: "What you have said, Mr. President, fully satisfies me that you have given to every proposition which has been made a kind and candid consideration. And you have now expressed the conclusion to which you have arrived clearly and distinctly. This it was your right, and, under your oath of office, your duty, to do. The proclamation does not, indeed, mark out exactly the course I would myself prefer. But I am ready to take it just as it is written, and to stand by it with all my heart. I think, however, the suggestions of Governor Seward very judicious, and shall be glad to have them adopted." The President then asked us severally our opinions as to the modification proposed, saying that he did not care much about the phrases he had used. Every one favored the modification, and it was adopted. Governor Seward then proposed that in the passage relating to colonization some language should be introduced to show that the colonization proposed was to be only with the consent of the colonists and the consent of the States in which colonies might be attempted. This, too, was agreed to, and no other modification was proposed. Mr. Blair then said that, the question having been decided, he would make no objection to issuing the proclamation; but he would ask to have his paper, presented some days since, against the policy, filed with the proclamation.<sup>3</sup> The President consented to this readily. And then Mr. Blair went on to say that he was afraid of the influence of the proclamation on the border States and on the army, and stated, at some length, the grounds of his apprehensions. He disclaimed most expressly, however, all objection to emancipation *per se*, saying he had always been personally in favor of it—always ready for immediate emancipation in the midst of slave States, rather than submit to the perpetuation of the system.<sup>4</sup>

The statement of Mr. Welles which relates the Cabinet proceedings is as follows:

All listened with profound attention to the reading, and it was, I believe, assented to by every member. Mr. Bates repeated the opinions he had previously expressed in regard to the deportation of the colored race. Mr. Seward proposed two slight verbal alterations, which were adopted. A general discussion then took place, covering the whole ground—the constitutional question, the war

Bates made slight objections; otherwise the Cabinet was unanimous. The next day Mr. Blair, who had promised to file his objections, sent a note stating that as they referred only to the time of the act, he would not file them, lest they should be subject to misconstruction."

<sup>4</sup> Warden, "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 482.



power, the expediency and the effect of the movement. After the matter had been very fully debated, Mr. Stanton made a very emphatic speech sustaining the measure, and in closing said the act was so important, and involved consequences so vast, that he hoped each member would give distinctly and unequivocally his own individual opinion, whatever that opinion might be. Two gentlemen, he thought, had not been sufficiently explicit, although they had discussed the question freely, and it was understood that they concurred in the measure. He referred, he said, to the Secretary of the Treasury and (hesitating a moment) the Secretary of the Navy. It was understood, I believe, by all present that he had allusion to another member, with whom he was not in full accord. Mr. Chase admitted that the subject had come upon him unexpectedly and with some surprise. It was going a step further than he had ever proposed, but he was prepared to accept and support it. He was glad the President had made this advance, which he should sustain from his heart, and he proceeded to make an able impromptu argument in its favor. I stated that the President did not misunderstand my position, nor any other member; that I assented most unequivocally to the measure as a war necessity, and had acted upon it. Mr. Blair took occasion to say that he was an emancipationist from principle; that he had for years, here and in Missouri, where he formerly resided, openly advocated it; but he had doubts of the expediency of this executive action at this particular juncture. We ought not, he thought, to put in jeopardy the patriotic element in the border States, already severely tried. This proclamation would, as soon as it reached them, be likely to carry over those States to the secessionists. There were also party men in the free States who were striving to revive old party lines and distinctions, into whose hand we were putting a club to be used against us. The measure he approved, but the time was inopportune. He should wish, therefore, to file his objections. This, the President said, Mr. Blair could do. He had, however, considered the danger to be apprehended from the first objection mentioned, which was undoubtedly serious, but the difficulty was as great not to act as to act. There were two sides to that question. For months he had labored to get those States to move in this matter, convinced in his own mind that it was their true interest to do so, but his labors were vain. We must make the forward movement. They would acquiesce, if not immediately, soon; for they must be satisfied that slavery had received its death-blow from slave-owners—it could not survive the rebellion. As regarded the other objection, it had not much weight with him; their clubs would be used against us take what course we might.<sup>1</sup>

The Cabinet discussion of the proclamation being completed, Mr. Seward carried the document with him to the State Department, where the formal phraseology of attestation and the great seal were added. The President signed it the same afternoon, and it was published in full by the leading newspapers of the country on the morning of September 23d. As

elsewhere, the reading of the official announcement created a profound interest in Washington, and a serenade was organized the next evening, which came to the Executive Mansion and called on the President for a speech. His reference to the great event was very brief. He said:

I appear before you to do little more than acknowledge the courtesy you pay me, and to thank you for it. I have not been distinctly informed why it is that on this occasion you appear to do me this honor, though I suppose it is because of the proclamation. What I did, I did after a very full deliberation, and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. I can only trust in God I have made no mistake. I shall make no attempt on this occasion to sustain what I have done or said by any comment. It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment, and maybe take action upon it.

Two days after the proclamation was issued a number of the governors of loyal States met for conference at Altoona, Pennsylvania; and it was charged at the time that this occurrence had some occult relation to the President's action. There was no truth whatever in the allegation. It was directly contradicted by the President himself. He said to the Hon. George S. Boutwell, who mentioned the rumor to him a few weeks after the occurrence:

I never thought of the meeting of the governors. The truth is just this: When Lee came over the river, I made a resolution that if McClellan drove him back I would send the proclamation after him. The battle of Antietam was fought Wednesday, and until Saturday I could not find out whether we had gained a victory or lost a battle. It was then too late to issue the proclamation that day; and the fact is I fixed it up a little Sunday, and Monday I let them have it.<sup>2</sup>

The collateral evidence is also conclusive on this point. The Altoona meeting originated with Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, who, warned that Lee's army was about to cross the Potomac, was with all diligence preparing his State to resist the expected invasion. On the 6th of September he telegraphed to the governor of Massachusetts and others:

In the present emergency would it not be well that the loyal governors should meet at some point in the border States to take measures for the more active support of the Government?

Receiving favorable replies, the governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia united in a joint invitation, under date of September 14, for such a meeting to be held at Altoona on the 24th. The object was simply to consult on the best means of common

<sup>1</sup> Welles in "Galaxy," December, 1862, pp. 846, 847.

<sup>2</sup> Boutwell, "The Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier," pp. 116, 117.

defense and the vigorous prosecution of the war. There was no design to organize any pressure upon the President, either about the question of slavery or about the removal of McClellan from command, and the President neither anticipated nor feared any interference of this character. Several members of the body, differing in political sentiment, indignantly denied the accusation of a political plot, which, indeed, would have been impossible in a gathering of men of such strong individual traits, holding diverse views, and clothed with greatly varying interests and responsibilities.

The Proclamation of Emancipation was as great a surprise to them as to the general public, gratifying some and displeasing others. It was not strange that it should immediately engage their eager interest and call out some sort of joint response. The proclamation had been printed on the 23d; the Altoona gathering was called on the 14th and held on the 24th. Between the date of the call and the day of the meeting the military situation was altogether changed. The battle of Antietam had driven Lee's army in retreat back across the Potomac. Instead of emergency measures for defense, the assembled governors could now quietly discuss points of general and mutual interest, relating to the recruiting, organization, equipment, and transportation of troops, the granting of furloughs, and the care and removal of the sick and wounded. Their conference passed in entire harmony; and a day or two later they nearly all proceeded to Washington for a personal interview with the President and the Secretary of War. They presented a written address to the President, signed then and within a few days afterward by the governors of sixteen of the free States and the governor of West Virginia, reiterating devotion to the Union, loyalty to the Constitution and laws, and earnest support to the President in suppressing rebellion; and embracing only the single specific recommendation that a reserve army of 100,000 men ought constantly to be kept on foot, to be raised, armed, equipped, and trained at home, ready for emergencies. The written address also contained a hearty indorsement of the new emancipation policy announced in the President's proclamation. This declaration, as was to have been expected, developed the only antagonism of views which grew out of the whole transaction. The address was written at Washington, and was therefore not discussed at Altoona. Properly speaking, it was the supplementary action of only a portion of the assembled delegates. It was, however, transmitted for signature to all the loyal executives; but the governors of the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri

replied, that while concurring in the other declarations of the address, they declined signing it, because they dissented from that portion of it which indorsed the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Coming as it did immediately after the announcement of his new policy, President Lincoln could not but be gratified at the public declarations emanating from the Altoona meeting. On his military policy it assured him of the continuation of an individual official support. On his emancipation policy it gave him a public approval from the present official power of seventeen States, as against the dissent of only five States of the border, where indeed he had no right to expect, for the present at least, any more favorable official sentiment. Nevertheless, it did not free the experiment from uncertainty and danger. It was precisely this balance of power, political and military, wielded by these hesitating border States, which was essential to the success of the Union cause; but he had measured the probability with an acuteness of judgment and timed his proceeding with a prudence of action that merited success, and in due time triumphantly justified his faith.

Every thoughtful reader will have more than a passing curiosity to examine the exact phraseology of a document which ushered in the great political regeneration of the American people. It reads as follows:

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States and each of the States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed. That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure, tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States, so-called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued. That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their

actual freedom. That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States, or parts of States if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall, on that day, be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Then, after reciting the language of "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and also sections 9 and 10 of the Confiscation Act, approved July 17, 1862, and enjoining their enforcement upon all persons in the military and naval service, the proclamation concludes:

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the acts and sections above recited. And the Executive will, in due time, recommend that all citizens of the United States, who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the constitutional relations between the United States and the people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

A careful reading and analysis of the document shows it to have contained four leading propositions: (1.) A renewal of the plan of compensated abolishment. (2.) A continuance of the effort at voluntary colonization. (3.) The announcement of peremptory military emancipation of all slaves in States in rebellion at the expiration of the warning notice. (4.) A promise to recommend ultimate compensation to loyal owners.

The political test of the experiment of military emancipation thus announced by the President came almost immediately in the autumn elections for State officers and State legislatures, and especially for representatives to the thirty-eighth Congress. The decided failure of McClellan's Richmond campaign and the inaction of the Western army had already produced much popular discontent, which was only partly relieved by the victory of Antietam. The canvass had been inaugurated by the Democratic party with violent protests against the antislavery legislation of Congress, and it now added the loud outcry that the Administration had changed the war for the Union to a war for abolition. The party conflict became active and bitter, and the Democrats, having all the advantage of an aggressive issue, made

great popular gains, not only throughout the middle belt of States, but in New York, where they elected their governor, thus gaining control of the executive machinery, which greatly embarrassed the Administration in its later measures to maintain the army. The number of Democrats in the House of Representatives was increased from forty-four to seventy-five, and the reaction threatened for a time to deprive Mr. Lincoln of the support of the House.

But against this temporary adverse political current the leaders and the bulk of the Republican party followed Mr. Lincoln with loyal adhesion, accepting and defending his emancipation policy with earnestness and enthusiasm. In his annual message of December 1, 1862, the President did not discuss his Emancipation Proclamation, but renewed and made an elaborate argument to recommend his plan of compensated abolishment, "not in exclusion of, but additional to, all others for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union." Meanwhile the Democratic minority in the House, joined by the pro-slavery conservatives from the border slave-States, lost no opportunity to oppose emancipation in every form. On the 11th of December Mr. Yeaman of Kentucky offered resolutions declaring the President's proclamation unwarranted by the Constitution and a useless and dangerous war measure. But these propositions were only supported by a vote of forty-seven, while they were promptly laid on the table by a vote of ninety-five members. The Republicans were unwilling to remain in this attitude of giving emancipation a merely negative support. A few days later (December 15), Mr. S. C. Fessenden of Maine put the identical phraseology in an affirmative form, and by a test vote of seventy-eight to fifty-two the House resolved:

That the proclamation of the President of the United States, of the date of 22d September, 1862, is warranted by the Constitution, and that the policy of emancipation, as indicated in that proclamation, is well adapted to hasten the restoration of peace, was well chosen as a war measure, and is an exercise of power with proper regard for the rights of the States and the perpetuity of free government.

With the proclamation thus heartily indorsed by nearly every free State governor and nearly two-thirds of the loyal representatives, Mr. Lincoln, who had accurately foreseen the dangers as well as the benefits of the critical step he had taken, could well afford to wait for the full tide of approval, for which he looked with confidence and which came to him from that time onward with steadiness and ever-growing volume, both from the armies in the field and the people in their homes throughout the loyal North.

## A REGRET.

OH, could we but have seen, while they were ours,  
The grace of days forever passed away;  
Had we but felt the beauty of the flowers  
That bloomed for us—before they knew decay;  
Could we have known how we should yearn in vain  
For looks and smiles no more to greet our sight,  
Or how the fruitless tears would fall like rain  
For hours of sweet communion, vanished quite;  
Their worth to us—had we but better known,  
Then had we held them dearer, while our own,  
Had kept some salvage from the joys o'erthrown,  
And loneliness itself had found us less alone!

*Agnes Maule Machar.*



## THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST. III.

**T**HIS picture is not so sincere as it might be. The artist, in the course of many rides over these mountain pastures, by daylight or twilight or moonrise, has never yet encountered anything so sensational as a troop of armed men on the track of a criminal. Yet rumors are passing, from turbulent camps above us in the mountains or from the seductive valley towns, that easily suggest some such night journey as this. The riders make haste slowly, breasting slope after slope of the interminable cattle-ranges, on the alert, as they climb out of gulch after gulch of shadow, for the next long outlook ahead.

It may be mentioned that by far the greater number of criminals confined in the jails of the far West are there for a class of offenses peculiar to the country. They are men dangerous in one direction, perhaps, but generally not depraved. The "trusties" are often domesticated upon ranches near the town, and apparently are unwatched, and on the best of terms with the ranchman's family. They have a simple faith in the necessity for a certain sort of action, under given circumstances, which supports them under sentence of the law, and serves instead of a clear conscience. They have done nothing of which they are ashamed.

For example, a cattle-man meets a sheep-man on the hills. The sheep-man represents to the cattle-man that his only possible course is to take his band across the cattle-man's range—to "sheep" him, in the local phrase. A sheep-

man makes no treaty with the owners of the land he crosses that he will not "turn into the fields, or into the vineyards"; that he will not "drink of the water of the well"; but go by the highway until he has passed on. The land belongs to him as much as to the cattle-man who has pitched in its borders. But it is a perfectly clear case to the cattle-man that the sheep-man's multitude will lick up all before them, and that his own multitude must starve on what is left. He does not waste time praying, "Curse me this sheep-man!" He goes out against the sheep-man, without prayerful preliminaries. He "lays for him" at night, when he has lighted his solitary fire in the sage-brush. The next day a disorganized band of sheep, minus a grimy shepherd, goes wandering back to the river, to the despair of a masterless dog.

The case is tried in the valley town and the murderer is acquitted, the sentiment of the community being with him to a much greater extent than would be generally admitted. No judge nor jury nor term of punishment could have altered his personal conviction and that of his friends that his deed was only an effort in self-defense and an act of public justice.

If such a fugitive as this is overhauled in a night-chase by the sheriff and his men, he is treated as a comrade "in trouble." To quote a description, given in Hibernian good faith, of a young man at large with the murder of his father—in defense of his mother, it is claimed—on his head, "He is a perfect gentleman if he is n't crossed."

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ENGRAVED BY P. FREEMAN.

THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOSTER.

## THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

THE Poet of the Future! He will come to us as comes  
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar of drums —  
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar and din  
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor marches in.  
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will bear  
No coronet of laurel — nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the plow,  
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

He will sing across the orchard, and the woman at the well  
Will stay the dripping bucket, with a smile ineffable;  
And the children in the orchard will gaze wistfully the way  
The happy song comes to them, with the fragrance of the hay.  
The barn will neigh in answer, and the pasture-lands behind  
Will chime with bells, and send responsive lowings down the wind;  
And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly call  
In sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest voice of all.

O the Poet of the Future! He will come as man to man,  
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest face of tan,  
The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love  
For human-kind and nature-kind about him and above.  
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will bear  
No coronet of laurel — nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the plow,  
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## AN OLD MAN FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.



AT 5 o'clock the harsh east wind, that bane of summer afternoons in San Francisco, had almost died away. It had been blowing with more than ordinary force, and the air was still full of drifting particles from the sand-lots — pungent, intrusive atoms that made eyes smart and lips crack. But the crowd, setting southward along Montgomery street, was good humored and jovial, for was not a great holiday in near prospect? A few days more, and the sun of the centennial year would rise on Independence Day — the Fourth of July, 1876.

Just outside the eddy of the crowd, almost in the doorway of the "Evening Mail" office, Gerald Ffrench stood and waited. He fidgeted and grumbled a little: that was mainly the result of impatience. He rubbed his eyes frequently, for the sand-dust was penetrating;

and two gold coins which he rattled in his hand gave out a musical clinking. They were both twenty-dollar pieces, for this was Saturday evening and pay-day at the office of the "Evening Mail."

Presently a short, thick-set man with a dark beard left the building and joined him. The new-comer wore a soft felt hat, a rather shabby pea-jacket, and a pair of spectacles. The rest of his attire was more conventional. Gerald greeted him with a reproach for his delay, and the two stepped into the street, moving southward with the crowd.

"It's all very well for you, Jerry," said Ffrench's companion. "You can feed the cashier with theater tickets and get your money ahead of your turn. I'll bet you were paid in gold too," he added, with some touch of injured feeling in his voice.

Gerald laughed, and clinked his two coins together. "Of course," resumed the other. "Look at me!" and from each pocket he pro-

duced a roll of whity-brown paper which looked heavy, and, as every Californian could tell at a glance, contained forty half-dollars.

"That reminds me," said Gerald. "Wait a minute, Doc." They were passing a money-broker's office, and the younger man went in, leaving the other on the sidewalk.

They had always called him "Doctor," this man of the spectacles and shabby pea-jacket, but whether of law, physic, or divinity none of "the boys" at the "Evening Mail" had ever thought to inquire. His real name was Brown, and he was probably quite as ignorant of the origin of his learned title as was any man of the scores who addressed him by it. Possibly it grew out of his glasses.

"Well?" he said, as Gerald emerged from the broker's office.

"Dollar and a quarter premium," answered Gerald, who had two of the whity-brown rolls in his hand besides some loose silver.

"That 's it!" said the Doctor with an indignant sniff. "Two and a half extra on your week's salary. Who would n't be in the cashier's good graces?"

Gerald indulged in a covert smile. The pair were warm friends and roomed together; but the Doctor had a habit of railing at his lot, and this special complaint recurred every Saturday night. It always ended in the same way, and Gerald waited for the suggestion that invariably closed the subject. It soon came.

"You 're going to treat on that, I suppose?"

By this time they had crossed Market street and were continuing southward along Third. On an unpretentious corner stood a grocery, its front embellished with sacks of potatoes and baskets of vegetables, its windows crowded with cans of preserved meats, sardine-boxes, and the like, and its door invitingly open and level with the wooden pavement. A ruddy eruption of signboards all over the exterior announced that one P. Gerraghty dwelt within and dealt in groceries of all kinds; also in fine wines and liquors and imported cigars. Evidently Mr. Gerraghty was ashamed of neither his name nor his business.

The two friends passed the long counter with its flour-scales and its sugar-scales, and its flourishing Saturday trade in dry groceries. Gerald had returned no answer; the Doctor had made no further remark. His suggestion was about to be acted upon.

At the rear of the store proper was a snugly fitted-up bar-room, and over this portion of the establishment Mr. Gerraghty presided in person. He was a tall man with a dark mustache and had a slight cast in his eye; not exactly the person you would care to meet on a lonely road at midnight, yet, withal, popular with his neigh-

bors and a political power in his ward. He was standing at the end of the bar in conversation with a customer.

This latter was an old man, low in stature, spare of frame, shabbily dressed, and quite insignificant in appearance. His hair was of a brick-dust hue, plentifully sprinkled with gray; he wore a straggling beard of the same color, flecked with the same signs of advancing age; he lifted a pair of small, cunning eyes as the new-comers entered. Evidently he recognized one of them.

"Ah, Docther, how are ye?" he said in the broad, strongly accented tones which at once stamp the speaker as born somewhere west of Dublin City and east of Shannon Shore. The Doctor only nodded; the little man turned to resume his conversation with Gerraghty; but that functionary, seeing the two newspaper men range up to the bar, took his place behind it.

"What 's yours, Doc.?"

"Cocktail," said that gentleman, laconically.

"Two cocktails," began Gerald, and then he hesitated. Californian hospitality does not wait for an introduction to proffer liquid refreshment. "What will your friend take?" he added, with a jerk of the head towards the little Irishman, and in a tone loud enough to be overheard by the latter.

"Thank ye; I 'll take a dhrop of whisky," he answered, sidling between the two. A glass was set out, and the "dhrop" he took was a fair sample of his national love for exaggeration.

The Doctor performed the ceremony of introduction. "Mr. Ffrench, Mr. Quinn." Such was the brief formula.

Mr. Quinn put forth an uninviting hand — not too clean, very thin, with large flat nails, and a network of sinews and veins prominent below the big knuckles.

"I 'm glad to mate ye," was Mr. Quinn's remark.

"You ought to know each other," said the Doctor. "You 're a Westmeath man, are n't you, Mr. Quinn?"

"That 's what I am," he replied.

"Well, Jerry 's from Westmeath too."

"What part?" The clannish instinct which is so strong in most Irishmen was evidently well developed here.

"Not a great way from Athlone," answered young Ffrench, indifferently.

"Ay, but where — which side?"

"Well, I don't exactly know how to explain," said Gerald, laughing good humoredly. "You never heard of a small village called Lasson, I suppose?"

"Heerd of it!" shouted Quinn, apparently in a state of wild excitement — "heerd of it!



"HE BACKED OUT INTO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM."

Was n't I born there — was n't I — stop, tell me" — In his agitation he clutched the lapel of Gerald's coat and hung on to it, looking up into his eyes with a strange beseeching expression. "Tell me, are ye anything to his honor Mr. Gerald Ffrench of the Park?"

"Only his son, that 's all," replied the young man, laughing.

The effect of these words on the little Irishman was grotesque enough. Dropping his hand from Gerald's coat he backed out into the center of the room, and there uncovering, made so deep a bow that the rim of his soft hat swept the floor. Gerald looked and felt rather foolish. He had roughed it too long in America to appreciate this kind of homage, even if it had met him on his father's avenue, and here, in a San Francisco bar-room, with Doc. Brown grinning at his elbow and Gerraghty rattling among the glasses in front of him, it seemed particularly absurd and out of place. Yet what could he do? The old man was evidently sincere in his hero worship and enjoyed it thoroughly.

Would the idiot keep on bowing and scraping forever? Gerald felt that the situation was becoming intolerable. The awkward silence must be broken by some more direct means than that suppressed chuckle of the Doctor's.

"I suppose you knew my father, if you came from Lasson?" he said.

The old man stepped forward. There was a singular change in his tone, a mixture of deference and exultation, as he replied:

"Indade an' I did, sir; knew him well. He was me landlord — no, that 'u'd be yer grandfather, rest his sowl! Yer dada was only a boy when I left the ould country. Maybe ye mind me, sir, or me father — ould Luke Quinn at the cross-roads. But sure how could ye? It's forty year since I left them parts."

Gerald intimated that his recollections did not extend so far.

"An' why would you? Pat," — this to Mr. Gerraghty, who still stood behind the bar, — "let me inthrojice ye to Mr. Ffrench, of Ballyvore Park; wan of the raal ould stock. I've walked over ivery fut of his property whin I was a gossoon, an' I'd tire Betty if I druv her over the half of it in wan day."

Mr. Gerraghty did not seem very deeply impressed, but guessing that another order for drinks was imminent, he assumed a bland smile.

"Ye 'll take a dhrop of something wid me?" And without waiting for a reply the old man went on. "The best in the house, Pat, for Mr. Ffrench!"

Mr. Ffrench found the situation more and more embarrassing. He attempted to explain that the property in question did not belong to him, but to his brother; but this produced no sort of impression on Quinn.



"Sure it's all in the family; the raal thing, the grand ould stock! Sure it's proud an' happy I am to mate ye in America."

By this time the glasses had been set out again, and Doctor Brown, finding that something tangible was about to come of the queer scene, had laid aside his grin for the present and addressed himself to the serious business before him. But Quinn indignantly pushed the whisky-bottle aside.

"Don't ye know no better nor that, Pat Gerraghty? — and one of the raal Ffrenches of Ballyvore foreinst yer bar. Champagne, yer sowl ye!"

And champagne it was, a second bottle succeeding the first, for Mr. Quinn's hospitality was of the absolute sort which takes no denial. Meanwhile he plied Gerald with adulation and recounted so many evidences of the former grandeur of the family that the young fellow began to feel a becoming sense of his importance, and to realize that the population of

behind his spectacles, would have offered no decided opposition; but the Doctor was of very little account in the present company, and twinkled but feebly, with a reflected light, beside the greater luminary.

Convinced at length that he had touched the limit of Gerald's conviviality, the old man produced a buckskin purse and proceeded to select from a goodly store of gold coins the sum necessary to defray the cost of the entertainment. When he had settled he accepted Gerald's handshake after a faint show of reluctance.

"Ye 'll be here for a few days, I suppose?" he said, clinging to the hand which, now he held it between his own, he seemed in no hurry to let go.

"Here? In San Francisco? Oh, yes; certainly," answered Gerald, somewhat surprised.

"That's right, it 's worth seeing; an' no one can show you round any better nor I can. I've been on the coast since '46, an' I mind whin



"OULD LUKE QUINN AT THE CROSS-ROADS."

California in general and the editor of the "Evening Mail" in particular had not treated him with the consideration due to his rank and station. Even Mr. Gerraghty, under the influence of his own champagne, thawed sufficiently to admit that it was a fine thing to see the aristocracy traveling about the world.

It needed a peremptory refusal to stop Mr. Quinn at the third bottle. Doctor Brown, whose eyes were beginning to snap and sparkle

every fut of these strates round here was nothin' but sand an' sage bushes. Maybe now," he added persuasively, "ye 've nothin' to do to-morrow. If ye 'll mate me here at 11, I 'll have Betty out. Sure Sunday 's a good day for a dhrive; an' she 's an illigant mare to thraavel, though av coorse nothin' to what ye 're used to. Ye ought to see the stables at Ballyvore Park, Pat. Divil such a four in hand iver was seen in Westmeath —" And

leaving Mr. Quinn to entertain his host with tales of the vanished glories of Ballyvore, the two friends went out. As they passed through the grocery they heard the old man's voice:

"Gimme a dhrop of whisky, Pat. Champagne's cowl'd stuff for the stomach."

Gerald did not fail to ask the Doctor for such

began to look on Mr. Quinn with more favor and respect.

The drive was long and pleasant. Weather never interferes with an excursion in California, where a glance at the calendar, not at the barometer, tells whether rain will fall or sun will shine on a given date. The old fellow was



THE GROUP IN FRONT OF THE GROCERY.

information as he could furnish regarding this new acquaintance. It was scanty enough. Brown had met him in court where Quinn was prosecuting a case against some defrauding tenants. All Gerald could learn was that the old man owned a great deal of real estate in the southern portion of the city, and was reputed to be very wealthy.

The following day Ffrench found Quinn at the hour and place appointed, and after "a wee dhrop"—Gerald won golden opinions from the old man by asserting that he preferred whisky to champagne—Betty made her appearance. She was a slashing-looking bay mare, and showed plenty of fire and breeding. Though the buggy was plain and the harness shabby, she would have attracted the attention of the knowing ones in any show or fair. Gerald, who had all an Irishman's love for a good horse,

amusing, too, in his own way. He was full of anecdotes about the Ireland of forty years ago. He had left his native land at five and twenty, and had not revisited it since; nor had the possibility of change entered his head. He was surprised to hear that Gerald's father had died several years before, though he acknowledged, on reflection, that "his honor would be full oulder nor meself if he 'd lived till now." The young people of the present generation were, of course, strangers to him. By and by he took up a question that had occasioned Gerald some surprise at their last meeting.

"An' whin are ye goin' home, sir?"

"I don't know," said Gerald, vaguely. "I'm living here, you know."

"Here!" The old man bounded in his seat from sheer amazement, and the spirited mare broke into a wild gallop which it took him

some moments to check. Then he turned and looked at his companion.

"I live here; I'm working here; I've been at it for three or four years," explained Gerald.

At first the old man's face expressed boundless astonishment, but gradually a cunning look came into his little eyes. "Wurruk!" he said; "d'ye mind that now? Let me look at yer hands." He examined Gerald's soft palms. "Yes; I thought so. Sure ye don't expect me to believe the like of that, sir."

"I don't work with pick and shovel," said Gerald, rather indignantly; "but I'm working for my bread just the same. I'm on the staff of the 'Evening Mail,' like Doctor Brown."

"An' what d'ye do that for?" said Quinn. The expression of bewilderment on his hatchet face, enhanced by the comic confusion of his wind-blown hair and whiskers, was whimsical. He looked like a terrier dumfounded. Gerald laughed.

"I work because I am obliged to. Ballyvore belongs to my brother, as I told you last night."

The extraordinary fact that this young fellow had to earn his living appeared to be beyond the old man's power to grasp. "I thought there was money enough in it for six families," he gasped at length.

"There 's mighty little money in Ireland nowadays," said Gerald, lightly; "and not much of that comes the landlord's way."

"Get up, Betty," said the old man; and half a mile of the dusty road was passed in silence. His mind was evidently occupied with reminiscences of the old-time glories of Ballyvore, for by and by disjointed utterances began to escape him.

"Goold, solid goold! I've seen it! Wine an' whisky, bottles—no, but barrels of it. Four hundred acres in the domain, sixteen horses in the stable, silver an' goold plate, an' the estate runnin' over the best of two baronies." He started erect in his place with a jerk that set Betty capering again.

"But sure ye must have had some of it. It ain't in raison."

This was a sore subject with Gerald. "I had my share," he said stiffly, "and—and I spent it."

"I'll go bail ye did, like the jittleman ye are! Get up, ould woman!" Another long stretch of road lay behind the mare's swift hoofs before Mr. Quinn spoke again, and then it was only to ask some trivial question about the duties of a newspaper man. Gerald could not help fancying that his revelations about the Ireland of to-day and the knowledge of his present employment had combined to sink him several degrees in the old man's favor. Not that he cared. Why should he? Quinn was

a character in his way, and worth studying. He kept an uncommonly good trotter too; but he was poor company, manifestly ignorant, and, judging from the place where they had first met and the purpose of the several halts they had made that day, probably a disreputable old drunkard—and certainly no fit companion for Gerald Ffrench. Dinner at the Twelve Mile House and a rattling spin home along the San Bruno road finished the day. They drove down Market street in the gathering twilight, and Mr. Quinn pulled up before Gerraghty's store.

"Does he live here, I wonder?" thought Gerald, as he alighted. "It looks like it." Then, resisting all the old man's entreaties to step inside and "thry something to lay the dust," he set out for the California Theater, for even Sunday night has its claims on the time of a San Francisco dramatic critic.

Old Quinn grasped his hand warmly at parting. He had quite conquered his diffidence in that respect. "Look in an' see me whenever ye do be passin'," he said. "I do be here the most of the time; an' any day ye feel like havin' another dhrove behind Betty, why, only say the wurrud. It is n't yer father's son that should be ridin' in thim blaggard street-cars."

THE "Glorious Fourth" came and went, marked by unwonted splendor and noise all over the Union, and underscored with black in the private annals of Doctor Brown, who was called upon to surrender his desk at the "Evening Mail." That gentleman's turn for conviviality and his talent for chronic fault-finding had combined to embroil him with the managing editor, and he had received an intimation that his resignation would be in order. Brown had never saved a cent in his life, and Gerald realized with some misgivings that his forty dollars a week would for the present be called upon to support two instead of one. He was walking down Third street on the following evening, in a somewhat despondent frame of mind, when he was loudly called by name from the door of Mr. Gerraghty's grocery.

Old Quinn had evidently been celebrating the birthday of his adopted country after his own fashion, and he had not done celebrating yet. His small eyes were ablaze with excitement, his shirt was rumpled, his attire otherwise in disorder, and his "Misther Ffrench, Misther Ffrench!" sounded hoarse and strident.

Gerald would willingly have passed on, but this was not to be. The little man haled him into the group that surrounded the door of the grocery, and proceeded to introduce him by name to every member of the party, with a running commentary on the splendors of Ballyvore and an enthusiastic indorsement of the



MR. QUINN.

young fellow himself as "wan of the raal ould stock."

This was a disagreeable experience. The old man was undeniably the worse for liquor; most likely, as he had abundant leisure and more money than he knew what to do with, drunkenness was his normal condition. Gerald extricated himself with some difficulty from these maudlin attentions, and continued on his way. Clearly Mr. Quinn was not an acquaintance to be cultivated.

Yet it was difficult to avoid meeting him. Gerald lived in Howard street, and naturally had to pass Gerraghty's door at least twice a day, and Gerraghty's was evidently the old man's headquarters. Sometimes he would be in the saloon, sometimes in front of the grocery; but, as he had said himself, he was there "most of the time." In the course of a few weeks he had fully digested the idea of Mr.

Ffrench's servile position,—for so he evidently considered it,—and set himself with a faithful persistence that was almost touching to lighten its burdens by every means in his power. Unlimited liquor appeared to the old fellow the simplest and most direct alleviation; and as Gerald could not always fence successfully with such persistent hospitality he soon found himself drinking more than was good for him. Loans of money were frequently proffered, in sums ranging from five to one hundred dollars, but these Gerald invariably declined. Finally one day—it was the 1st of August, and an appointment had been made in which Betty was involved—the old man's liberality took a flight as magnificent as it was unexpected. Gerald found him, as had been arranged, in Gerraghty's saloon. He was poring over a morning paper, but looked up as the young fellow entered. "I was gettin' the news," he



said with an odd expression, half of doubt, half of bravado, the significance of which Gerald did not at the moment understand.

"Have you? There's not much in the papers to-day," he answered.

"There is not. You've read them, I suppose?" said Quinn.

"Yes, I looked them over at breakfast."

"An' now what struck ye in them? What was the biggest bit of news ye could find?"

"Nothing," said Gerald, laughing. "Did you find any?"

"Divil a wurrud," said Quinn with a sigh.

This kind of colloquy was not unusual. The old man seemed to be an attentive reader of the papers, and he rarely met Gerald without asking him his opinion on the news of the day.

"It seems to me you never find much news, Mr. Quinn," said Ffrench.

"What's the raison I don't? Sorra much has happened this twenty years that I can't tell ye." The old man spoke rather warmly and seemed hurt and indignant. After a few minutes he went out to fetch the buggy, and Gerald turned to Gerraghty, who occupied his usual place behind the bar.

"What's the matter with Mr. Quinn? He seems out of sorts this morning."

Gerraghty had a friendly feeling for Gerald, in whom he recognized a source of profit only to be gauged by the young man's capacity for liquids. Before answering he peeped round the bar to assure himself that Quinn was out of ear-shot.

"The ould fellow can't read," he said with a grin.

"Can't read!" repeated Gerald, profoundly astonished. "Why, I see him reading the paper every day."

"Ye see him houlding it; but divil a line of it can he spell. He can't neither read nor write; an' when he has business at the Hibernia Bank he has it fixed so that they let him in ten minutes before the doors are opened, so that no one won't see him make his mark. Oh! he's quare."

"But what does he take the papers for?" asked Gerald, to whom this revelation was almost incredible.

"So as to fool you an' others like you. Oh, he's cute; but ivery wan who knows him well sees how it is. No one dar' hint as much to him though. Whisht! here he's comin'." And Quinn entered.

His ill humor had already evaporated and they started in good spirits. This time their course lay among the small residence streets which abound in that neighborhood. It was the first of the month, and the old man was out collecting his rents. He visited a number

of the little frame houses which are crowded together in that populous quarter and returned from each with a double handful of silver. A large bag which lay under the seat of the wagon grew rapidly in bulk and weight as the day advanced. It was plain that the old fellow's wealth was no fable.

"How much are you worth, Mr. Quinn?" asked Gerald in a moment of pardonable curiosity.

The old fellow leered at him with a cunning expression. "I'll tell ye," he said, "for maybe ye'll need to know wan o' these days. A little over a quarter of a million." Gerald gasped. He knew Quinn was well to do, but had never imagined that his means approached such a figure. The other noted his astonishment with evident satisfaction.

"I suppose you must have struck it rich in the diggings in the old days?" Ffrench remarked by way of saying something.

"I never struck a pick in the ground in Californy, an' I w'u'd n't know the color if I seen it," said Quinn. Then he closed his left eye, and laid his head on one side like a disreputable but preternaturally wise old magpie. "What's the use of goold? Ye can spind that, but ye can't spind land. When I came here all this was sand-hills. I bought it by the acre, and I've sowld a good share of it by the fut. Theré's nothin' like land," he ejaculated with a fervor that was almost pious in its intensity. "See here, Masther Gerald! Is yer brother married?"

"No," answered Gerald, not a little surprised by the sudden question. "Why?"

"It's a sin an' a shame, sir, that you should be wastin' yer life here among a lot of rayporters not fit to black the boots of the likes of ye. It's home ye ought to be, an' livin' like a jintleman."

"On what would I live like a gentleman if I were at home, I'd like to know?" said Gerald, laughing.

"Och, if that's all, yer honor, ye can have five thousand dollars to-morrow—ten, if five is n't enough; an' more whin that's done. Go home, yer sowl ye, an' go into Parleymint—ye've the brains to do it; an' if it's only money's wantin', come to ould Luke Quinn."

There was no mistaking this offer. It was made in sober earnest, and the old man's sincerity was unquestionable. It was difficult for Gerald to make him understand the impossibility of such a scheme, but he did comprehend that his generous proposal was not accepted; and the refusal seemed to cut him to the heart. Despite all the efforts of the younger man, the drive was finished in silence.

That day Gerald wrote to his sister and asked her to find out what she could about

a family named Quinn who had lived near Lasson in his grandfather's time and had been tenants on the estate. He also attempted a little missionary work with the old man, and tried to get him away from Gerraghty's saloon and its unfailing rounds of drinks. Old Quinn's health was far from robust, and the young man could not help noticing the growing effects of this incessant dissipation. His success was not conspicuous; but he fancied he was of some service, and the old man took the interference in good part. This and the remembrance of Quinn's hearty, disinterested generosity combined to raise him considerably in Mr. Ffrench's estimation.

It was not till near the end of August that Doctor Brown heard of a fresh opening for his talents. He was offered a place on the "Sacramento Union," and he was to start at once. But here a difficulty presented itself. It would require about twenty dollars to settle up various little matters and pay the fare. Gerald, who had been supporting both himself and his friend for nearly two months, had no cash on hand and none to hope for till salary day. The Doctor had made an ineffectual attempt to borrow, and now it seemed as if the poor fellow must lose a good chance for want of a paltry twenty dollars. Gerald determined to put his dignity by and ask Quinn for the money.

He found the old man in Gerraghty's and prompt to accommodate him. "Twinty, is it?" he said — "no, but fifty. Come wid me, an' I'll get it for ye at wanst." This rather surprised Gerald, who knew that Quinn habitually carried large sums about him. However he accompanied the old fellow, assuming that he would take him to the Hibernia Bank, where he kept an account. Not so, however. They crossed Third street and proceeded along one of the narrow thoroughfares in which Mr. Quinn's house property lay.

He was in high good humor. The question of the loan had brought up the subject of money, always a favorite topic with a man who has plenty. He narrated how many appeals were almost daily made on his purse, and explained with a crafty leer how he avoided them.

"Only yisterday," he said, "that fellow wid the specs—the Dochter, ye call him—wanted to sthrike me for twinty. D'ye think he got it? Not much. I've no money for the likes of him." Gerald, who had several times been on the point of explaining that the loan he solicited was for the Doctor's use, congratulated himself that he had not spoken.

"Not but what he has a great rispict for me," pursued Quinn. "They do all have the hoight of rispict for me round these parts. When I towld the Dochter that money was

tight an' I c'u'd n't raise the like, sez he, 'Quinn, ye're an ould misanthrope,' sez he. I mind the wurrud well, for I med him say it over two or three times"; and the old fellow grinned in his appreciation of this peculiar compliment.

By this time they were in Jessie street.

"Be aisy now," said Quinn. "I'll bring ye the money in two shakes of a mare's tail." And he ran nimbly up the steps of one of the frame houses which owned him as lord.

He returned presently, evidently greatly chagrined and discomfited. "W'u'd ye belave it," he said angrily; "here it is within two days of the first o' the month, an' the dhirty mane spalpeen won't gimme a thrifle of a few dollars in advance o' the rint that 'll be due the day ather to-morrow."

Gerald hastened to assure him that if he had not the money by him it was no manner of consequence, that he had no intention of occasioning his kind friend any inconvenience, and much more in the same strain, but the old man cut him short by running up the steps of another house. The same result followed; and it was not till he had failed in four several attempts to borrow the amount among his tenants that he drew the old buckskin purse from his pocket, and, pouring a mingled mass of gold and silver into his shaking hand, entreated Gerald to take whatever he required. Gerald selected a twenty-dollar piece, thanked him, and withdrew, much marveling at the old man's business methods.

THIS oddly assorted friendship continued without interruption throughout the winter of 1876. A quarrel had nearly arisen when Gerald after a few weeks brought back the twenty dollars and attempted to return it. The old man seemed so sincerely hurt and grieved that Gerald relented and pocketed his pride and his gold piece together, preferring to remain under an obligation which, after all, he could not cancel, rather than wound Quinn in what was seemingly the only sensitive point of his nature. Emboldened by this triumph, the old man recurred to his favorite scheme of "making a jintleman of Master Gerald"; but here the young man was immovable, and the other discontinued his persuasions with a sigh that "the likes of him should have to wurruk."

In due course Gerald received an answer from his sister. After the usual quota of home gossip and news, he came upon this paragraph:

There are no Quinns on the place now. There was a family on the Athlone side of Lasson, but they were cleared out in grandpapa's time. Mr. Brooke remembers them well, though, and speaks of old Luke Quinn as the worst tenant and most inveterate poacher on the property. The son was a worse scamp than the father, and went to America.

Mr. Brooke says he must be quite an elderly man if he has n't been hanged. The old man gave no end of trouble to grandpapa, who was finally compelled to take up the farm. Mr. Brooke thinks that old Quinn was transported afterwards, but he is n't sure. What on earth do you want with all this queer, Old World history? Are you going to write a book?

And so the letter branched out to other topics.

Undoubtedly the wealthy Mr. Quinn of San Francisco was no other than the scapegrace son of a worthless father, and the respectable agent of Ballyvore seemed to think that if he was still alive it was only because the hangman had neglected his opportunities. "It's a strange world," reflected Gerald; "but whatever he may have been before I was born, he has loyalty to the old name now, and a soft spot in his heart for the old country."

Mr. Ffrench was surprised to find that he had learned to like the old man before the last clouds had rolled away from the spring of 1877. The mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; the transparent pretense of education, at which he had long ceased to smile; above all, the evident pride and delight which Quinn took in his society—all appealed strongly to the warmer side of his nature. The old man still introduced him to his friends as "wan of the raal ould stock," and prosed away in his cups about the splendors of Ballyvore; but the cadet of that ancient house was growing accustomed to this. The two drove together every Sunday, saw each other at least once every day, and patronized Gerraghty at frequent intervals, to the entire satisfaction of that enterprising grocer.

One day—it was early in June—Gerald on his way home missed the familiar figure from the door of the grocery. He gave the matter little thought at the moment, but when another day passed without his seeing Quinn, he stepped into the store to inquire.

Poor old man! He had met with an accident on the road the previous day—had been thrown from his buggy and picked up insensible. Gerraghty did not know whether he had a "load" at the time, but opined that he had. Anyhow, he was in a bad way. The saloon-keeper spoke feelingly, as one who deplored the possible loss of his best customer, and Gerald became seriously uneasy. He would go and see Quinn at once. Gerraghty furnished the address, and advised him to carry a bottle of whisky to the patient; but this he declined.

As he walked towards Mission street he remembered with some surprise that he had never yet visited Quinn in his own home. He did not even know whether the old fellow was married or single, though negative evidence naturally inclined him to the latter view. They had

always met in the street or in Gerraghty's store, which was odd considering how closely the bonds of their strange intimacy had been drawn in the past year. But here was the number, only a few doors up Mission street, and his hand was on the bell. It was answered by a civil-spoken Irish woman, who, in reply to his inquiry, showed him into a room on the ground floor. As he entered, a Mr. Conley, a lawyer with whom he had some slight acquaintance, passed out. Gerald was surprised at the warmth with which this gentleman shook his hand, and he fancied he caught the words "lucky fellow" in the whispered greeting; but he had no time to speculate on their application. Poor old Quinn lay on the bed—a cheap, uncomfortable-looking bed, quite in character with the ill-furnished, cheerless room. He looked thin and shrunken under the coverlet, and very weak. A stranger, evidently a physician, turned from the bedside as Gerald entered, but the old man beckoned him back and feebly extended his hand towards his visitor.

"Docther," said he in a faint, hoarse whisper, "I want to inthrojice ye. This is me fri'nd,"—there was an emphasis of indescribable pride about this word, and he repeated it,—"*me fri'nd* Mr. Ffrench of Ballyvore Park. Wan o' the raal ould stock, sir, an' the grandest in the barony."

"Oh, hush, hush, Quinn!" cried Gerald, deeply shocked. The old man's adulation seemed to him ghastly and unnatural at such a time. The doctor acknowledged the introduction by a curt nod, and taking up his hat and gloves moved towards the door. "You must n't try to talk much, Mr. Quinn; I'll look in again in a couple of hours," he said, and went out.

"How did this happen?" asked Gerald, drawing a chair to the bedside and taking the thin old hand in his own; "and why did n't you send to let me know?"

"It was a poor place to bring you to, Mashter Gerald, an' I did n't like; but sure I'm glad to see you now you are in it."

"But why should a man of your means live like this?" The question leaped to Gerald's lips, but remained unspoken. As he looked he realized that it mattered little where the old man should live—or die—now.

"An illigant place entirely," muttered old Quinn, "and he come to see me! Ah, Mashter Gerald, it's aisy seein' you 're wan o' the raal ould stock."

He was silent a moment and then began again. "Arrah, bad cess to ye, Betty; was n't trottin' good enough for ye but ye must turn to an' kick the wagon over?" Another pause. "Mashter Gerald, Mashter Gerald, avick!"

"What is it, Quinn?"

"I had Counselor Conley here just now doin' some writin' for me. I write an illigant hand, but I'm wake wid this thrubble."

"I saw him, Quinn. What about it?"

"We did n't get to finish. Rache me it there, av ye plaze. See it beyant?"

Gerald found a large legal-looking sheet of paper lying on the table among cigar butts and broken glasses. He handed it to the old man.

"Yer honor can finish it for me, as well as another. All it wants is me name. Write it down at the ind."

The first line of the document, boldly engrossed in large letters, caught Gerald's eye. He read it at a glance: "Last will and testament of Luke Quinn." He stared aghast.

"Sign my name," said the old man.

"I can't do that."

"An' why not, whin I give ye l'ave? Sure who'll be a haporth the wiser?"

"I can write it, but we must have witnesses; and you must touch the pen and say over some form, which I have forgotten."

"Och, what's the use of all that botheration? The lawyer would ha' finished it for me, only I was wake and c'u'd n't go on. Whisper, Masther Gerald, avick. Write 'Luke Quinn' at the bottom of that, an' it'll be the better for ye."

"But indeed, Quinn, it would be impossible," said Gerald, sorely put out by the old man's helpless pleading. "It would mean no more than if it had never been written, and would only get me into trouble."

"Who's to know?" urged Quinn. "Whisper till I tell ye—no one will mistrust but I wrote it meself; no one knows me hand, an' me writin' 's the very moral of yer own anyway; ye c'u'd make twins o' thim."

Gerald could hardly repress a smile. The old man continued to urge and entreat, but, as may be imagined, without result. Finally he said: "Put it back thin; I'll l'ave it till to-morrow. Maybe I'll be well enough to do it meself by that time. I won't kape ye here any longer, Masther Gerald. I think I c'u'd doze a bit."

Gerald withdrew, promising to look in the first thing in the morning; and, having ascertained from the woman of the house that Mr. Quinn was in good hands, returned home. He could not help laughing at the old man's

attempt to sign his will by proxy, but he was uneasy and anxious nevertheless.

The same evening Mr. Conley called upon him and told him that his old friend had died in his sleep, probably about an hour after Gerald had left the bedside. "And do you know," added the lawyer, "you came as near inheriting three hundred thousand dollars as a man can come and not get it?"

"How was that?" asked Gerald, listlessly. The news of Quinn's death, though not unexpected, had come upon him with the suddenness of a shock, and affected him deeply.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Conley. "It must be six months ago that Quinn instructed me to draw up his will. He left you everything, but from that day to this he never would sign it."

"Why not?" asked Gerald. He readily guessed the cause, but he was determined to keep the old man's secret.

"Sometimes one reason, sometimes another. When he met with this accident he sent for me post-haste to bring the will. Did he sign? Not a bit of it. He was too weak, he said. I offered to call in witnesses and fill in the signatures in his presence in the usual way. He became bitterly indignant. 'What, make me mark!' he said. 'I never did that in me life, and I won't begin now.' I was just leaving when you came in."

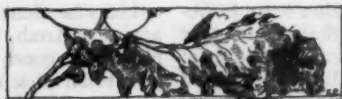
"Where will his money go?" asked Gerald.

"Oh, to his relatives in Ireland, I suppose," said the lawyer. "That kind of man always has plenty."

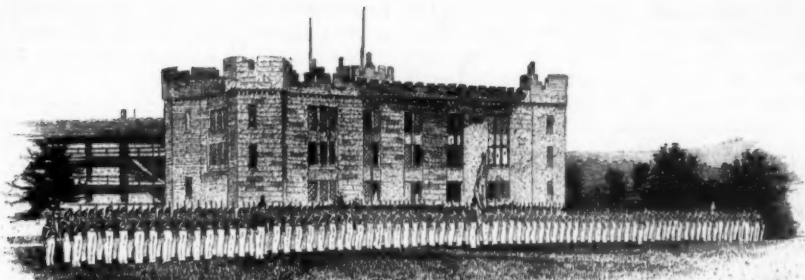
The following Sunday there was a big funeral—an Irish funeral, with scores of carriages and unlimited whisky. Gerald Ffrench attended, and so did Mr. Gerraghty—Doctor Brown was in Sacramento. Gerald's eyes were a little misty as the earth fell on the coffin—a very handsome coffin with a silver plate. The old man had grown on him wonderfully, and he missed him more than he could have believed possible.

The contest over Luke Quinn's property is going on still in the California courts. Every Quinn in the State is represented by counsel, but flowers are not often seen on the old man's grave. It is only occasionally that Gerald Ffrench's Sunday stroll takes him in the direction of Lone Mountain.

George H. Jessop.







CADETS ON DRESS PARADE.

## THE WEST POINT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BOYS IN BATTLE AT NEW MARKET, VIRGINIA, MAY 15, 1864.



LEXINGTON, Virginia, is a somewhat historic spot now, being the burial-place of Robert E. Lee and of "Stonewall" Jackson; and it is by no means inaccessible, having no fewer than three railroads. When I first knew it, nearly twenty-five years ago, it not only had little pretense to fame, but was one of the most out-of-the-way spots in the State.

In the year 1839 the State of Virginia, having an arsenal at Lexington, established there a military school and placed her property in charge of the officers and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. Under the control of its superintendent, Colonel Francis H. Smith, a West Point graduate, the Virginia Military Institute prospered up to the period of the war of 1861.

It was conducted in many respects like the National Academy at West Point. Virginia was a wealthy State in those days and took great pride in her Military Institute. And while the appropriations were not so large or the appointments so complete as those provided by Congress, the Virginia academy was no mean imitator of West Point.

With the outbreak of the war came, of course, a new impetus to everything pertaining to military knowledge; and the Virginia Institute, being the largest and the best-equipped establishment of its kind in the South, at once became prominent as a training-school. At a later period of the war it had, I believe, the exceptional honor of having sent its corps of cadets, as a body, into battle. It is to chronicle that episode that I write; for the single mar-

tial exploit of that young band of boys was as brave as the archery of the boy-marksman of the Iliad who launched forth death to the foe from behind the shield of Ajax Telamon.

In the autumn of 1862 the writer, then a lad under the regulation age of sixteen, but admitted as a special favor, reported as a cadet to the superintendent of the Institute. It was almost the only school then open in the State. Men had been killed in battle upon the campus of old William and Mary College at Williamsburg. Her lecture-rooms were filled with sick and wounded. Grass was growing upon the pavements of the Virginia university; the colonnades of Washington College were deserted. Teachers and scholars had marched away from all these to the great passion play. But never, in her whole history, had the Virginia Military Institute been so crowded to overflowing, or so aglow with life. Almost entirely depleted at the outbreak of hostilities by the draft of a splendid body of young officers from the corps, she had been replenished by the youngsters whom President Davis afterwards called "the seed corn of the Confederacy," and scarcely a historic family in the South was without its youthful representative there, preparing himself in the military art. The times were stirring. The boy who sought military education then did so, not with the vague idea that at some future day it *might* prove useful, but almost in hearing of the thunder of the guns. And at the period of my entering the Institute the impatience of boyhood had been taught that there was little danger the war would end before we had our chance. Big Bethel and Manassas had been fought; the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*

had met; our armies had passed a winter in camp; the disasters of Roanoke Island, Forts Henry and Donelson, and bloody Shiloh; the seven days' fighting around Richmond—all these had tempered the arrogance and subdued the confidence of men. Predictions of peace

how to strut until, plucked from a rooster's tail, it was stuck on the top of a cadet's head. We were content with a simple forage cap, blue or gray, as we could procure it. The cadet of to-day disports himself in white cross-belts, shining plates, and patent-leather accouter-

ments. Then, we had a plain leather cartridge-box, and waist-belt with a harness buckle. The cadet of to-day handles a bronzed-barreled breech-loading rifle, of the latest Springfield pattern. Then,



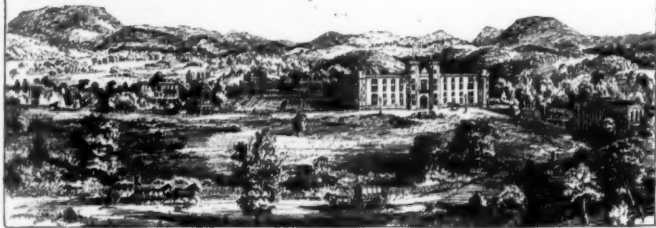
VIEW OF LEXINGTON, VA.

in ninety days had ceased, and too many hearts were already bleeding to make the hideous death grapple longer the subject of empty boast or trivial jest. Both North and South were settling down grimly to that agony

of war which God grant that you who have never known it may always be spared.

The ante-bellum equipment of the Virginia Cadet Corps had been very complete and striking. It was fully as handsome as the West Point outfit and very much the same. Several years before I had seen those wonderful coatees with their forty-four buttons of shining brass, those marvelous cross-belts, and the patent-leather hats with nodding plume or pompon; and since peace has come again they have bloomed afresh, in all their pristine glory. On my journey visions of all this finery had filled my youthful imagination; but when I arrived I found that the blockade and the growing scarcity of everything like luxury and adornment had wrought great changes in the dapper appearance of the corps.

In May, 1862, the cadets had been marched to Jackson's aid at McDowell in the Shenandoah Valley. They had arrived too late to take part in the battle, but the effect of the march had been to wear out the last vestige of the peace uniforms. Then we had resort to coarse sheep's-gray jacket and trousers, with seven buttons and a plain black tape stripe. The cadet of to-day appears with felt chapeau and a ten-inch cock-plume that never knew



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.

we went into the battle of New Market with muzzle-loading Belgian rifles as clumsy as pickaxes.

As the war progressed, our uniforms ceased to be uniform; for as the difficulty of procuring cloth increased we were permitted to supply ourselves with whatever our parents could procure, and in time we appeared in every shade from Melton gray to Georgia butternut.

Cadet fare in those days was also very simple—so very simple, indeed, that I doubt whether any body of boys were ever so healthy as we were. What we did get was nutritious and palatable, save an ever-to-be-remembered lot of Nassau bacon that appeared to have been saturated with tar on its blockade-running cruise, and one apparently inexhaustible supply of pickled beef so old and tough that it glittered with prismatic splendor in the light.

The course of studies was faithfully pursued. The full professors were nearly all too old for active service. General Smith, Colonel Gilham, Colonel Williamson, and Colonel Preston, after valuable services rendered at the outbreak in organizing forces, had returned to the Institute. Colonel Crutchfield returned once, wounded, and then went back to die most

gloriously. Stonewall Jackson, who had been professor, never, if I remember rightly, saw his class-room again; and after he went into the service never entered the building until, borne upon the shoulders of eight weeping boys, his pale face looked up from the casket on the spot where he had taught, and his voiceless lips filled his old precinct with a silent eloquence which made soldiers and heroes at a single lesson.

The Institute was an asylum for its wounded alumni, and many such, banished from home by invasion or distance, occupied the period of convalescence in teaching. One day Cutshaw, one of Lee's best artillerymen, shot all to pieces at the front and sent home to die, would teach us mathematics until he could wear his wooden leg back to his battery; another day Preston with his empty sleeve would show us that none of his Latin was lost with his arm. At another time "Tige" Hardin, pale and broken, would come to teach until he could fight again, or Colonel Marshall McDonald, now famous as fish commissioner, would hobble in to point with crutch at problems on the blackboard until strong enough once more to point with sword toward the "looming bastion fringed with fire."

From such as these we learned with zest and zeal. They had our hearts to back their efforts. Their very appearance taught us lessons every hour which have been dropped from the curriculum in these tame days of peace.

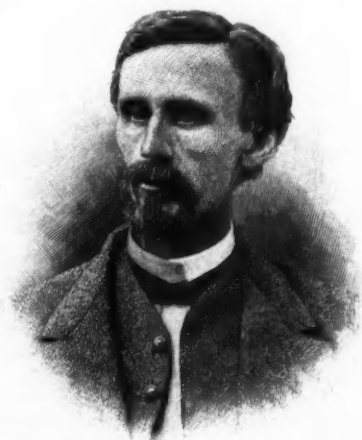
The *esprit de corps* of the Institute was superb. When the command marched forth for any purpose it moved as one man. The drill was perfect. Obedience was instant and implicit. As the war wore on, the stirring



GENERAL F. H. SMITH.  
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

events following each other so rapidly and so near at hand bred a restlessness and discontent in every high-strung boy among us. Each battle seemed to infuse fresh impatience in the cadets, who would assemble at the sally-port for discussion; the mails were crowded with letters begging parents and guardians for permission to resign and go to the war. Good boys became bad ones to secure dismissal, and as the result of these conspiracies regular hegiras would occur. Many a night have I paced the sentry-beat, thinking now of the last gay party that had scrambled to the top of the departing stage, commissioned for active service; now envying the careless gayety of the veterans assembled in the officers' quarters, as from time to time their joyous laughter over campaigning yarns burst from the window of some tower room; then hoping against hope, as it seemed, for the day when, like them, I would be a soldier indeed.

The combat deepened. Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and a hundred lesser battles were taking place around us. One day we buried poor Paxton; soon after Davidson was borne home to us; and a little later Stonewall Jackson, in the zenith of his brilliant career, was brought back by his comrades to his home. Who shall tell with what yearning our eyes followed those brave officers as they hurried back to battle from his grave? They left us there, as if we had been babes.



COLONEL MARSHALL McDONALD,  
FORMERLY PROFESSOR AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE,  
NOW UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSIONER.

But our hour was to come at last. Gettysburg is often referred to as the turning-point in the war. It was, indeed, in many ways. Not only was it so in the fact that it baffled and disheartened the almost invincible army of Lee, but also in this, that for the first time it aroused the North to the dangers, the horrors, and the possibilities of fighting upon its



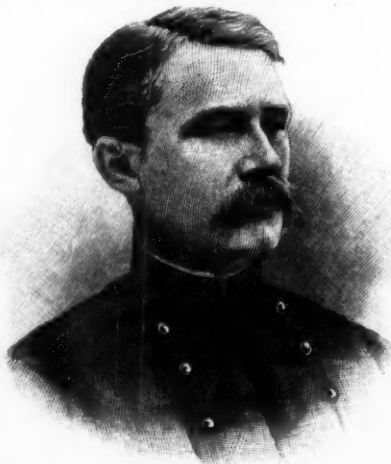
COMMANDER JOHN M. BROOKE.  
PROFESSOR AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE  
AND FORMERLY OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

own soil, and to the necessity of unprecedented effort if the recurrence of invasion was to be prevented. To such an extent were the Federal armies recruited that from the surplus troops a system of raids and incursions was begun by bodies operating independently of the grand armies; and while our diminishing forces were grappling with Grant and Sherman, raiding parties commanded by Sheridan, Stoneman, Wilson, Kautz, Averell, Hunter, Burbridge, and others rode on their flanks or in their rear with torch and sword. This policy was begun late in the summer of 1863. Averell, appearing in the neighborhood of Covington, gave the Cadet Corps a long and fruitless march. The winter of 1863-64 was gloomy enough in the Confederacy. Our soldiers no longer returned from the front exuberant with the joys of camp life and of victory. They were worn and ragged, and, if not actually dispirited, were at least sobered and reflective. The thoughtful, the wise, shook their heads sadly at the prospects of the opening spring campaign. But in one spot of the Confederacy, at least, the martial spirit still burned high, and the hope of battle flamed fresh as on the morning of Manassas. One little nest of fledglings yet remained, who, all untried, too young to reason, too buoyant to doubt, were longing to try their wings.

On the 10th of May, 1864, the Cadet Corps

was the very pink of drill and discipline, and mustered 350 strong. The plebes of the last fall had passed through squad and company drill, and the battalion was now proficient in the most intricate manœuvre. The broad parade ground lay spread out like a green carpet. The far-off ranges of the Blue Ridge seemed nearer in the clear light of spring. The old guard tree, once more luxuriantly green, sheltered its watching groups of admiring girls and prattling children.

The battalion wheeled, charged, and counter-marched in mimicry of war, until at sunset we formed in line for dress parade. The band played up and down the line. The last rays faded upon the neighboring peak of House Mountain. The evening gun boomed out upon the stillness. The colors of the Institute dropped lazily from their staff. Never in all her history seemed Lexington and her surroundings more gently beautiful, more calmly peaceful. Such was the sunset hour of that lovely day on which we sought our cots, almost forgetful of the troubled world elsewhere. At midnight, save in the guard-room at the sally-port, every light had disappeared. Suddenly the barracks reverberated with the throbbing of drums; we awoke and recognized the long roll. Lights were up; the stoops resounded with the rush of footsteps seeking place in the ranks; the adjutant, by lantern-light, read our orders amid breathless silence. They told us that the enemy was in the valley, that Breckinridge needed help, and that we were ordered to march for Staunton at daybreak—a battalion of infantry and a section of artillery—with three days' rations. Not



PROFESSOR-CAPTAIN HENRY A. WISE, JR.  
SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET.





CADET IN MARCHING OUTFIT.

a sound was uttered, not a man moved from the military posture of "paraderest." Our beating hearts told us that our hour had come at last.

"Parade 's dismissed," piped the adjutant. Then came a wild halloo, as company after company broke ranks. Again in fancy I see the excited rush of that gay throng, eager as greyhounds in the leash, hurrying back and forth, preparing for the start, forgetful that it would be six hours before they should march.

Daybreak found us on the Staunton pike after a sleepless night and a breakfast by candle-light. We had jeered

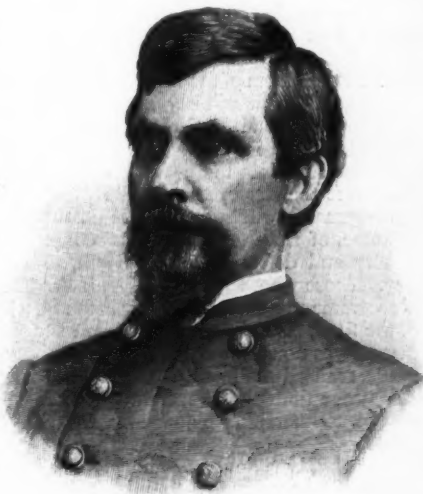
the little boys who were left behind. We had tramped heavily upon the covered bridge that spans the river, until it rocked and swayed beneath our tread. Exuberant with the joyousness of boyhood, we had cheered the fading turrets of the Institute as they sank beneath the hills. And now, fairly started upon our journey, we were plodding on right merrily, our gallant little battery rumbling behind.

At midday on the 12th of May we marched into Staunton to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." We were not quite as fresh or as neat as at the outset, but still game and saucy. I fear it was not the girls we left behind us that occupied our thoughts just then. Staunton then, as now, was filled with girls' schools, and we were very much occupied with the fair faces around us. Our preparation had been simple. Being muddy to the knees, we had waded in a creek until our shoes and trousers were cleansed, and then, picking our way daintily upon the rocks until we reached the pavements, adjusted our locks in a fence corner by the aid of pocket-comb and glass, and hurried forward to society. The cadets were the favorites. Perhaps there was something of resentment for this that prompted a veteran regiment to sing "Rock-a-bye, baby," when we marched past them in the streets.

There was little time, however, for gayety. Breckinridge's army, which had hurried up from south-western Virginia to meet Sigel, soon filled the town and suburbs. Now and then a bespattered trooper came up wearily from Woodstock or Harrisonburg to report the steady advance of Sigel with an army thrice the size of our own. Ever and anon the serious shook their heads and predicted hot work in store for us. Even in the hour of levity the shadow of impending bloodshed hung over all but the

cadet. At evening parade the command came to move down the valley.

Morning found us promptly on the march. A few lame ducks had succumbed and were left behind, but the body of the corps were still elated and eager, although rain had overtaken us. The first day's march brought us to Harrisonburg; the second to Lacy's Springs, within ten miles of New Market. On this day evidences of the enemy's approach thickened on every hand. At short intervals upon the pike, the great artery of travel in the valley, carriages and vehicles of all sorts filled the way, laden with people and their household effects, fleeing from the hostile advance. Now and then a haggard trooper, dispirited by long skirmishing against overwhelming force, would gloomily suggest the power and numbers of the enemy. Towards nightfall, in a little grove by a church, we came upon a squad of Federal prisoners, the first that many of us had

COLONEL SCOTT SHIP.  
IN COMMAND OF THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET.

ever seen. It was a stolid lot of Germans, who eyed us with curious inquiry as we passed. Laughter and badinage had somewhat subsided when we pitched camp that night in sight of our picket-fires twinkling in the gloaming but a few miles below us down the valley. We learned, beyond doubt, that Franz Sigel and his army were sleeping within ten miles of the spot on which we rested.

For a while the woodland resounded with the ax-stroke, or the cheery halloo of the men from camp-fire to camp-fire; for a while the firelight danced, and the air was savory with

the odor of cooking viands; for a while the boys grouped around the camp-fires for warmth and to dry their wet clothing. But soon the silence was broken only now and then by the fall of a passing shower, or the champing of the colonel's horse upon his provender.

I was corporal of the guard. A single sentinel stood post, while the guard and drummers lay stretched before the watch-fire in deep, refreshing sleep. It was an hour past midnight when I caught the sound of hoofs upon the pike advancing at a trot, and a moment later the call of the sentry brought me to him, where I found an aide bearing orders from the commanding general. On being aroused our commandant rubbed his eyes, muttered, "Move forward at once," and ordered me to rouse the camp. The rolls were rattled off; the short, crisp commands went forth, and soon the battalion debouched upon the pike, heading in the darkness and the mud for New Market.

Before we left our camp something occurred that even now may be a solace to those whose boys died so gloriously on that day. In the gloom of the night, Captain Frank Preston, neither afraid nor ashamed to pray, sent up an appeal to God for protection to our little band. It was a humble, earnest appeal that sunk into the heart of every hearer. Few were the dry eyes, little the frivolity, in the command, when he had ceased to speak of home, of father, of mother, of country, of victory and defeat, of life, of death, of eternity. Those who, but a few hours later, heard him commanding "B" company in the thickest of the fight, his already empty sleeve showing that he was no stranger to the perilous edge of battle, realized as few can how the same voice can at one time plead reverently and tenderly and at another pipe higher than the roar of battle.

The day, breaking gray and gloomy, found us plodding onward in the mud. The exceedingly sober cast of our reflections was relieved by the light-heartedness of the veterans. Wharton's brigade, with smiling "Old Gabe" at their head, cheered us heartily as we came up to the spot where they were cooking breakfast by the road-side. Many were the good-natured gibes with which they restored our confidence. The old soldiers were as merry, nonchalant, and indifferent to the coming fight as if it was a daily occupation.

One fellow came round with a pair of scissors and a package of cards, offering to cut off love-locks to be sent home after we were dead. They inquired if we wanted rosewood coffins, satin-lined, with name and age on plate. In a word, they made us ashamed of the solemnity of our last six miles of marching, and renewed

within our breasts the true dare-devil spirit of soldiery.

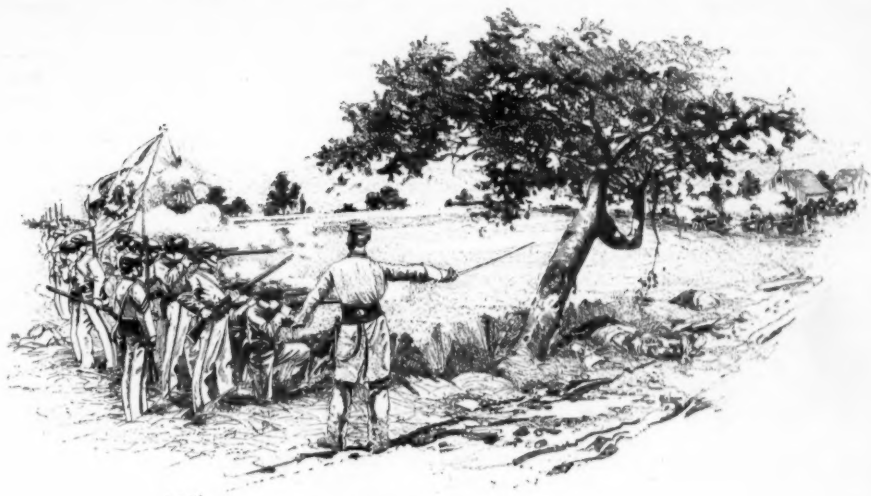
The mile-posts on the pike scored four miles, three miles, two miles, one mile to New Market. Then the mounted skirmishers crowded past us hurrying to the front. Cheering began in our rear and was caught up by the troops along the line of march. We learned its import as Breckinridge and his staff approached, and we joined in the huzza as that soldierly man, mounted magnificently, dashed past us, uncovered, bowing, and riding like the Cid. Along the crest of the elevation in our front we beheld our line of mounted pickets and the smoldering fires of their night's bivouac. We halted with the realization that one turn in the road would bring us in full view of the enemy's position. Echols's and Wharton's brigades hurried past us. There was not so much banter then. "Forward!" was the word once more, and New Market appeared in sight.

The turn of the road displayed the whole position. A bold range of hills parallel with the mountains divides the Shenandoah Valley into two smaller valleys, and in the easternmost of these lies New Market.

The valley pike, on which we had advanced, passes through the town parallel with the Massanutten range on our right, and Smith's Creek running along its base. The range of hills on our left breaks as it nears the town and slopes down to it from the south and west, swelling up again beyond it to the north and west. On the right of the pike, looking towards New Market, and running over to the creek, a beautiful stretch of meadow-land spreads out down to and beyond the town. Orchards skirt the village in these meadows between our position and the town, and they are filled with the enemy's skirmishers. A heavy stone fence and a deep lane run westward from the town and parallel with our line of battle. Here the enemy's infantry was posted to receive our left flank, and behind it his artillery was posted on a slope, the ground rising gradually until, a short distance beyond the town, to the left of the pike, it spreads out in an elevated plateau. The hill-sides from this plateau to the pike are gradual and broken by several gullies heavily wooded by scrub-cedar.

It was Sunday morning, and 11 o'clock. In a picturesque little churchyard, right under the shadow of the village spire and among the white tombstones, a six-gun battery was posted in rear of the infantry line of the enemy. The moment we debouched it opened upon us.

Away off to the right, in the Luray Gap of the Massanutten range, our signal corps was telegraphing the position and numbers of the enemy. Our cavalry was moving at a gallop to the cover of the creek to attempt to flank



THE CADETS IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

the town. Echols's brigade was moving from the pike at a double-quick by the right flank and went into line of battle across the meadow, its left resting on the pike. Simultaneously his skirmishers were thrown forward at a run and engaged the enemy. Out of the orchards and out on the meadows arose puff after puff of blue smoke as our sharpshooters advanced, the "*pop, pop*" of their rifles ringing forth excitingly. Thundering down the pike came McLaughlin with his artillery, and wheeling out into the meadows he swung into battery action left, and let fly with all his guns. The cadet section of artillery pressing a little farther forward wheeled to the left, toiled up the slope, and with a plunging fire replied to the Federal battery in the graveyard. At the first discharge of our guns a beautiful wreath of smoke shot upward and hovered over them.

The little town, which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully upon that Sabbath morn, was now wreathed in battle-smoke and swarming with troops hurrying to their positions. We had their range beautifully, and every shell, striking some obstruction, exploded in the streets. Every man of our army was in sight. Every position of the enemy was plainly visible. His numbers were but too well known to us, for notwithstanding that his line of battle, already formed, was equal to our own, the reports still came that the pike was filled with his infantry.

Our left wing consisted of Wharton's brigade; the center of the 62d Virginia Infantry and the cadets; and our right of Echols's brigade and the cavalry.

Up to this time I was still corporal of the

guard, in charge of the baggage-wagon, with a detail of three men, Redwood, Stanard, and Woodlief. We had not been relieved, in the general bustle and confusion. My orders were to remain with the wagons at the bend in the pike, unless our forces were driven back; in which case we were to retire to a point of safety. When it became evident that a battle was imminent, a single thought took possession of me, and that was, that I would never be able to look my father in the face again if I sat on a baggage-wagon while my command was in its first, perhaps its only, engagement. He was a grim old fighter,<sup>1</sup> at that moment commanding at Petersburg, and a month later fighting at odds against "Baldy" Smith until Lee could come up. He had a tongue of satire and ridicule like a lash of scorpions. I had nearly worried him out of his life with applications to leave the Institute and enter the army. If, now that I had the opportunity, I should fail to take part in the fight I knew what was in store for me. Napoleon in Egypt pointed to the Pyramids and told his soldiers that from their heights forty centuries looked down upon them. My oration, delivered from the baggage-wagon, was not so elevated in tone, but equally emphatic. It ran about this wise: "Boys, the enemy is in our front. Our command is about to go into action. I like fighting no better than anybody else. But I have an enemy in my rear as dreadful as any before us. If I return home and tell my father that I was on the baggage guard when my comrades were fighting I know my fate. He will kill me with worse than bullets — ridicule. I shall join the

<sup>1</sup> Governor and General Henry A. Wise. — EDITOR.

command forthwith. Any one who chooses to remain may do so." All the guard followed. The wagon was left in charge of the black driver. Of the four who thus went, one was killed and two were wounded.

We rejoined the battalion as it marched by the left flank from the pike. Moving at double-quick we were in an instant in line of battle, our right near the turnpike. Rising ground in our immediate front concealed us from the enemy.



CADET CAPTAIN WM. H. CABELL,  
KILLED AT NEW MARKET.

The command was given to strip for action. Knapsacks, blankets, everything but guns, canteens, and cartridge-boxes, were thrown down upon the ground. Our boys were silent then. Every lip was tightly drawn, every cheek was pale; but not with fear. With a peculiar nervous jerk we pulled our cartridge-boxes round to the front and tightened our belts. Whistling rifled-shell screamed over us as, tipping the hill-crest in our own front, they bounded over our heads. Across the pike to our right Patton's brigade was lying down, abreast of us. "At-ten-tion-n-n! Battalion Forward! Guide—Center-rrr!" Battalion Forward! Guide—Center-rrr! At that moment, from the left of the line, sprang Sergeant-Major Woodbridge, and posted himself forty paces in front of the colors as directing guide. Brave Evans, standing over six feet two, unfurled our colors that for days had hung limp and bedraggled about the staff, and every cadet in the Institute leaped forward, dressing to the ensign, elate and thrilling with the consciousness that "*This is war!*" We reached the hill-crest in our front, where we were abreast of our smoking battery and in full sight and range of the enemy. We were pressing towards him at "arms port" with the light tripping gait of the French infantry. The enemy had obtained our range, and began to drop his shell under our noses along the slope. Echols's brigade rose up and were charging on our right with the rebel yell.

Woodbridge, who was holding his position as directing sergeant, was ordered to resume his place in the line.

Down the green slope we went, answering the wild cry of our comrades as their musketry rattled out its opening volleys. In another moment we should expect a pelting rain of lead from the blue line crouching behind the stone wall at the lane. Then came a sound more stunning than thunder, that burst directly

in my face; lightnings leaped; fire flashed; the earth rocked; the sky whirled round, and I stumbled. My gun pitched forward, and I fell upon my knees. Sergeant Cabell looked back at me sternly, pityingly, and called out, "Close up, men," as he passed on.

I knew no more. When consciousness returned it was raining in torrents. I was lying on the ground, which all about was torn and plowed with shell which were still screeching in the air and bounding on the earth.

Poor little Captain Hill of "C" company was lying near, bathed in blood, with a fearful gash over the temple, and was gasping like a dying fish. Read, Merritt, and another, also badly shot, were near at hand.

The battalion was three hundred yards away clouded in smoke and hotly engaged. They had crossed the lane the enemy held, and the Federal battery in the graveyard had fallen back to the high ground beyond. "How came they there?" I thought, and, "Why am I here?" Then I saw that I was bleeding from a deep and ugly gash in my head. That villainous rifled-shell that burst in our faces brought five of us to the ground. "Hurrah!" I thought, "youth's dream is realized at last. *I've got a wound and am not dead yet!*" And so, realizing the savory truth, another moment found me on my feet trudging along to the hospital, almost whistling with delight at the thought that the next mail would bear the glorious news to the old folks at home, with a rather taunting suggestion that after all their trouble they had not been able to keep me from having my share in the fun.

From this time forth I may speak of the gallant behavior of the cadets without the imputation of vanity, for I was no longer a participant in their glory. The fighting around the town was fierce and bloody on our left wing. Patton's movements on our right were rapid and effective. He had pressed forward and gained the village, and our line was now concave with an angle just beyond the town.

The Federal infantry had fallen back to their second line, and our left had now before it the task of ascending the slope, on the crest of which they were posted. Pausing under the cover of the deep lane to breathe awhile and correct the alignment, our troops once more advanced, clambering up the bank and over the stone fence, and at once delivering and receiving a withering fire. At a point below the town where the turnpike curved the enemy's reserves were massed; in what numbers we could not yet descry. A momentary confusion on our right, as our troops pressed through the streets of New Market, gave invitation for a charge of the enemy's cavalry, who were unable to see McLaughlin's battery which had



been moved up, unlimbered in the streets, and double-shotted with grape and canister. The cavalry dashed forward, squadron front, in full career. Our infantry scrambled over the fences, cleared the pike, and gave the artillery a fair opportunity to rake them. They saw the trap too late. They drew up and sought to wheel about. Heavens! What a blizzard McLaughlin gave them. They reeled, staggered, wheeled, and fled. The road was filled with fallen men and horses. A few riderless steeds galloped towards our lines, neighed, circled, and rejoined their comrades. One gallant fellow, whose horse became unmanageable, rode through the battery, and, at full speed, passed beyond, behind, and around our line, safely rejoining his comrades and cheered for his daring by his enemies. This was the end of the cavalry in that fight.

Our left had meanwhile performed its allotted task. Up the slope, right up to the second line of infantry, it went; and a second time the Federal infantry was forced to retire. The veteran troops had secured two guns of the battery, and the remaining four had galloped back to a new position in a farmyard on the plateau at the head of the cedar-skirted gully. Our boys had captured over a hundred prisoners. Charley Faulkner, now a grave senator from West Virginia, came back radiant, in charge of twenty-three Germans large enough to swallow him, and insisted that he captured every man of them himself. Bloody work had been done. The space between the enemy's old and new positions was dotted with their dead and wounded—shot as they fled across the open field. But this same exposed ground now lay before, and must be crossed by our own men, under a galling fire from a strong and protected position. The distance was not three hundred yards, but the ground to be traversed was a level green field of young wheat. Again the advance was ordered. Our men responded with a cheer. Poor fellows! they had already been put upon their mettle in two assaults. Exhausted, wet to the skin, muddled to their eyebrows with the stiff clay through which they had pulled,—some of them actually shoeless after their struggle across the plowed ground,—they nevertheless advanced with great grit and eagerness; for the shouting on their right meant victory. But the foe in our front was far from conquered. As our fellows came on with a dash the enemy stood his ground most courageously. That battery, now charged with canister and shrapnel, opened upon the cadets with a murderous hail the moment they uncovered. The infantry, lying behind fence-rails piled upon the ground, poured in a steady, deadly fire. At one discharge, poor Cabell, our first

sergeant, by whose side I had marched so long, fell dead, and by his side Crockett and Jones. A blanket would have covered the three. They were awfully mangled with the canister. A few steps beyond, McDowell, a mere child, sunk to his knees with a bullet through his heart. Atwill, Jefferson, Wheelwright, fell upon green-sward and expired; Shriver's sword-arm dropped helpless to his side, and "C" company thereby lost her cadet as well as her professor-captain. The men were falling right and left. The veterans on the right of the cadets seemed to waver. Ship, our commandant, fell wounded. For the first time the cadets seemed irresolute. Some one cried out, "Lie down," and all obeyed, firing from the knee—all but Evans, the ensign, who was standing bolt upright. Poor Stanard's limbs were torn asunder and he lay there bleeding to death. Some one cried out, "Fall back, and rally on Edgar's battalion." Several boys moved as if to obey; but Pizzini, orderly of "B" company, with his Italian blood at the boiling-point, cocked his gun and swore he would shoot the first man who ran. Preston, brave and inspiring, with a smile lay down upon his only arm, remarking that he would at least save that. Collona, captain of "D," was speaking words of encouragement and bidding the boys shoot close. The boys were being decimated; manifestly they must charge or retire; and charge it was. For at that moment, Henry A. Wise, our first captain, beloved of every boy in the command, sprung to his feet, shouted the charge, and led the Cadet Corps forward to the guns. The guns of the battery were served superbly; the musketry fairly rolled. The cadets reached the firm green-sward of the farmyard in which the battery was planted. The Federal infantry began to break and run behind the buildings. Before the order to "Limber up" could be obeyed our boys disabled the trails and were close upon the guns; the gunners dropped their sponges and sought safety in flight. Lieutenant Hanna hammered a burly gunner over the head with his cadet sword. Winder Garrett outran another and attacked him with his bayonet. The boys leaped on the guns, and the battery was theirs; while Evans was wildly waving the cadet colors from the top of a caisson.

A straggling fire of infantry was still kept up from the gully, now on our right flank, although the cadets could see the masses of blue retiring in confusion down the hill. Then came the command to re-form the battalion, to mark time, and to half-wheel to the right, when it advanced again, firing as it went, and did not pause until it gained the pike. The broken columns of the enemy hurried on towards

Mount Jackson, hotly pressed by our infantry and cavalry. Our artillery advanced to Rude's Hill, and shelled their confused ranks, until they passed beyond the burning bridge that spanned the Shenandoah at Mount Jackson.

We had won a victory,—not a Manassas or an Appomattox, but, for all that, a right comforting bit of news went up the pike that night to General Lee; for from where he lay, locked in the death grapple with Grant in the Wilderness, his thoughts were, doubtless, ever turning wearily and anxiously towards this flank movement in the valley.

The pursuit down the pike was more like a foot-race than a march. Our boys straggled badly, for all realized that the fight was over, and many were too exhausted to go farther. As evening fell the clouds burst away; the sun came forth; and, when night closed in, no sound of battle broke the Sabbath calm, save a solitary Napoleon gun, pounding away at the smoldering ruins of the bridge across the river. The picket-fires of the cadets were lit at beautiful Mount Airy, while the main body bivouacked upon the pike a mile below New Market.

Of a corps of 225 men we had lost 56 in killed and wounded.

Shortly before sundown, having had my head sewed up and bandaged, and having rendered such service as I could to wounded comrades, I sallied forth to procure a blanket. We had left our trappings unguarded when we stripped for action. Nobody would consent to be detailed. The result was that the camp-followers had made away with nearly all our haversacks and blankets. I entered the town and found it filled with soldiers laughing and carousing as light-heartedly as if it were a feast or holiday. A great throng of Federal prisoners was corraled in a side street, under guard. They were nearly all Germans. Every type of prisoner was there. Some affable, some defiant, some light-hearted and careless, some gloomy and dejected. One fellow in particular afforded great merriment in his quaint recital of the manner of his capture. Said he, "Dem leetle tevils mit der white vlag vas doo mutch fur us. Dey shoost smash mine head, ven I vos cry 'Zur-render' 'all der dime.'" A loud peal of laughter went up from the bystanders, among whom I recognized several cadets. His allusion to the white flag was to our colors. We had a handsome flag with a white and gilt ground and a picture of Washington. It puzzled our adversaries not a little. Several whom I have met since then tell me they could not make us out at all. Our strange colors, our diminutive size, and our unusual precision of movement made them think we were some foreign mercenary regulars.

The jeers and banter of the veterans had now ceased. We had fairly won our spurs. We could mingle with them fraternally and discuss the battle on equal terms, and we did so. Glorious fellows those veterans were. To them was due ninety-nine hundredths of the glory of the victory; yet they seemed to delight in giving all praise to "dem leetle tevils mit der white vlag." The ladies of the town also overwhelmed us with tenderness, and as for ourselves we drank in greedily the praise which made us the lions of the hour.

Leaving the village I sought the plateau where most of our losses had occurred. A little above the town, in the fatal wheat-field, I came upon the dead bodies of three cadets. One wore the chevrons of an orderly sergeant. Lying upon his face, stiff and stark, with outstretched arms, his hands had clutched and torn great tufts of soil and grass; his lips retracted; his teeth tightly locked; his face as hard as flint, with staring, bloodshot eyes. It was hard, indeed, to recognize all that remained of Cabell, who, but a few hours before, had stood first in his class as a scholar, second as a soldier, and the peer of any boy that ever lived in every trait of physical and moral manliness.

A little removed from the spot where Cabell fell, and nearer to the position of the enemy, lay McDowell. It was a sight to wring one's heart. That little boy was lying there asleep, more fit, indeed, for the cradle than the grave. He was barely sixteen, I judge, and by no means robust for his age. He was a North Carolinian. He had torn open his jacket and shirt, and, even in death, lay clutching them back, exposing a fair breast with its red wound. I had come too late. Stanard had breathed his last but a few moments before I reached the old farm-house where the battery had stood, now converted into a hospital. His body was still warm and his last messages had been words of love. Poor Jack! Playmate, roommate, friend—farewell.

Standing there, my mind sped back to the old scenes at Lexington when we were shooting together in the "Grassy Hills"; to our games and sports; to that day, one week ago, when he had knelt at the chancel and was confirmed; to the previous night at the guard-fire when he confessed to a presentiment that he would be killed; to his wistful, earnest farewell when we parted at the baggage-wagon, and my heart half reproached me for ordering him into the fight. The warm tears of youthful friendship came welling up for one I had learned to love as a brother; and now, twenty-four years later, I thank God that life's buffetings and the cold-heartedness of later struggles have not dammed the pure fountains of boyhood's friendship. A truer-hearted, braver,

better fellow never died than Jacquelin B. Stanard.

A few of us brought up a limber-chest, threw our poor boys across it, and bore their remains to a deserted storehouse in the village. The next day we buried them with the honors of war, bowed down with grief at a victory so dearly bought.

We started up the valley crestfallen and dejected. Our victory was almost forgotten in our distress for our friends and comrades dead and maimed. We were still young in the ghastly sport. But we proved apt scholars. As we moved up the valley we were not hailed as sorrowing friends, but greeted as heroes and victors. At Harrisonburg, at Staunton, at Charlottesville, everywhere, an ovation awaited us such as we did not dream of, and such as has seldom greeted any troops. The dead, and the poor fellows who were still tossing on cots of fever and delirium, were almost forgotten

by the selfish comrades whose fame their blood had bought.

We were ordered to Richmond. All our sadness disappeared. A week later the Cadet Corps, garlanded, cheered by ten thousand throats, intoxicated with praise unstinted, wheeled proudly beneath the shadow of the Washington Monument at Richmond to receive a stand of colors from the governor, the band playing lustily —

Oh! there's not a trade that's going  
Worth showing, or knowing,  
Like that from glory growing  
For the bowld soldier boy.

The boys who formed the corps of the West Point of the Confederacy are no longer boys. Many are dead. Many fill high stations in mature manhood. Many are already gray with care. The Virginia Military Institute still survives the wreck of war. But it is not the hotbed of war that it was in those days.

*John S. Wise.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Annexation, or Federation?

IT will not be difficult to array arguments against the article on "The Reorganization of the British Empire," which was published in the last number of THE CENTURY. Certain advocates of a different conclusion will prove conclusively that annexation to the United States offers Canada's only hope of coming into touch with a real national life and of becoming a part of the world's commerce and international relations, and that the American ought to be as intensely and continuously interested in this matter as in his own national politics. And the principal immediate result will be that such advocates will be stirred up to a new astonishment or perhaps indignation at the American's stolid indifference, and will be apt to attribute it to the American's ignorance of or contempt for the power and importance of the Dominion.

Nothing could be more unjust than this latter supposition, and yet it is doing very much to sap the cordial relations which ought to exist between two neighboring peoples. The anti-annexationist of Canada has a suspicion that too many Americans are engaged in contriving methods of putting an end to Canada's separate existence; the annexationist is indignant when he finds that Americans, as a rule, are not only disinterested but uninterested; and the only political friends of "the States" in the Dominion are the Gallios who care for none of these things. The American looks with dull eyes upon all schemes of annexation, not because he has any feeling of contempt for Canada, but because he cannot yet see in the schemes themselves anything that is absolutely necessary or self-developed. Place before him that which seems a natural scheme, that which is the result of natural conditions permitted to work freely, and in

ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will take the warmest interest in it and give it his most cordial approval, even though it is quite lacking in those points of selfish advantage to the United States on which the annexationist relies so confidently.

What could be more natural than the "federation" scheme for British reconstruction, which has been before the British public for years and is now renewed in the article just mentioned? It offers to Great Britain the maintenance of every interest, legal, economic, political, and moral, which has grown up in the past and has shown itself worthy of conservation. It maintains all the ties which have held the different parts of the Empire together. It even strengthens them prodigiously by transforming the weak ties of colonialism into a true national life: so that the foreigner shall look upon Canada or Jamaica, not as temporary hangers-on of a distant island, but as component and fully recognized members of a magnificent ocean empire. It distributes the burdens of imperial taxation over the whole Empire, so that the Australian may look upon every imperial iron-clad which comes into his harbors as possibly the product of his own state's taxation, while Canadian regiments shall take their tour of duty in English or Irish cities, or at the Cape. It lessens the dangers of a new break-up of the Empire through colonial discontent; the Canada or the New South Wales of the "federation" could submit without a second thought to abandonment of its claims "by its own government," while there is now always something of a sting in such an abandonment by a home government on whose decision the colony has exercised no direct influence. It leaves to every square foot of the Empire that alternative of self-government in the present, or of the hope of self-government in the future, which is afforded by our State and Territorial

systems. Canada would be at once one of the self-governing states of the Empire; but the Territories of India would have under the federation such prospects of complete statehood, when they should deserve it, as they never could have under a Russian dominion or protectorate.

And such a consummation is to be prevented by what? By certain remnants of feudal organization or thinking. The attempt has hitherto been made to base the British Empire upon the country known as England. England must be simply included in the splendid and closely knit Empire which is pictured in federation. England is not prepared to sink its proud historical continuity in such a federation: that might do for Scotland or Ireland, but not for the country of Alfred and Shakspeare, Milton and Cromwell. Still less is England prepared to transform its historic past into a geographical expression by dividing its representation in the Imperial Parliament, as that of New England has been divided in our own country, among half a dozen separate States. Family and other influences have been prompt to make use of such natural feelings in order to prevent the organization of a Parliament which should really represent the whole Empire, and to maintain the present system, which gratifies all the provincialisms of English anti-democracy, while it "governs" the rest of the Empire purely on sufferance.

It is hardly necessary to say that such a system cannot last; iron-clad navies have already made it an anachronism. British statesmen have for years been ready to meet the imperial dangers of a great naval war by quietly shaking the colonial apples from the boughs; by saying to their colonies, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled." English historians are agreed as to the folly of the policy which split the British Empire a hundred years ago. What are future historians to say of the policy which is now prepared to submit to a disintegration of the Empire rather than sacrifice one jot of the ambition to make the legislative body an English rather than an Imperial Parliament—an ambition the impossibility of which will be shown by the first contact with the touchstone of events? Towards the climax of the English troubles with the colonies in the past century, the failure to reach a kindly and satisfactory settlement of them was attributed by Franklin's hard practical sense very largely to the desire of so many Englishmen of that day to keep up the fiction of "our sovereignty" over the colonies; each, "like the Genoese queens of Corsica, deems himself a sprig of royalty" over the colonies so long as the old system should last. It would be a curious historical parallel if survivals of the same feeling in this century should prolong the existence of the old system until circumstances should force a new disruption of the Empire.

The one practical factor which is fundamentally hostile to all such survivals is English democracy. Wherever it meets them, in the pulpit, in the press, in Parliament, or even on the panels of carriages, it meets them with unsparing ridicule. Its work has hitherto been mainly in the widening of the right of suffrage, but most of that work is now done. The question now is, whether the inevitable development of English democracy in new directions, more particularly in that of a federated Empire, shall happily anticipate any conjunction of circumstances which might otherwise force a second break-up of the Empire. It is really,

then, a race against time by the English democracy. If, as one result, our neighbors to the north of us shall become an integral part of a real empire, such a natural and simple solution will find no congratulations more prompt and cordial than those of the American people, even though they are not based on any of the selfish advantages which annexation professes to offer to the United States.

And if the time should ever arrive when the United States is really interested in the question of Canadian annexation, it will be because whatever there is of "the natural" in such proposed relationship has come to the front and become a paramount consideration. But it is likely that the experiment of federation will be tried before the permanent experiment of annexation.

#### Separate Municipal Elections.

THE advocates of separate municipal elections in our large cities have hitherto been divided in their views as to the best time for holding them. On the one hand it has been urged that they should be held in the spring, and on the other that they should be assigned to the autumn of those years in which no State or National elections occur. The strongest, because best sustained, objection to the spring as the time is found in the fact that where the experiment has been tried it has been found that it is much more difficult to excite public interest then than it is in the autumn. Many people leave the city for the summer early, and the loss to the popular interest from this cause alone has been found to be considerable. Then, too, the force of habit has a good deal to do with it. Men find it difficult to arouse themselves to an election contest several months in advance of their regular voting time. It is also urged that this plan of two campaigns a year would double the expense of elections by making a double machinery necessary to attend to them.

These objections, taken together, were considered sufficient to defeat a bill which was before the New York legislature in 1885. Its failure led to the formulation of a much more comprehensive plan for separate elections in the autumn than had hitherto been produced. It came from the Constitutional Club of Brooklyn in the form of an amendment to the State constitution. The fatal objection which had been presented heretofore to all plans for holding separate elections in the cities of New York State in the autumn had been that there was no year in which elections for some kind or other of State officers did not occur. There is a governor, or minor State officers, or some judges, or members of the legislature, to be chosen every year. To get rid of this obstacle the proposed amendment lengthened nearly all the terms of city and State officers. It made the term for governor and other State officers four years instead of three, that of State senators three years instead of two, and that of assemblymen two years instead of one. Then it provided that in all cities in which elections were held in November, those for State and National officers should be held on even years, and those for city officers on odd years.

When once the wisdom of lengthening the official terms is conceded,—and there appears to be no valid objection to that change,—it will be seen that this plan obviated completely the main objections to the spring election plan. By coming at the regular time, public



interest would be more easily aroused and the regular machinery of elections could be used. Then, too, absolute freedom from State and National political or partisan influences would be secured, for by being held a full year in advance of all other elections there would be no temptation to influence the election for the sake of a so-called "moral effect" upon a larger one which was to come after it.

Without venturing to decide which plan is the more desirable, we think there is no longer any doubt in any impartial mind as to the need of the proposed separation. There can be no improvement in our municipal government, no relief from the extravagant and oftentimes corrupt expenditures which make life in our cities so enormously expensive, until we bring the mass of the voters to the comprehension of two points: first, that it is playing into the hands of the men who make their living out of politics to allow National and State political considerations to enter into the choice of municipal officers; secondly, that the burden of taxation is not borne by the rich alone, but largely by the poor. The voters must think when they are deciding how they will vote, not as to what the effect of their ballot will be on a candidate for governor or President, but upon municipal taxation, schools, police, paving, lighting, street-cleaning, sewerage, docks. They must be taught to realize, what the mass of them do not now, that every dollar which is wasted in all these and the other outlays by the city government comes at last out of their pockets. Nothing is more pernicious in a great city in which there is a vast horde of ignorant and impoverished voters, than the mistaken idea that it is the rich men who pay the taxes. If a tax-collector could be sent yearly to every man to collect his share of the municipal expenditure, however small, we would soon see an end put to the plundering of politicians. The payment by every man, however humble his abode, of the poor rates as a condition of voting is the salvation of municipal government in England. It gives every laborer an intelligent interest in affairs, though the amount is the merest trifle compared with the sum which every poor man in an American city pays indirectly in the form of the rent for his wretched lodgings. It is ignorance on this point which leads the uneducated voters in our cities to think that every cent which men like Tweed and smaller men of his political school can filch from the city treasury and spend in politics comes from the pockets of the rich, and not from the poor at all. With separate elections a great deal could be done to dispel this sorry delusion. We could in such elections get the intelligent voters of all parties to unite, without regard to party names, upon the candidates who gave the best promise of honest administration of affairs, and by controlling elections in that way, as could easily be done, the light would soon be carried among the ignorant.

#### Are we Just to our Architects?

WE hear much said just now of the architect's duties and obligations; and when any disappointment or accident can be so read as seemingly to prove that they have not been properly performed, the fact is often dwelt upon with almost hostile emphasis. On the other hand, little is said or thought of the duties and obligations

of the architect's clients. Although now and again some gross disregard of these may be condemned in our law courts, their existence is hardly recognized as yet by the national conscience. For example, how many persons have thought it needful to inquire just why the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber in Albany was found defective and torn down, or why the tower of a new church in Washington fell the other day? How many have not jumped to the conclusion that it must have been the architect's fault, and that there can have been no possible excuse for him?

We have no wish to pronounce judgment with regard to either of these disasters. We refer to them simply in illustration of the fact that the common popular feeling towards the architectural profession is a feeling of distrust. When the undertaking of actual work is in question it is no exaggeration to say that architects are usually approached in an attitude of self-defense, are often grudging their just rewards, are sometimes asked to work without reward (in unpaid competitions, for instance), and are accused of a desire to overreach when, in fact, an effort is being made to overreach them.

Of no other profession would such words be true. Yet the architectural profession itself should not be held responsible. None has a fairer and clearer record to the eyes of those who know the rights and wrongs of its condition. None is more laborious; none does the country more credit, all things considered, in the results of its work; and none can with less justice be called overpaid. Doubtless we have had incompetent and careless, extortionate and dishonest, architects. But they have not been more numerous than the unworthy of other professions, and there is perhaps more excuse to be made for them. The excuse of exceptional temptation may be found in the fact which really explains the distrust in which architects are held by the public. This is the fact that architectural work does not yet rest upon a firmly established, frankly and generally accepted, business basis—chiefly because it has an artistic as well as a practical side, and our public is not yet clear in its mind with regard to the just claims and right rewards of artistic work, to the necessities of its execution, or the reciprocal obligations it implies. We know what our doctors can do, and ask them to do neither more nor less; and we know what we must pay them, and pay it without protest. Only paupers go begging to the medical profession; only fools think they can do without its services, or expect it never to make mistakes or ever to permit amateur interference with its decrees. It is the same with the law, and the same even with engineering, which comes so close to architecture. But when the dividing line is passed and the artist is approached we do not know just what he can do or how he must do it, or recognize our incompetence to help him; so we ask him now to satisfy impossible desires, now to be infallible, and now to suppress himself and follow our lead. And we are so uncertain as to his right pecuniary rewards that sometimes we expect him to do without any, and again believe in the likelihood of his dishonesty because he works for a commission regulated upon the cost of the building he erects. Do we think doctors likely to be dishonest simply because the more visits they make the more we must pay them?

This unfortunate and unjust state of mind might be modified were it more generally known how small, even

at the best, are the rewards of the architectural profession. It has recently been affirmed in the editorial columns of our chief architectural journal that probably not five architects in any one of our great cities earn, on the average, five thousand dollars a year, and that the chances of attaining to such an income are so small that Government positions assuring twenty-five hundred or even fifteen hundred dollars a year are tempting even to men well established in the profession. The statement seems astounding when we remember what success means in medicine or the law. But there is little reason to doubt its truth, and those who know the expenses which attend a large architectural practice will hardly find it difficult of belief.

A doctor may manage a very large practice with a "plant" consisting of a small office, a brougham, a single assistant, and a boy to open his door. A lawyer's outlay need not be much greater. But what are an architect's needs? It may seem very simple work to the public "merely" to design a building on paper and "merely" to supervise its erection by contractors who "do all the real work." But to design a building means to prepare, not only the little sketches and plans a client sees, but very many large scale drawings requiring much time for their elaboration, and not only artistic reflection, but long and complicated mathematical and pecuniary calculations too. And to supervise construction means frequent and extended visits from the architect or some competent assistant. All this implies very large and well-lighted and therefore very expensive offices, a numerous corps of assistants, some of whom must be men of great skill and long experience, and constant journeys often to very distant spots. Every one knows the immense commissions which Mr. Richardson received; but who remembers that he had more than a score of artists in his employ and took monthly journeys to Washington and Chicago? All architects must bear such burdens, but they fall much more heavily upon the American than upon the foreign practitioner. Rents are enormously high with us; the intense competition of Europe sends an established architect pupils who are willing to pay large premiums, while here salaries must be given from the start and must rapidly increase if good men are to be retained; and there is of course no comparison between the cost of journeys in France or England and those in our widespread territory. There are other facts which make an artist's task much harder here than in Europe and which tend to perpetuate the public feeling of distrust, but we merely wish at this moment to lay stress upon the fact that even the largest commissions on the most expensive class of buildings bring him a reward so disproportionate to that secured by an equal amount and quality of labor in other professions, that he may rank himself with the clergyman as among the least well paid of our professional men.

#### A Crisis in the Copyright Agitation.

FEW of the many friends of the International Copyright movement are aware of the critical condition of that reform. After a series of unsuccessful attempts to reach a settlement on the basis of abstract right, as embodied in the Dorsheimer and Hawley bills, the American Copyright League, representing the body of the authors of this country, last year felt it to be its

duty to give the weight of its influence to any movement that promised to establish in American law a fuller security of literary property. To this end, on an intimation from prominent publishers that such an overture would be welcome, an invitation to coöperative action was given by the authors to the publishing fraternity. Through a joint committee this coöperation was further extended to the printing and bookbinding interests, and after laborious negotiations a practical basis of union was arranged, which took form in the bill introduced into the Senate by Mr. Chace, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. W. C. P. Breckinridge. It is idle to assume that this bill is altogether satisfactory to many of its advocates; but this is an inherent defect of compromise measures, which are usually only resorted to at all as a means of escape from an unbearable situation. Among the warmest supporters of the bill as the wisest attainable measure are many authors and publishers who regret that the question cannot be settled upon a higher plane. By their efforts in great part has been achieved the present measure of success with the bill, which on the 9th of May was passed by the Senate by a vote of 34 to 10, and is now upon the calendar of the House of Representatives. To obtain special attention for it at the winter session, the copyright organizations earnestly invoke the assistance of the public.

To judge a moral question narrowly is to judge it wrongly; and the question of the security of literary property has wider relations than merely with the producers of books. The colleges of the country are alive to this, and through their faculties have warmly supported the reform. The monthly, weekly, and daily press have also borne an honorable part in urging it. Is it nothing to the clergy that numerous and honorable classes of professional men have for fifty years pleaded with unanimity against our unjust and degrading national position in this matter, with, until recently, but little help from the pulpit? Is it nothing to the lawyers, the publicists, the capitalists of America that one year after the execution of the Chicago anarchists our Government continues to deny the principle of property in its highest form? Is it nothing to American citizens that, in the opinion of the best judges, the prosperity of our literature—and through it the advancement of American ideals—is bound up in the success of this reform? Is it nothing to the reading classes that our people are more cheaply supplied with foreign literature than with their own? to the advocate of "American markets for Americans" that our authors must contend with stolen wares? to the advocates of the extension of our markets that we withhold the word which would enable our authors to secure possession of ready-made foreign markets for our intellectual goods? In the presence of such an object-lesson as is afforded by the movers of the bill,—Mr. Chace being a radical protectionist, Mr. Breckinridge a pronounced revenue reformer,—it is idle to repeat that the bill is not properly related to the tariff question; and at the close of a campaign in which each party has striven to commend itself and its revenue policy to its countrymen as being the more in their interest, it would be strange if they were not both moved by an appeal to consider the prosperity among us of a profession which has ever been held in the highest honor as the crowning glory of a great nation. To-day the profession of

letters asks no unusual privilege; but to be relieved from a disability which obtains against no other form of industry.

It is in the power of every reader of these words to aid in putting an end to the disgraceful inaction of our country, by urging upon his representative in the present Congress that he support Mr. Breckinridge's efforts to obtain consideration for the bill. Should it fail

through indifference or opposition to pass the present House,—and its secret enemies are working actively to that end,—it will again have to be pushed through the Senate, and the ground hitherto gained will be wholly lost. The committees, who have borne the brunt of the agitation at great expense of time and labor, have a right to expect the cordial assistance of all who have at heart the prosperity and honor of the country.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## More about "Lawyers' Morals"—The Responsibility of Laymen.

THIS is a matter that is much more seriously considered by reputable members of the profession than is generally supposed. It is a question of grave importance, not only to lawyers, but to the public at large. The standard of a lawyer's morals so far as his professional duties are concerned is, in part at least, established by legislation in most if not all of the States. In California, for example, the Code of Civil Procedure provides:

SECT. 282. It is the duty of an attorney and counselor:

1. To support the Constitution and laws of the United States and of this State;

2. To maintain the respect due to the courts of justice and judicial officers;

3. To counsel or maintain such actions, proceedings, or defenses only as appear to him legal or just, except the defense of a person charged with a public offense;

4. To employ, for the purpose of maintaining the causes confided to him, such means only as are consistent with truth, and never seek to mislead the judge or any judicial officer by any artifice or false statement of fact or law;

5. To maintain inviolate the confidence and at every peril to himself to preserve the secrets of his client;

6. To abstain from all offensive personality, and to advance no fact prejudicial to the honor or reputation of a party or witness, unless required by the justice of the cause with which he is charged;

7. Not to encourage either the commencement or the continuance of an action or proceeding from any corrupt motive of passion or interest;

8. Never to reject, for any consideration personal to himself, the cause of the defenseless or the oppressed.

This section of the code fixes a standard of moral and legal duty which if lived up to in practice should place the profession above just reproach. It is simply the embodiment, in legal form, of what is the lawyers' code of morals without legislation.

In an article in *THE CENTURY*<sup>1</sup> it is said that "it is apparently the popular opinion that lawyers' morals are of a different type from those of ordinary human beings." A great deal of the trouble lies in the very fact that popular opinion, and not the opinion of the profession, rates the standard of lawyers' morals below what it should be and below what it really is. It is believed that not only popular opinion, but the conduct of the public in its treatment of the profession, has tended more than all other causes to reduce the standing of individual members below the standard recognized by the profession. No lawyer of any standing believes that the moral standard of his profession should be below that of any other, or of any business or calling in life. But popular opinion has apparently established a lower

<sup>1</sup> November, 1884.

standard of morals, and is constantly tending to drag the profession down to that level. It is undoubtedly true that many lawyers fall below the standard recognized by the profession at large; but this may be said of any class of business men, and to a very great extent they are educated by public opinion, which looks more to a lawyer's success than to his professional honesty. It is not at all "presumptuous for laymen to judge their conduct"; but it should not be overlooked by the layman who treats of the ethical rules which should govern lawyers, that his standard of the morals of the profession may be far below that of the great majority of lawyers, and that he may be contributing his mite towards the debasement of its individual members, who would much rather elevate it still higher.

Certainly no one will deny that it is wrong for a lawyer to accept and attempt to win a cause which as a matter of law should be decided against his client, if he has knowledge of all the facts. The California code, it will be seen, expressly forbids this except in the defense of persons charged with crime; and so it is with the codes of other States. But it must be borne in mind that a lawyer, before trial, knows but one side of the case, while the layman who judges of his conduct has heard both sides. Not only so, but the client frequently misleads, and sometimes purposely deceives, his own attorney by concealing or actually misrepresenting the facts. No doubt an attorney would be justified in abandoning the case upon the discovery of the deception that has been practiced upon him; but almost invariably when the client has misstated the facts to his attorney he will do the same to the court under oath, and it is an exceedingly delicate matter for the lawyer to assume that his client is committing perjury and that the other party is in the right. This he has no right to do. It is his plain duty to present the case fairly to the court, whose duty it is to determine which of the parties is right. If, however, the lawyer *knows* his cause to be wrong, he violates his duty as an attorney, the law, and his oath by accepting a fee. He should unhesitatingly refuse to act further the moment he makes the discovery, if the knowledge comes to him after entering upon the case. But the distinction between *legal* and *moral* right should not be overlooked. The lawyer has a perfect right, and it is his duty, to interpose for his client any legal defense, although a layman might justly say that as a matter of moral right the client has no defense. For example, a debt may be barred by the statute of limitations. The defendant who is sued is in a moral sense still liable, as the debt is unpaid; but

the statute of limitations having run, he has a legal defense which his attorney is bound, as a matter of duty, to interpose for him. Many other cases arise in which technical rules of law conflict with popular notions of right and wrong; and because of this, lawyers are frequently censured unjustly.

Very few thoughtful men, whether lawyers or not, will at the present day contend that a lawyer violates any rules of professional ethics or commits any wrong to society by defending a criminal whom he knows to be guilty. To be tried and defended by counsel, in open court, is a constitutional right expressly guaranteed to every person charged with a criminal offense. No one, whether his attorney or not, has a right to assume his guilt. The law presumes his innocence. If he is unable to employ an attorney, the court must appoint one to conduct his defense. The attorney has no legal or moral right to refuse to defend him on the ground that *he* knows him to be guilty, whether he is employed by the defendant or appointed by the court to appear for him. This duty requires him to make the defense for him fairly and justly, in the interest of society as well as of the prisoner. If, believing the prisoner guilty, he expresses a different opinion to the court or the jury, he is guilty of a gross violation of duty and of professional ethics. Indeed, it is regarded by right-minded lawyers as unprofessional for an attorney to advance his opinion or belief in any case, civil or criminal, whether he is right or not. It is his duty to present the testimony to the jury, with his views as to its weight and the credibility of the witness, together with a statement of the law as he understands it, so long as his views do not conflict with the law as given to the jury by the court.

It should not be necessary to say that no rule of professional ethics could justify a lawyer in any attempt to deceive the court or a jury by falsehood or otherwise. This is expressly forbidden by law. Many laymen seem to act upon a different principle. They often employ an attorney because they believe that he will be able and willing to deceive, mislead, or in some way overreach the court, jury, and opposing counsel. One of the great misfortunes is, that when the services of a lawyer are needed the question is not usually asked, "Is he honest, can he be trusted?" but, "Is he smart, can he win my case?"

It is the observation of the profession that the question whether a lawyer is honest, and stands high in his profession in a moral point of view, has but little to do with his success in getting business from the great mass of litigants. It is a lamentable fact that many of the very best and most upright business men, so regarded, employ lawyers who have no regard for professional ethics or the plainest rules of honesty and integrity, solely because they believe such lawyers will gain their cases by means to which no honest attorney would ever resort. Such men are quick to condemn the profession, but they do not hesitate to employ an attorney, knowing him to be dishonest, and to wink at his practices, which they know to be unprofessional, so long as he is their attorney and his efforts result in success. It will thus be seen that there is less inducement for members of the legal profession to be honest, and greater temptation to be dishonest, than in almost any other business or calling in life. His employers fix for him a standard of morals which disgraces both

the client and the attorney. He is too often employed solely because he is understood to be dishonest. The better classes of the profession erect a higher standard, and endeavor to keep its members up to that level. That many lawyers fall below it is largely due to the causes just stated. A great majority of the young men who enter the profession are poor. They are not only ambitious to obtain business, but it is an absolute necessity that they should do so. For this reason they are not so careful as they should be about the cases they take. They soon learn from experience that men who stand highest in society and business circles are not at all particular *how* they win their cases so they win them. Many of them naturally drop down to the level of their employers' standard of a lawyer's morality and never rise above it. Others, who have a higher appreciation of their duties and obligations, rise to the level of the true standard of professional morality. It is a great misfortune that any of the profession should fall below this standard. There is no class of men who should be more worthy of trust and confidence. Their standard of morals should not be allowed to fall below that of any other profession or business. Men who employ them should aid in maintaining this standard. No doubt members of the profession might remedy the evil complained of, to some extent, by proceeding against lawyers who violate their duties. The means provided by law for disbaring attorneys are ample; but it is a delicate matter for a member of the bar of any town or city to prefer charges against a brother attorney. It is very rarely done, and when it is the courts are slow to use their powers of removal. Indeed, the courts of this country are very largely responsible for the estimation in which the profession is now held.

In the article referred to above it is very justly urged that an attorney should be a gentleman in court as well as out. A lawyer is likely to forget this in his zeal in the cross-examination of a witness, and in commenting, in argument, upon the testimony of the witnesses for the opposite party. The object of a cross-examination should always be to get at the truth, and not to intimidate or confuse the witness into a false or contradictory statement. In commenting upon the testimony of a witness the attorney should never descend to personalities, except in extreme cases where the dishonesty of the witness is apparent and the "justice of the cause requires it." The attorney, being privileged to speak freely of any witness, should use the utmost care not to abuse so high a privilege.

The subject of a "lawyer's morals" and of "legal ethics" is of great importance to the profession, and no lawyer having a proper regard for his honorable calling will stand in the way of any honest effort to elevate the standard of morals by which the profession should be governed. But he cannot be expected to overlook the fact that laymen, who look at the question from their standpoint, sometimes establish for him a standard of morals far below that recognized by law and by the profession; that too many laymen employ attorneys, and expect to profit by their services, solely because they believe the particular lawyer they employ is governed by that lower standard of morals and professional ethics.

This observation is not confined to "great corporations" and "monopolists." It is astonishing how many men, who are recognized as the most honorable in busi-



ness affairs, appear to believe that a lawyer is justifiable in resorting to any kind of falsehood and trickery to gain *their* cases. Such men can do more to elevate the morals of the profession by employing none but such as they believe to be honest — of whom there are as many as in any other calling, with perhaps one exception — than can be done in any other way. So long as lawyers are employed because they are regarded as being dishonest, so long will the profession be subject to reproach because it has bad men in its ranks.

That persons outside of the profession begin to think seriously of assisting to rid it of such lawyers is a good indication, and their efforts should receive every encouragement.

*John D. Works.*

#### A Letter of Lincoln.

THE remarkable popular interest in everything that throws light upon the character of Abraham Lincoln, which the serial publication of his life in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* in part finds and in part creates, emboldens me to believe that a recent discovery of my own bearing on the matter may be accepted by many readers as a contribution not without its value to the growing public fund of Lincoln *memorabilia*. I use the word "discovery," although that word may seem not fit, when I say, as I must, that what I discovered was already public enough to be seen framed and hanging on one of the interior walls of the fine State Capitol in Nashville, Tennessee. The documents to which I refer are now no longer to be seen where I saw them, they having, since my visit to Nashville a few years ago, been removed to a much less frequented place of custody in the same city. Through the intervention of a friend I lately found them again, though not without trouble, and here show them for the examination of the curious.

They consist of two letters, one written to, and the other written by, Abraham Lincoln. How they came into public keeping, and with what history, in the case of the illustrious writer of one of the letters, they may be associated, I have sought in vain to learn. But the letters happily explain themselves. Perhaps the enterprising authors of the biography now being published in the magazine may be able to bring these letters into their proper setting in the circumstances of Lincoln's life.

One thing was very noteworthy in the autograph letter of Lincoln, and that was its immaculately neat and correct mechanical execution. The manuscript had the physiognomy and air of one produced by an habitually fastidious literary man. The handwriting was finished enough to be called elegant; the punctuation, the spelling, the capitalizing, were as conscientious as the turn of the phrase may be seen to be.

It is a Mr. W. G. Anderson who writes a covertly threatening letter to Lincoln — little dreaming at the moment that it was an historic document that he was so seriously inditing. The date is Lawrenceville, October 30, 1840. The address is stiffly, meant perhaps to be even formidably, formal. It is "A. Lincoln, Esq.; Dear Sir." Mr. Anderson straitly says:

"On our first meeting on Wednesday last, a difficulty in words ensued between us, which I deem it my duty to notice further. I think you were the aggressor. Your words imported insult; and whether you meant them

as such is for you to say. You will therefore please inform me on this point. And if you designed to offend me, please communicate to me your present feelings on the subject, and whether you persist in the stand you took."

And Mr. Anderson sternly signs himself, "Your obedient Servant."

There now was a chance for Mr. Abraham Lincoln. How will he meet it? Will he chaff Mr. Anderson? Will he give him stiffness for stiffness? There will surely be an interesting revelation of character. The actual fact is, if Abraham Lincoln had known, in writing his reply, that he was writing it much more for the whole world and for all future generations, than simply for his personal friend Mr. Anderson, to read, I do not see how he could have written it better for the advantage of his own good fame. Here is his reply:

LAWRENCEVILLE, Oct. 31st, 1840.

W. G. ANDERSON.

DEAR SIR: Your note of yesterday is received. In the difficulty between us of which you speak, you say you think I was the aggressor. I do not think I was. You say my "words imported insult —" I meant them as a fair set off to your own statements, and not otherwise; and in that light alone I now wish you to understand them. You ask for my "present feelings on the subject." I entertain no unkind feeling to you, and none of any sort upon the subject, except a sincere regret that I permitted myself to get into any such altercation.

Yours etc.

A. LINCOLN.

What more satisfactory light on the manly and gentlemanly spirit of the future President could one wish for than that? It certainly lacks nothing — unless it be a grace of distinctively Christ-like winningness, such as Paul could have given it.

I will venture to hope that when the Lincoln biographers come to publish the biography in book form, they may secure a facsimile reproduction of the original of this interesting letter.

*William C. Wilkinson.*

#### The Life of Lincoln — a Letter from General G. W. Smith.

IN their discussion of the battle of Seven Pines, in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for October last, the biographers of President Lincoln have fallen into several errors, some of which will be briefly specified. They say, in substance:

1. That General Johnston made his plans without any reference to the possible initiative of General McClellan, with no thought of an offensive return, and that Johnston's purpose was put in action with great decision and promptitude.

2. That it had been the duty of the forces under G. W. Smith to strike the right flank of the Union army as soon as the assault of Longstreet and Hill became fully developed.

3. That if General McClellan had crossed his army, instead of one division, at the time that Johnston's entire force was engaged at Seven Pines, the rout of the Southern army would have been complete and the way to Richmond would have been a military promenade.

4. That it is hardly denied by the most passionate of McClellan's partisans that the way was open before him to Richmond on the afternoon of the first day; that being McClellan's greatest opportunity.

5. That there was great confusion and discouragement in the rebel councils after General Johnston was wounded and the command had devolved by seniority upon General G. W. Smith.

6. That the Union troops south of the Chickahominy, though wearied by death and wounds, had yet suffered no loss of *morale*; on the contrary, their spirits had been heightened by the stubborn fight of Saturday and the easy victory of Sunday.

7. That the Confederates had thrown almost their whole force against McClellan's left wing (Keyes and Heintzelman), and on the second day were streaming back to Richmond in discouragement and disorder.

8. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay approvingly quote from an official report made by General Barnard in 1863: "We now know the state of disorganization and dismay in which the rebel army retreated. We now know that it could have been followed into Richmond."

Occupying the second place in command, I was in a position to know that:

(1) General Johnston did not make his plans without providing for the possible initiative of General McClellan and the probability of an offensive return, as the disposition of the troops fully indicates; and his purpose was not "put in action" with promptitude.

(2) Instead of it being the duty of the forces under G. W. Smith to strike the right flank of the Union troops as soon as the assault of Longstreet and Hill became fully developed, it was their duty to guard against a possible advance of McClellan's right wing.

(3) Owing to the swelled condition of the Chickahominy it was physically impossible for General McClellan to have "crossed his army, instead of one division." And, owing to the fact that only a small portion of Johnston's force was engaged at Seven Pines, if the other Federal corps could have crossed the Chickahominy after Sumner, they would have found themselves confronted on the field by nine Confederate brigades that were not in action the first day. Besides, there were three divisions on our left then covering Richmond. The way to that city, through and over all these forces, in addition to the five brigades that had beaten McClellan's left wing (Keyes and Heintzelman), and the four brigades that checked Sumner, would have been no easy "military promenade."

(4) The way to Richmond was not open to McClellan on the afternoon of the first day.

(5) There was no "confusion in the rebel councils" when the command devolved upon me. It is true there was a lack of information in regard to the condition of affairs on the Williamsburg road, but as soon as I heard that a large portion of General Longstreet's forces had not been engaged there, I ordered him to renew the attack as early as practicable the next morning (June 1).

(6) A very large portion of the Union troops that were beaten on the first day (May 31) suffered great "loss of *morale*." The so-called "easy victory of Sunday" consisted in the repulse of six Confederate regiments that attacked the Federal lines on the second day, and the repulse — by another Confederate brigade — of the Federals who pursued the beaten six regiments.

(7) On the first day the Confederates attacked McClellan's left wing with but five brigades. So far from streaming back to Richmond in discouragement and disorder, they remained in possession of the captured works, on the Williamsburg road, nearly twenty-four hours after the fighting ended; and on the Nine-mile road closely confronted Sumner's corps, at Fair Oaks, for several days thereafter.

(8) Ten of the eighteen Confederate brigades which took part in these operations returned to their former positions, covering Richmond, the day after the fighting ended, and eight brigades remained on or near the battlefield.

The theory that at Seven Pines "the Confederates attacked in full force, were repulsed, retreated in disorganization and dismay, and might easily have been followed into Richmond," is refuted by the official records and by indisputable facts and proofs elsewhere published.

Gustavus W. Smith,  
Late Major-General C. S. A.

#### The Mother's Right.

AMONG the many "rights" which women are demanding and exercising to-day, the mother's right to forestall "reform" and make "criminal legislation" unnecessary runs the risk of being overlooked. Our public-spirited women are doing, in many directions, good and noble work for fallen man; but it is a serious question with the thoughtful observer whether the average mother is not guilty of more corruption in the nursery than can be reformed by her sisters from the public platform.

That the smallest infant has hereditary tendencies from ancestors near and remote, whose influence precedes all exercise of a mother's power, none will deny. A father's strong influence, for good or evil, all will acknowledge. The subsequent benumbing atmosphere of "society" cannot be forgotten. But closer than all these has throbbed the mother's heart, and in those earliest and only years in which man entertains absolutely unquestioning faith in human teaching, it is his mother who represents to him the law of life.

It would probably startle the great mass of well-meaning mothers to have the adult errors of their sons explained as were those of the Hebrew king, "For his mother was his counselor to do wickedly"; and yet, let us see what close observation of the home rule of a large proportion of even so-called "Christian women" reveals.

While the writer was visiting the relatives of a celebrated clergyman, the distinguished man, who had not been in that part of the country for years, accepted an invitation to meet several friends informally. The seven-year-old son of the family, given to loud roaring whenever his wishes were crossed, was allowed to sit up and was thus exhorted: "Now, Tom, you must behave well; for your uncle is a celebrated man, and I want him to admire you." Result: Tom the most perfect of imitation gentlemen for that evening, while roaring and kicking as lustily as ever at breakfast the next morning; the conviction remaining with him that to seem and not to be is the important thing in life.

A mother, an active and prominent member of various public societies for "liberalizing thought" and

"promoting reform," found it difficult to make her son rise on Sunday morning in time to be ready for church. She finally adopted the expedient of sending his little sister to tell him that it was half an hour later than it really was; and he, too indolent to look at his own watch, was thus beguiled by his mother's and sister's falsehood to a religious service to which all three of their lives gave the direct lie. Could the beauty of truth and the call of duty seem real to those two poor children? And yet by whose training were they made to seem unreal?

Again, still in the circle of the writer's immediate acquaintance, a mother went to confer with the teacher of a school to which the former had just sent her son. "I know your principle is to appeal solely to the higher nature, and to make pupils learn by inspiring an intellectual interest in their studies and a sense of duty in their souls. That sounds very beautiful, but you can do nothing with my son in that way. Appeal to his vanity, suggest to him to outshine others, and he will do all you wish. I thought I would give you a hint how to manage him." It is interesting to know that the teacher remained true to the higher standard, and that the second year saw this boy, who, according to his mother, could be moved only through his selfish vanity, an alert and interested scholar, holding excellent rank in a school whose motto was, "Do *your* best, and rejoice with him who can do better."

The writer's love for children leading her to make frequent visits to the luxurious nursery of a friend, she noticed that a sweet-tempered little fellow was constantly deprived of his playthings and generally imposed upon by his brother. The mother's attention being called to it, she said placidly, "It was so fortunate that Willie would submit to such treatment, for dear Phil. was such a high-spirited boy that opposition made him frantic." That amiability had any rights, or that a "high spirit" could be brutally selfish, had never occurred to her. In another nursery were the children of a gentleman who, with his brothers, was noted for violent outbreaks of temper on the slightest provocation, the theory of home discipline having been the common *laissez-aller* of the last two generations. The wives of these brothers could not conceal the bitterness brought into their own lives by contact with natures at once so violent and so ignorant of self-control. Yet in this nursery, where the mother spoke frankly of the intolerable strain imposed upon her by her husband's conduct, she still laughingly allowed her tiny sons to bite and kick and scratch each other, as if they had been little tigers, instead of creatures with a conscience to be reached and hearts to be touched. The

little fellows happened to have hearts as warm as their tempers, and as quick perception of the right when it was put before them, so that this giving them over to the lower possibilities of their nature was as needless as it was wicked. When, at twelve years of age, the eldest boy had to be sent away to school because he was utterly unmanageable at home, he was as truly the fruit of his mother's training as of his father's sins.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way-station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double-seat in the car; and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window *now*."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging from the friend, that home-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window." When seven-year-old Bobby becomes Robert the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"

Not for a moment would one seem to forget that there are wise and noble women whose children rise up and call them blessed, and whose influence makes for that righteousness whose fruit is integrity. But such mothers shine against a dark background of women who, without any distinct consciousness of the evil they are doing, are nevertheless training from the very nursery great numbers of men who, while keeping within the limits of respectability, are not only the mere shadows of true manhood, but also the tricky politician, the unscrupulous merchant, the shameless sensualist, and the elegant embezzler.

J. F. L.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Her Smile his Sunlight.

SWEETHEART, when rhymes I make  
For your dear sake,  
You bring  
Into your face a smile  
To cheer me while  
I sing.

Like to that bird am I,  
Which, when the sky  
At night  
A deeper azure grows,  
No longer knows  
Delight;

Or like of flowers that one  
Which loves the sun  
And gives  
The beauty of its bloom  
To him for whom  
It lives.

Pleasure nor joy to bless  
Have I unless  
Your face  
Over my paper shines  
And lights the lines  
With grace.

For me your smile is day—  
The golden ray  
That climbs  
Imagination's wall  
And sweetens all  
My rhymes.

For you the bird's song, this—  
The flower's fresh kiss  
And breath;  
Nor may their nightfall come  
Till both are dumb  
In death!

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

### Observations.

To know others, study thyself; to know thyself,  
study others.

IN storms a feather takes higher flight than a stone;  
and an oak is uprooted more easily than the vine it  
supported.

THOU hast concealed thine age? Surely not thy  
folly!

THE surest way to drive honors from you is to go  
to them.

WOMEN are more likely to love those whom they  
hate than those who appear to them ridiculous. For  
of the ridiculous we deem ourselves the superior; but  
those we hate are seldom our inferiors.

THE best government is neither a republic nor a  
monarchy, but that which best suits the people over  
which it rules.

*Ivan Panin.*

### The Jester.

ALL the court's in a stir  
Over my mating.  
Her Majesty made me her  
Lady in waiting,  
I had of suitors more  
Than you could name them;  
Yet I did give them o'er,  
Nor wish to claim them.  
My heart waxed warm for none  
Whom others smiled upon —  
I had been moved and won  
By the King's Jester.

Folks question, How can I  
Bide a fool lover?  
Faith! an I do not lie  
I do discover  
Fools wearing wisdom's cloak  
As though it fitted.  
There is Sir Godfrey Hoke,  
Quite sorry witted;  
He proved his peacock-pate  
When he avowed that fate  
Meant me to be his mate —  
Give me my Jester.

My grandame is mad with grief  
Over my choice;  
It gives her great relief  
To use her voice.  
Harshly she chides when he  
Culls me sweet posies,  
And all the maids, perdee!  
Up tilt their noses.  
They are sore shocked, I wis,  
But I care naught for this.  
Flouting at them, I kiss  
My motley Jester.

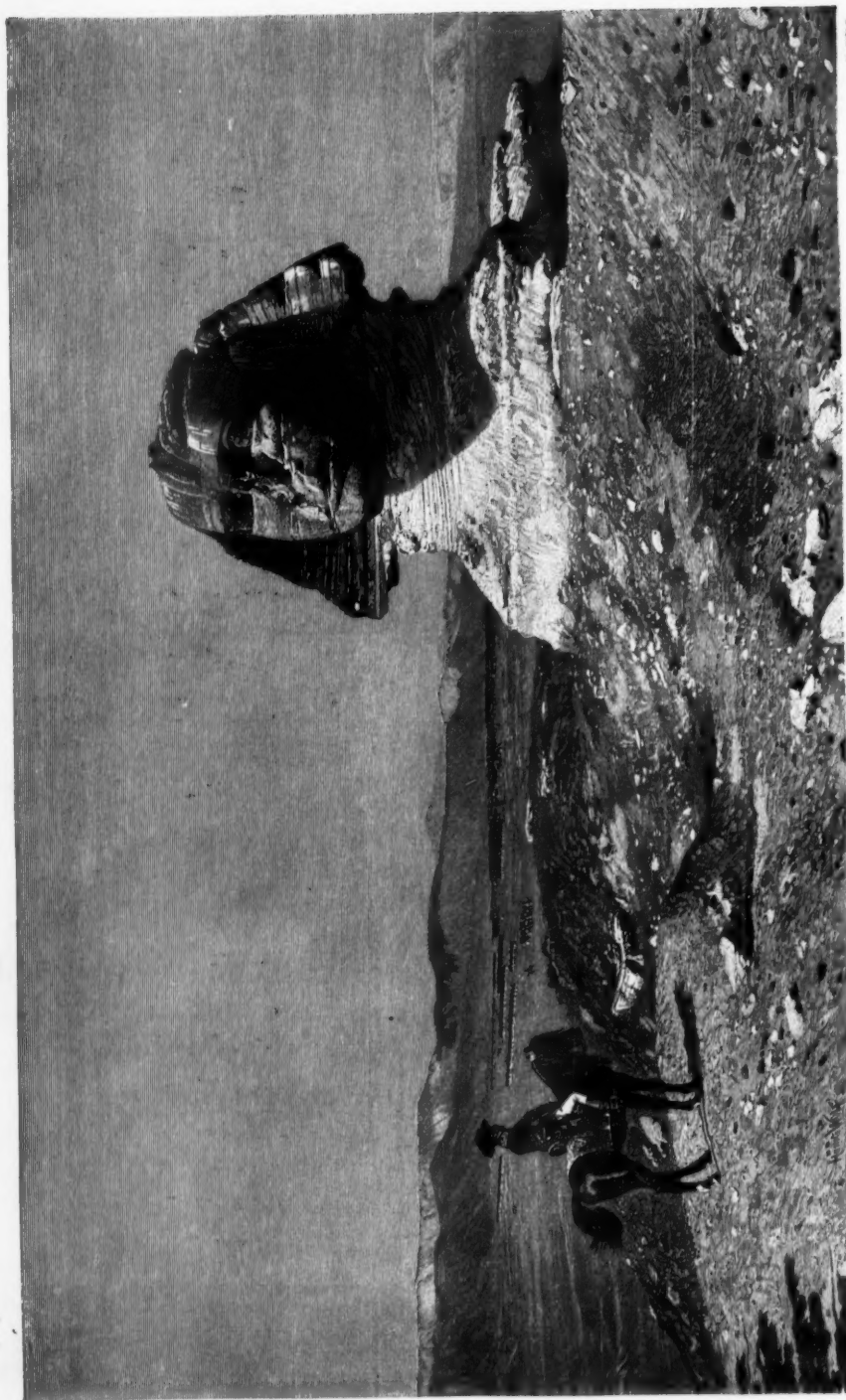
Those waiting-maids would be  
Crimson with anger  
If they but knew how he  
Mocked at their languor  
And silly, mincing ways.  
There's Prudence Penny,  
Of her I like dispraise  
Far more than any;  
For she's a haughty jade.  
Alack! I am afraid  
His gaming at first made  
Me love the Jester.

With love o'erflows my cup:  
Still, he's not handsome,  
Yet I'd not give him up  
For a king's ransom.  
He will ne'er anger me  
When we are married;  
His face will never be  
Scowling and harried.  
What though his wits are light?  
I love him in despite:  
At church this very night  
I'll wed my Jester!

*Maude Annulet Andrews.*







A. L. LEBLANC.

H. WOLF.

NAPOLEON BEFORE THE SPHINX. ("L'ŒDIPÉ.")